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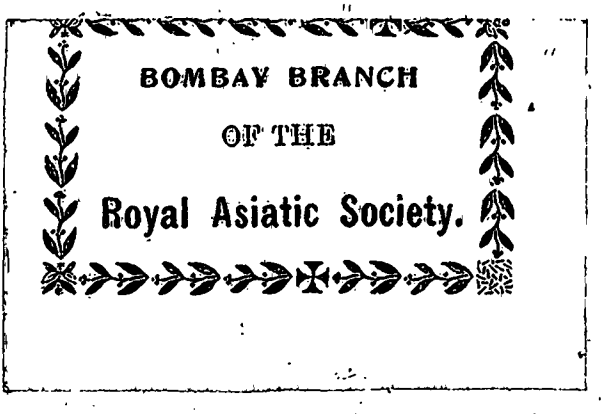

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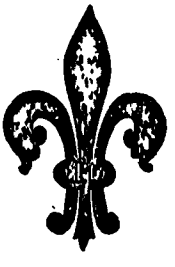
THE PRIVATE LIFE

OF

MARIE ANTOINETTE



AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

Memoirs of Madame Campan

FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING TO MARIE ANTOINETTE,
QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE

WITH SOME

RECORDS OF HER LIFE AND CONVERSATIONS

BY

MM. BARRIÈRE AND MAIGNÉ

Second Revised Edition

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen
1884

THE PRIVATE LIFE

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MARIE ANTOINETTE

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE

WITH

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES OF THE COURTS OF LOUIS XIV., LOUIS XV., AND LOUIS XVI.

BY

JEANNE LOUISE HENRIETTE CAMPAN

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THE PRIVATE LIFE

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CHAPTER I.

The diamond necklace—Account of Bœhmer the jeweller—His interview with Madame Campan—The Cardinal de Rohan interrogated in the King's Cabinet—Particulars relative to Madame de Lamotte and her family—Steps taken by the Cardinal's relations—The prosecution—The clergy remonstrate—Decree of the Parliament—The Queen's grief—Remark of Louis XVI.

SHORTLY after the public mind had been thrown into agitation by the performance of the *Marriage of Figaro*, an obscure plot, contrived by swindlers and matured in a corrupted society, attacked the Queen's character in a vital point and assailed the majesty of the throne.

I am about to speak of the notorious affair of the necklace purchased, as it was said, for the Queen by Cardinal de Rohan.[1] I will narrate every circum-

[1] For full details of the affair of the diamond necklace, see the work by M. Émile Campardon, *Marie Antoinette et le Procès du Collier*, Paris, Plon, 1863. The *Memoirs* of Madame Campan

stance that has come to my knowledge relating to this business; the most minute particulars will prove how little reason the Queen had to apprehend the blow by which she was threatened; and which must be attributed to a fatality that human prudence could not have foreseen; but from which, to say the truth, she might have extricated herself with more skill.[1]

I have already said that in 1774 the Queen purchased jewels of Bœhmer to the value of three hundred and sixty thousand francs, that she paid for them herself out of her own private funds, and that it required several years to enable her to com-

are frequently quoted in this work, in which the answers of the Cardinal and of the other persons implicated to the interrogations made are given, with an engraving of the too celebrated collar.

[1] In order to comprehend the account about to be given by Madame Campan, and to appreciate the importance of her historical testimony on this wretched intrigue, the reader should be in possession of the leading facts. There are many remarkable circumstances which, though connected with Madame Campan's narrative, do not form part of it, because she speaks only of what she knew well. A great number of persons acted culpable parts in this shameful drama; it is necessary to be acquainted with them. No one knew the whole affair better than the Abbé Georgel, but at the same time no one was more devoted to the Cardinal de Rohan, or showed more ingenuity in discovering means of defending him, or greater skill in throwing, with artfully affected delicacy, a false light upon the irreproachable conduct of a Princess made the victim of shocking suspicions through either the blind credulity or the corruption of a Prince of the Church. The Abbé reveals in this part of his *Memoirs* a respectful hatred against Marie Antoinette. He supposes the Queen to be aware of the transaction, while she was still wrapped in all the security of a woman whose imagination could not even conceive the idea of such a masterpiece of intrigue. The reader will do well to glance at his statement [see Appendix] and observe how far the assertions it contains are weakened or disproved by Madame Campan.—*Note by the Editor.*

plete the payment. The King afterwards presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds of a fine water, and subsequently with a pair of bracelets worth two hundred thousand francs. The Queen, after having her diamonds reset in new patterns, told Bœhmer that she found her jewel-case rich enough, and was not desirous of making any addition to it.[1] Still, this jeweller busied himself for some years in forming a collection of the finest diamonds circulating in the trade, in order to compose a necklace of several rows, which he hoped to induce her Majesty to pur-

[1] Except on those days when the assemblies at Court were particularly attended, such as the 1st of January and the 2d of February, devoted to the procession of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and on the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, the Queen no longer wore any dresses but muslin or white Florentine taffety. Her head-dress was merely a hat; the plainest were preferred; and her diamonds never quitted their caskets but for the dresses of ceremony, confined to the days I have mentioned. Before the Queen was five-and-twenty she began to apprehend that she might be induced to make too frequent use of flowers and of ornaments, which at that time were exclusively reserved for youth. Madame Bertin having brought a wreath for the head and neck, composed of roses, the Queen feared that the brightness of the flowers might be disadvantageous to her complexion. She was unquestionably too severe upon herself, her beauty having as yet experienced no alteration; it is easy to conceive the concert of praise and compliment that replied to the doubt she had expressed. The Queen, approaching me, said, "I charge you, from this day, to give me notice when flowers shall cease to become me." "I shall do no such thing," I replied immediately; "I have not read *Gil Blas* without profiting in some degree from it, and I find your Majesty's order too much like that given him by the Archbishop of Granada, to warn him of the moment when he should begin to fall off in the composition of his homilies." "Go," said the Queen; "you are less sincere than Gil Blas; and I would have been more amenable than the Archbishop."—*Madame Campan.*

chase; he brought it to M. Campan, requesting him to mention it to the Queen, that she might ask to see it, and thus be induced to wish to possess it. This M. Campan refused to do, telling him that he should be stepping out of the line of his duty were he to propose to the Queen an expense of sixteen hundred thousand francs, and that he believed neither the lady of honour nor the tirewoman would take upon herself to execute such a commission. Bœhmer persuaded the King's first gentleman for the year to show this superb necklace to his Majesty, who admired it so much that he himself wished to see the Queen adorned with it and sent the case to her; but she assured him she should much regret incurring so great an expense for such an article, that she had already very beautiful diamonds, that jewels of that description were now worn at Court not more than four or five times a year, that the necklace must be returned, and that the money would be much better employed in building a man-of-war.[1] Bœhmer, in sad tribulation at finding his expectations delusive, endeavoured for some time, it is said, to dispose of his necklace among the various Courts of Europe. A year after his fruitless attempts, Bœhmer again caused his diamond necklace

[1] Messrs. Bœhmer and Bassange, jewellers to the Crown, were proprietors of a superb diamond necklace, which had, as it was said, been intended for the Comtesse du Barry. Being under the necessity of selling it, they offered it, during the last war, to the King and Queen; but their Majesties made the following prudent answer: "*We stand more in need of ships than of jewels.*"—*Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.*

to be offered to the King, proposing that it should be paid for partly by instalments, and partly in life annuities; this proposal was represented as highly advantageous, and the King, in my presence, mentioned the matter once more to the Queen. I remember the Queen told him that if the bargain really was not bad, he might make it, and keep the necklace until the marriage of one of his children; but that, for her part, she would never wear it, being unwilling that the world should have to reproach her with having coveted so expensive an article. The King replied that their children were too young to justify such an expense, which would be greatly increased by the number of years the diamonds would remain useless, and that he would finally decline the offer. Bœhmer complained to everybody of his misfortune, and all reasonable people blamed him for having collected diamonds to so considerable an amount without any positive order for them. This man had purchased the office of jeweller to the Crown, which gave him some rights of entry at Court. After several months spent in ineffectual attempts to carry his point, and in idle complaints, he obtained an audience of the Queen, who had with her the young Princess her daughter; her Majesty did not know for what purpose Bœhmer sought this audience, and had not the slightest idea that it was to speak to her again about an article twice refused by herself and the King.

Bœhmer threw himself upon his knees, clasped his hands, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Madame,

I am ruined and disgraced if you do not purchase my necklace. I cannot outlive so many misfortunes. When I go hence I shall throw myself into the river." "Rise, Bœhmer," said the Queen, in a tone sufficiently severe to recall him to himself; "I do not like these rhapsodies; honest men have no occasion to fall on their knees to make their requests. If you were to destroy yourself I should regret you as a madman in whom I had taken an interest, but I should not be in any way responsible for that misfortune. Not only have I never ordered the article which causes your present despair, but whenever you have talked to me about fine collections of jewels I have told you that I should not add four diamonds to those which I already possessed. I told you myself that I declined taking the necklace; the King wished to give it to me, but I refused him also; never mention it to me again. Divide it, and try to sell it piecemeal, and do not drown yourself. I am very angry with you for acting this scene of despair in my presence and before this child. Let me never see you behave thus again. Go." Bœhmer withdrew, overwhelmed with confusion, and nothing farther was then heard of him.

When Madame Sophie was born the Queen told me M. de Sainte James, a rich financier, had apprised her that Bœhmer was still intent upon the sale of his necklace, and that she ought, for her own satisfaction, to endeavour to learn what the man had done with it; she desired me the first time I should meet him to speak to him about it, as if from the

"interest I took in his welfare. I spoke to him about his necklace, and he told me he had been very fortunate, having sold it at Constantinople for the favourite sultana. I communicated this answer to the Queen, who was delighted with it, but could not comprehend how the Sultan came to purchase his diamonds in Paris.

The Queen long avoided seeing Bœhmer, being fearful of his rash character; and her *valet de chambre*, who had the care of her jewels, made the necessary repairs to her ornaments unassisted. On the baptism of the Duc d'Angoulême in 1785 the King gave him a diamond epaulette and buckles, and directed Bœhmer to deliver them to the Queen. Bœhmer presented them on her return from mass, and at the same time gave into her hands a letter in the form of a petition. In this paper he told the Queen that he was happy to see her "in possession of the finest diamonds known in Europe," and entreated her not to forget him. The Queen read Bœhmer's address to her aloud, and saw nothing in it but a proof of mental aberration; she lighted the paper at a wax taper standing near her, as she had some letters to seal, saying, "It is not worth keeping." She afterwards much regretted the loss of this enigmatical memorial. After having burnt the paper, her Majesty said to me, "That man is born to be my torment; he has always some mad scheme in his head; remember, the first time you see him, to tell him that I do not like diamonds now, and that I will buy no more so long as I live; that if I had any money to spare, I would rather add to my

property at Saint Cloud by the purchase of the land surrounding it; now, mind you enter into all these particulars and impress them well upon him." I asked her whether she wished me to send for him; she replied in the negative, adding that it would be sufficient to avail myself of the first opportunity afforded by meeting him; and that the slightest advance towards such a man would be misplaced.

On the 1st of August I left Versailles for my country house at Crespy; on the 3d came Bœhmer, extremely uneasy at not having received any answer from the Queen, to ask me whether I had any commission from her to him; I replied that she had entrusted me with none; that she had no commands for him, and I faithfully repeated all she had desired me to say to him. "But," said Bœhmer, "the answer to the letter I presented to her—to whom must I apply for that?" "To nobody," answered I; "her Majesty burnt your memorial without even comprehending its meaning." "Ah! madame," exclaimed he, "that is impossible; the Queen knows that she has money to pay me!" "Money, M. Bœhmer? Your last accounts against the Queen were discharged long ago." "Madame, you are not in the secret. A man who is ruined for want of payment of fifteen hundred thousand francs cannot be said to be satisfied." "Have you lost your senses?" said I; "for what can the Queen owe you so extravagant a sum!" "For my necklace, madame," replied Bœhmer coolly. "How!" returned I, "that necklace again, which you have teased the Queen about

so many years! Did you not tell me you had sold it at Constantinople?" "The Queen desired me to give that answer to all who should speak to me on the subject," said the wretched dupe. He then told me that the Queen wished to have the necklace, and had had it purchased for her by Monseigneur the Cardinal de Rohan. "You are deceived," I exclaimed; "the Queen has not once spoken to the Cardinal since his return from Vienna; there is not a man at her Court less favourably looked upon." "You are deceived yourself, madame," said Bœhmer; "she sees him so much in private, that it was to his Eminence she gave thirty thousand francs, which were paid me as an instalment; she took them, in his presence, out of the little *secrétaire* of Sèvres porcelain next the fireplace in her boudoir." "And the Cardinal told you all this?" "Yes, madame, himself." "What a detestable plot!" cried I.— "Indeed, to say the truth, madame, I begin to be much alarmed, for his Eminence assured me that the Queen would wear the necklace on Whit-Sunday, but I did not see it upon her, and it was that which induced me to write to her Majesty." He then asked me what he ought to do. I advised him to go on to Versailles, instead of returning to Paris, whence he had just arrived; to obtain an immediate audience from the Baron de Breteuil, who, as head of the King's household, was the minister of the department to which Bœhmer belonged, and to be circumspect; and I added, that he appeared to me extremely culpable, not as a diamond merchant, but

because being a sworn officer it was unpardonable of him to have acted without the direct orders of the King, the Queen, or the minister. He answered, that he had not acted without direct orders; that he had in his possession all the notes signed by the Queen, and that he had even been obliged to show them to several bankers in order to induce them to extend the time for his payments. I urged his departure for Versailles, and he assured me he would go there immediately. Instead of following my advice, he went to the Cardinal, and it was of this visit of Bœhmer's that his Eminence made a memorandum, found in a drawer overlooked by the Abbé Georgel when he burnt, by order of the Cardinal, all the papers which the latter had at Paris. The memorandum was thus worded: "On this day, 3d August, Bœhmer went to Madame Campan's country house, and she told him that the Queen had never had his necklace, and that he had been deceived."

When Bœhmer was gone, I wanted to follow him, and go to the Queen; my father-in-law prevented me, and ordered me to leave the minister to elucidate such an important affair, observing that it was an infernal plot; that I had given Bœhmer the best advice, and had nothing more to do with the business. Bœhmer never said one word to me about the woman De Lamotte, and her name was mentioned for the first time by the Cardinal in his answers to the interrogatories put to him before the King. After seeing the Cardinal, Bœhmer went to Trianon, and sent a message to the Queen,

purporting that I had advised him to come and speak to her. His very words were repeated to her Majesty, who said, "He is mad; I have nothing to say to him, and will not see him." Two or three days afterwards the Queen sent for me to Petit Trianon, to rehearse with me the part of Rosina, which she was to perform in the *Barber of Seville.* I was alone with her, sitting upon her couch; no mention was made of anything but the part. After we had spent an hour in the rehearsal, her Majesty asked me why I had sent Bœhmer to her; saying he had been in my name to speak to her, and that she would not see him. It was in this manner I learnt that he had not followed my advice in the slightest degree. The change of my countenance, when I heard the man's name, was very perceptible; the Queen perceived it, and questioned me. I entreated her to see him, and assured her it was of the utmost importance for her peace of mind; that there was a plot going on, of which she was not aware; and that it was a serious one, since engagements signed by herself were shown about to people who had lent Bœhmer money. Her surprise and vexation were excessive. She desired me to remain at Trianon, and sent off a courier to Paris, ordering Bœhmer to come to her upon some pretext which has escaped my recollection. He came next morning; in fact it was the day on which the play was performed, and that was the last amusement the Queen allowed herself at that retreat.

The Queen made him enter her closet, and asked

him by what fatality it was that she was still doomed to hear of his foolish pretence of selling her an article which she had steadily refused for several years? He replied, that he was compelled, being unable to pacify his creditors any longer. "What are your creditors to me?" said her Majesty. Bœhmer then regularly related to her all that he had been made to believe had passed between the Queen and himself through the intervention of the Cardinal. She was equally incensed and surprised at each thing she heard. In vain did she speak; the jeweller, equally importunate and dangerous, repeated incessantly, "Madame, there is no longer time for feigning; condescend to confess that you have my necklace, and let some assistance be given to me, or my bankruptcy will soon bring the whole to light."

It is easy to imagine how the Queen must have suffered. On Bœhmer's going away, I found her in an alarming condition; the idea that any one could have believed that such a man as the Cardinal possessed her full confidence; that she should have employed him to deal with a tradesman without the King's knowledge, for a thing which she had refused to accept from the King himself, drove her to desperation. She sent first for the Abbé de Vermond, and then for the Baron de Breteuil. Their hatred and contempt for the Cardinal made them too easily forget that the lowest vices do not prevent the higher orders of the empire from being defended by those to whom they have the honour to belong; that a Rohan, a Prince of the Church, however cul-

pable he might be, would be sure to have a considerable party which would naturally be joined by all the discontented persons of the Court, and all the *frondeurs* of Paris.

They too easily believed that he would be stripped of all the advantages of his rank and order, and given up to the disgrace due to his irregular conduct; they deceived themselves.

I saw the Queen after the departure of the Baron and the Abbé; her agitation made me shudder. "Hideous vices must be unmasked," said she; "when the Roman purple and the title of Prince cover a mere money-seeker, a cheat who dares to compromise the wife of his sovereign, France and all Europe should know it." It is evident that from that moment the fatal plan was decided on. The Queen perceived my alarm; I did not conceal it from her. I knew too well that she had many enemies not to be apprehensive on seeing her attract the attention of the whole world to an intrigue that they would try to complicate still more. I entreated her to seek the most prudent and moderate advice. She silenced me by desiring me to make myself easy, and to rest satisfied that no imprudence would be committed.

On the following Sunday, the 15th of August, being the Assumption, at twelve o'clock, at the very moment when the Cardinal, dressed in his pontifical garments, was about to proceed to the chapel, he was sent for into the King's closet, where the Queen then was. The King said to him, "You

have purchased diamonds of Bœhmer?"—"Yes, Sire."—"What have you done with them?"—"I thought they had been delivered to the Queen."—"Who commissioned you?"—"A lady, called the Comtesse de Lamotte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen; and I thought I was gratifying her Majesty by taking this business on myself." The Queen here interrupted him and said, "How, sir, could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken for eight years, to negotiate anything for me, and especially through the mediation of a woman whom I do not even know?" —"I see plainly," said the Cardinal, "that I have been duped; I will pay for the necklace; my desire to please your Majesty blinded me; I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it." He then took out of his pocket-book a letter from the Queen to Madame de Lamotte, giving him this commission. The King took it, and holding it towards the Cardinal, said, "This is neither written nor signed by the Queen; how could a Prince of the House of Rohan, and a Grand Almoner of France, ever think that the Queen would sign *Marie Antoinette de France?* Everybody knows that Queens sign only by their baptismal names.[1] But, sir," pursued the

[1] The Cardinal ought, it has been said, to have detected the forgery of the approbations and signature to the instructions; his place of Grand Almoner gave him the opportunity of knowing both her Majesty's writing and her manner of signing her name. To this important objection it is answered, that it was long since M. de Rohan had seen her writing; that he did not recollect it; that, besides, not being at all suspicious, he had no

King, handing him a copy of his letter to Bœhmer, "have you ever written such a letter as this?" Having glanced over it, the Cardinal said, "I do not remember having written it."—"But what if the original, signed by yourself, were shown to you?"—"If the letter be signed by myself it is genuine." He was extremely confused, and repeated several times, "I have been deceived, Sire; I will pay for the necklace. I ask pardon of your Majesties."—"Then explain to me," resumed the King, "the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to find you guilty; I had rather you would justify yourself. Account for all the manœuvres with Bœhmer, these assurances and these letters." The Cardinal then, turning pale, and leaning against the table, said, "Sire, I am too much confused to answer your Majesty in a way——" "Compose yourself, Cardinal, and go into my cabinet, you will there find paper, pens, and ink, write what you have to say to me." The Cardinal went into the King's cabinet, and returned a quarter of an hour afterwards with a document as confused as his verbal answers had been. The King then said, "Withdraw, sir." The Cardinal left the King's chamber, with the Baron de Breteuil, who gave him in custody to a lieutenant of the Body Guard, with orders to take him to his apartment. M. d'Agoult, aide-major of the Body

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inducement to endeavour to verify it; and that the Crown jewellers, to whom he showed the instrument, had not, any more than himself, detected the imposition.—*Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.*

Guard, afterwards took him into custody, and conducted him to his hôtel, and from thence to the Bastille. But while the Cardinal had with him only the young lieutenant of the Body Guard, who was much embarrassed at having such an order to execute, his Eminence met his *heyduc* at the door of the Salon of Hercules; he spoke to him in German, and then asked the lieutenant if he could lend him a pencil; the officer gave him that which he carried about him, and the Cardinal wrote to the Abbé Georgel, his grand vicar and friend, instantly to burn all Madame de Lamotte's correspondence, and all his other letters.[1] This commission was executed before M. de Crosne, lieutenant of police, had received an order from the Baron de Breteuil to

[1] The *Secret Correspondence* thus explains the officer's conduct and confusion:—

"The lieutenant, being reprimanded for suffering the Cardinal to write, replied that his orders did not forbid it; and that, besides, he had been much disconcerted by the unusual address of the Baron de Breteuil—'*Sir, in the King's name follow me*;' that he had not recovered himself and did not perfectly know what he was about. This excuse is not very satisfactory, though it is true that this officer, who was very irregular in his conduct, was much in debt, and at first feared that the order concerned himself personally."

The Abbé Georgel relates the circumstance in a very different manner:—

"The Cardinal, at that dreadful moment, gave an astonishing proof of his presence of mind: notwithstanding the escort which surrounded him, favoured by the attendant crowd, he stopped, and stooping down with his face towards the wall, as if to fasten his buckle, snatched out his pencil and hastily wrote a few words upon a scrap of paper placed under his hand in his square red cap. He rose again and proceeded. On entering his house, his people formed a lane; he slipped this paper, unperceived, into the hand of a confidential *valet de chambre*, who waited for him

Jules David del. Adelbrecht sc.

The arrest of Cardinal de Rohan

Paris: Richard Bentley and Son: 1884

put seals upon the Cardinal's papers. The destruction of all his Eminence's correspondence, and particularly that with Madame de Lamotte, threw an impenetrable cloud over the whole affair.[1]

From that moment all proofs of this intrigue disappeared. Madame de Lamotte was apprehended at Bar-sur-Aube; her husband had already gone to England. From the beginning of this fatal affair all the proceedings of the Court appear to have been prompted by imprudence and want of foresight; the obscurity resulting left free scope for the fables of which the voluminous memorials written on one side and the other consisted. The Queen so little imagined what could have given rise to the intrigue, of which she was about to become the victim, that at the moment when the King was interrogating the Cardinal, a terrific idea entered her mind. With that rapidity of thought caused by

at the door of his apartment." This story is scarcely credible: it is not at the moment of a prisoner's arrest, when an inquisitive crowd surrounds and watches him, that he can stop and write mysterious words. However, the *valet de chambre* posts off to Paris. He arrives at the palace of the Cardinal between twelve and one o'clock; and his horse falls dead in the stable. "I was in my apartment," says the Abbé Georgel, "the *valet de chambre* entered wildly, with a deadly paleness on his countenance, and exclaimed, '*All is lost; the Prince is arrested.*' He instantly fell, fainting, and dropped the note of which he was the bearer." The portfolio containing the papers which might compromise the Cardinal was immediately placed beyond the reach of all search.—*Note by the Editor.*

[1] Madame de Lamotte was foolishly allowed sufficient time after she heard of the arrest of the Cardinal to burn all the letters she had received from him. Assisted by Beugnot, she completed this at three the same morning that she was arrested at four.—See *Memoirs of Count Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 74.

personal interest and extreme agitation, she fancied that if a design to ruin her in the eyes of the King and the French people were the concealed motive of this intrigue, the Cardinal would, perhaps, affirm that she had the necklace; that he had been honoured with her confidence for this purchase, made without the King's knowledge; and point out some secret place in her apartment, where he might have got some villain to hide it. Want of money and the meanest swindling were the sole motives for this criminal affair. The necklace had already been taken to pieces and sold, partly in London, partly in Holland, and the rest in Paris.

The moment the Cardinal's arrest was known a universal clamour arose. Every memorial that appeared during the trial increased the outcry. On this occasion the clergy took that course which a little wisdom and the least knowledge of the spirit of such a body ought to have foreseen. The Rohans and the House of Condé, as well as the clergy, made their complaints heard everywhere. The King consented to having a legal judgment, and early in September he addressed letters patent to the Parliament, in which he said that he was "penetrated with the most just indignation on seeing the means which, by the confession of his Eminence the Cardinal, had been employed in order to inculpate his most dear spouse and companion."

Fatal moment! in which the Queen found herself, in consequence of this highly impolitic step, on trial with a subject, who ought to have been

dealt with by the power of the King alone. Mistaken ideas of equity, ignorance and hatred, united with ill-digested advice to dictate a course of conduct injurious at the same time to the royal authority and to public morals.

The Princes and Princesses of the House of Condé, and of the Houses of Rohan, Soubise, and Guéménée, put on mourning, and were seen ranged in the way of the members of the Grand Chamber to salute them as they proceeded to the Palace, on the days of the Cardinal's trial; and Princes of the blood openly canvassed against the Queen of France.

The Pope wished to claim, on behalf of the Cardinal de Rohan, the right belonging to his ecclesiastical rank, and demanded that he should be judged at Rome. The Cardinal de Bernis, ambassador from France to his Holiness, formerly Minister for Foreign Affairs, blending the wisdom of an old diplomatist with the principles of a Prince of the Church, wished that this scandalous affair should be hushed up.

The King's aunts, who were on very intimate terms with the ambassador, adopted his opinion, and the conduct of the King and Queen was equally and loudly censured in the apartments of Versailles and in the hôtels and coffee-houses of Paris.

It is easy to refer to this transaction, alike fatal and unexpected, as wickedly planned as it was weakly and injudiciously punished, disorders which furnished many weapons to the party opposed to authority.

Madame, the King's sister-in-law, had been the sole protectress of De Lamotte, and had confined her patronage to granting her a pension of twelve to fifteen hundred francs. Her brother was in the navy, but the Marquis de Chabert, to whom he had been recommended, could never train a good officer. The Queen in vain endeavoured to call to mind the features of this person, of whom she had often heard as an intriguing woman, who came frequently on Sundays to the gallery of Versailles. At the time when all France was engrossed by the prosecution against the Cardinal, the portrait of the Comtesse de Lamotte-Valois was publicly sold. Her Majesty desired me one day, when I was going to Paris, to buy her the engraving, which was said to be a tolerable likeness, that she might ascertain whether she could recognise in it any person whom she might have seen in the gallery.[1]

The woman De Lamotte's father was a peasant at Auteuil, though he called himself Valois. Madame de Boulainvilliers once saw from her terrace two pretty little peasant girls, each labouring under a heavy bundle of sticks. The priest of the village, who was walking with her, told her that the children possessed some curious papers, and that he had no doubt they were descendants of a Valois, an illegitimate son of one of the Princes of that name.[2]

[1] The public, with the exception of the lowest class, were admitted into the gallery and larger apartments of Versailles, as they were into the park.—*Madame Campan.*

[2] Madame de Lamotte (Jeanne de Saint Rémi de Valois) was

The family of Valois had long ceased to appear in the world. Hereditary vices had gradually plunged them into the deepest misery. I have heard that the last Valois then known of occupied the estate called Gros Bois; that as he seldom came to Court, Louis XIII. asked him what he was about that he remained so constantly in the country; and that this M. de Valois merely answered, "*Sire, I only do there what I ought.*"[1] It was shortly afterwards discovered that he was *coining*.

Neither the Queen herself nor any one near her ever had the slightest connection with the woman De Lamotte; and during her prosecution she could point out but one of the Queen's servants, named Desclos, a valet of the Queen's bed-chamber, to whom she pretended she had delivered Bœhmer's necklace. This Desclos was a very honest man; upon being confronted with the woman De Lamotte, it was proved that she had never seen him but once, which was at the house of the wife of a surgeon-accoucheur at Versailles, the only person she visited at Court: and that she had not given him the necklace. Madame de Lamotte married a private in Monsieur's body-guard; she lodged at Versailles at the Belle

born at Fontette, in the department of the Aube, 22d July 1756. She was the second child of Jacques de Saint Rémi de Valois, who at first called himself De Luz, and later De Valois, Baron de Saint Rémi, the seventh in descent from Henri de Saint Rémi, the son of Henri II., King of France, and of Nicole de Savigny, Dame de Saint Rémi, de Fontette, du Chatelier, and de Noëz.—*Marie Antoinette et le Procès du Collier*, Paris, Plon, 1863, p. 14.

[1] *Je n'y fait que ce que je dois*, which also means, "I only make what I owe," and in that sense was a true answer.

Image, a very inferior furnished house; and it is inconceivable how so obscure a person could succeed in making herself believed to be a friend of the Queen, who, though so extremely affable, seldom granted audiences, and only to titled persons.

The trial of the Cardinal is too generally known to require me to repeat its details here.[1] The point most embarrassing to him was the interview he had in February 1785 with M. de Sainte James, to whom he confided the particulars of the Queen's pretended commission, and showed the contract approved and signed *Marie Antoinette de France.* The memorandum found in a drawer of the Car-

[1] The letters patent which gave the Parliament cognisance of the process were couched in these terms:—

"Louis, etc. Having been informed that the Sieurs Bœhmer and Bassange sold the Cardinal de Rohan a necklace of brilliants; that the said Cardinal de Rohan, without the knowledge of the Queen our beloved spouse and consort, told them he was authorised by her to purchase it at the price of sixteen hundred thousand livres, payable by instalments, and showed them false instructions to that effect, which he exhibited as approved by the Queen; that the said necklace having been delivered by the said Bœhmer and Bassange to the said Cardinal, and the first payment agreed on between them not having been made good, they had recourse to the Queen; we could not without just indignation see an august name, dear to us on so many accounts, thus daringly used, and the respect due to majesty violated with such unheard-of temerity. We therefore have deemed it incumbent to cite before us the said Cardinal, and upon his declaration to us that he had been deceived by a woman named Lamotte, called De Valois, we judged it indispensable to secure his person and that of the said Lamotte, called De Valois, and to take those steps suggested to us by our wisdom for the discovery of the authors or accomplices of an attempt of this nature; and we have thought fit to refer the matter to you, that the process may be instituted and decided by you, the great chamber and criminal court assembled."—*Note by the Editor.*

dinal's bureau, in which he had himself written what Bœhmer told him after having seen me at my country house, was likewise an unfortunate document for his Eminence.

I offered to the King to go and declare that Bœhmer had told me that the Cardinal assured him he had received from the Queen's own hand the thirty thousand francs given on account upon the bargain being concluded, and that his Eminence had seen her Majesty take that sum in bills from the porcelain *secrétaire* in her boudoir. The King declined my offer, and said to me, "Were you alone when Bœhmer told you this?" I answered that I was alone with him in my garden. "Well!" resumed he, "the man would deny the fact; he is now sure of being paid his sixteen hundred thousand francs, which the Cardinal's family will find it necessary to make good to him;[1] we can no longer rely upon his sincerity; it would look as if you were sent by the Queen, and that would not be proper."

The *procureur-général's* information was severe on the Cardinal. The Houses of Condé and Rohan

[1] The guilty woman no sooner knew that all was about to be discovered than she sent for the jewellers, and told them the Cardinal had perceived that the agreement, which he believed to have been signed by the Queen, was a false and forged document. "However," added she, "the Cardinal possesses a considerable fortune, *and he can very well pay you.*" These words reveal the whole secret. The Countess had taken the necklace to herself, and flattered herself that M. de Rohan, seeing himself deceived and cruelly imposed upon, would determine to pay and make the best terms he could, rather than suffer a matter of this nature to become public.—*Secret Correspondence of the Court of Louis XVI.*

and the majority of the nobility saw in this affair only an attack on the Prince's rank, the clergy only a blow aimed at the privileges of a Cardinal. The clergy demanded that the unfortunate business of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan should be submitted to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the Archbishop of Narbonne, then President of the Convocation, made representations upon the subject to the King;[1] the bishops wrote to his Majesty to remind him that a private ecclesiastic implicated in the affair then pending would have a right to claim his constitutional judges, and that this right was refused to a cardinal, his superior in the hierarchical order.[2] In short, the

[1] The clergy, then assembled, embraced this opportunity to assert its rights. The Archbishop of Narbonne spoke:—"My lords and gentlemen, no one among us is unaware that Cardinal de Rohan has had the misfortune to incur the King's displeasure. Without doubt, we have reason to fear that his guilt has been great, since his Majesty has thought proper to arrest him in a public manner, to secure his person and his papers. But Cardinal de Rohan is both a cardinal and a grand almoner, as well as bishop of the kingdom. This latter title, common to ourselves as well as to him, obliges us to claim the observance of the regulations which prescribe that a bishop must be tried by those of his own rank. God forbid that by so doing we should pretend to render our order exempt from punishment, and seduce it from the obedience due to the King!"—*Note by the Editor.*

[2] The Sovereign Pontiff assembled a consistory, which unanimously declared that the Cardinal de Rohan had erred against his dignity as a member of the sacred college in recognising the authority of Parliament, that he was suspended for six months, and that if he persisted he should be struck out of the list of cardinals. An Abbé Lemoine, a doctor of the Sorbonne, had to be sent to Rome to prove to the Pope that M. de Rohan had made the protests required by his dignity, and that he had only accepted the judgment of a secular tribunal because he had to yield to the will of his King.—Campardon, *Marie Antoinette et le Procès du Collier*, page 53.

clergy and the greater part of the nobility were at that time outrageous against authority, and chiefly against the Queen.

The *procureur-général's* conclusions, and those of a part of the heads of the magistracy, were as severe towards the Cardinal as the information had been; yet he was *fully acquitted* by a majority of three voices; the woman De Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned; and her husband, for contumacy, was condemned to the galleys for life.

As soon as I heard of the sentence passed on the Cardinal I went to the Queen. She heard my voice in the anteroom. She called to me; I found her very much agitated. In a faltering voice she said, "Condole with me; the intriguer who wished to ruin me, or get money by misusing my name, and adopting my signature, has just been fully acquitted; but," added she, with warmth, "as a Frenchwoman let me pity you. Unfortunate indeed are a people who have for their supreme tribunal a set of men who consult only their passions; some of whom are capable of being corrupted, and others of an audacity which they have always manifested against authority, and which they have just suffered to break out against those who are invested with it."[1] At this moment the King entered, and I wished

[1] The following extract is from the *Memoirs* of the Abbé Georgel:—"M. d'Epremésnil, a counsellor of the Parliament, but who was not a judge in the affair, found secret means to inform us of very interesting particulars, the knowledge of which

to withdraw. "Stay," said he to me; "you are one of those who sincerely participate in the grief of your mistress." He went up to the Queen and took her by the hand. "This affair," said he, "has been decided outrageously; however, that is very easily accounted for. To be able to cut this Gordian knot, it is not necessary to be an Alexander. In the Cardinal the Parliament saw only a Prince of the Church, a Prince de Rohan, the near relation of a Prince of the blood; while they ought to have seen in him a man unworthy of his ecclesiastical character, a great nobleman degraded by his shameful connections, a young spendthrift trying expedients, like many in Paris, and grasping at everything. He thought he would pay Bœhmer, on account, sums large enough to discharge the price of the necklace within a moderate time; but he knew the customs of the Court well enough, and was not so silly as to believe that Madame de Lamotte was received by the Queen and deputed to execute such a commission."

In giving the King's opinion, I do not pretend

was of the greatest utility to us." He adds in another place, speaking of the moment in which the decree was pronounced: "The sittings were long and multiplied; it was necessary to read the whole proceedings; more than fifty judges sat; a master of requests, a friend of the Prince, wrote down all that was said there, and sent it to his advisers, who found means to inform the Cardinal of it, and to add the plan of conduct he ought to pursue." D'Epremésnil, and other young counsellors, showed upon that occasion but too much audacity in braving the Court, too much eagerness in seizing an opportunity of attacking it. They were the first to shake that authority which their functions made it a duty in them to respect.—*Note by the Editor.*

to speak decisively on the Cardinal's credulity or dishonesty; but it got abroad, and I am bound to report the exact terms of a conversation in which he declared it with so little reserve. He still continued to speak of that dreadful trial, and condescended to say to me, "I have saved you a mortification, which you would have experienced, without any advantage to the Queen; all the Cardinal's papers were burnt, with the exception of a little note written by him, which was found by itself at the bottom of a drawer; it is dated in the latter end of July, and says that Bœhmer has seen Madame Campan, who told him to beware of the intrigue of which he would become the victim; that she would lay her head upon the block to maintain that the Queen had never wished to have the necklace, and that she had certainly not purchased it secretly. Had you any such conversation with the man?" concluded the King. I answered that I remembered having said nearly those very words to him, and that I had informed the Queen of it. "Well!" he resumed, "I was asked whether it would be agreeable to me that you should be summoned to appear; and I replied that, if it were not absolutely indispensable, I should be obliged by their not summoning a person so intimately connected with the Queen as yourself. How could it, for instance, be explained that this man wrote the note in question three weeks before the day on which I spoke to him, without taking any step towards approaching either the Queen or myself?"

M. Pierre de Laurencel, the *procureur-général's* substitute, sent the Queen a list of the names of the members of the Grand Chamber, with the means made use of by the friends of the Cardinal to gain their votes during the trial. I had this list to keep among the papers which the Queen deposited in the house of M. Campan, my father-in-law, and which, at his death, she ordered me to preserve. I burnt this statement, but I remember ladies performed a part not very creditable to their principles; it was by them, in consideration of large sums which they received, that some of the oldest and most respected members were won over. I did not see a single name amongst the whole Parliament that was gained directly.

The belief confirmed by time is, that the Cardinal was completely duped by the woman De Lamotte and Gagliostro. The King may have been in error in thinking him an accomplice in this miserable and criminal scheme, but I have faithfully repeated his Majesty's judgment about it.

However, the generally received opinion that the Baron de Breteuil's hatred for the Cardinal was the cause of the scandal and the unfortunate result of this affair contributed to the disgrace of the former still more than his refusal to give his granddaughter in marriage to the son of the Duc de Polignac.

The Abbé de Vermond threw the whole blame of the imprudence and impolicy of the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan upon the minister, and ceased to be the friend and supporter of the Baron de Breteuil with the Queen.

In the early part of the year 1786 the Cardinal, as has been said, was fully acquitted, and came out of the Bastille, while Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned. The Court, persisting in the erroneous views which had hitherto guided its measures, conceived that the Cardinal and the woman De Lamotte were equally culpable and unequally punished, and sought to restore the balance of justice by exiling the Cardinal to La Chaise-Dieu, and suffering Madame de Lamotte to escape a few days after she entered l'Hôpital. This new error confirmed the Parisians in the idea that the wretch De Lamotte, who had never been able to make her way so far as to the room appropriated to the Queen's women, had really interested the Queen herself.[1]

[1] Further particulars will be found in the *Memoirs of the Comte de Beugnot*, London: Hurst and Blackett, 1871, as he knew Madame de Lamotte from the days of her early childhood (when the three children, the Baron de Valois, who died captain of a frigate, and the two Mademoiselles de Saint Rémi, the last descendants of the Baron de Rémi, a natural son of Henry II., were almost starving), to the time of her temporary prosperity. In fact, he was with her when she burnt the correspondence of the Cardinal, in the interval the Court foolishly allowed between his arrest and her capture, and De Beugnot believed he had met at her house, at the moment of their return from their successful trick, the whole party engaged in deluding the Cardinal. It is worth noting that he was then struck by the face of Mademoiselle d'Oliva, who had just personated the Queen in presenting a rose to the Cardinal. It may also be cited as a pleasing quality of Madame de Lamotte that she, "in her ordinary conversation, used the words *stupid* and *honest* as synonymous."—See *Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 60.

CHAPTER II.

The Archbishop of Sens is appointed to the Ministry—The Abbé de Vermond's joy on the occasion—The Queen is obliged to take a part in business—Money sent to Vienna contrary to her inclination—Anecdotes—The Queen supports the Archbishop of Sens in office—Public rejoicings on his dismissal—Opening of the States-General—Cries of "*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*"—Their effect upon the Queen—Mirabeau—He requests an embassy—Misfortunes induce the Queen to yield to superstitious fears—Anecdotes—Prejudices of the provincial deputies of the *tiers-état*—Causes of these prejudices—Death of the first Dauphin—Anecdotes.

THE Abbé de Vermond could not suppress his exultation when he succeeded in getting the Archbishop of Sens appointed head of the council of finance. I have more than once heard him say that seventeen years of patience were not too long a term for success in a Court; that he spent all that time in gaining the end he had in view; but that at length the Archbishop was where he ought to be for the good of the State. The Abbé from this time in the Queen's private circle no longer concealed his credit and influence; nothing could equal the confidence with which he displayed the extent of his pretensions. He requested the Queen to order that the apartments appropriated to him should be enlarged, telling her that being obliged to give

audiences to bishops, cardinals, and ministers he required a residence suitable to his present circumstances. The Queen continued to treat him as she did before the Archbishop's arrival at Court; but the household showed him increased consideration: the word *Monsieur* preceded that of Abbé; and from that moment not only the livery servants but also the people of the antechambers rose when *Monsieur l'Abbé* was passing, though there never was, to my knowledge, any order given to that effect.

The Queen was obliged, on account of the King's disposition, and the very limited confidence he placed in the Archbishop of Sens, to take a part in public affairs. While M. de Maurepas lived she kept out of that danger, as may be seen by the censure which the Baron de Besenval passes on her in his memoirs for not availing herself of the conciliation he had promoted between the Queen and that minister, who counteracted the ascendency which the Queen and her intimate friends might otherwise have gained over the King's mind.

The Queen has often assured me that she never interfered respecting the interests of Austria but once; and that was only to claim the execution of the treaty of alliance at the time when Joseph II. was at war with Prussia and Turkey; that she then demanded that an army of twenty-four thousand men should be sent to him instead of fifteen millions, an alternative which had been left to option in the treaty, in case the Emperor should have a just war to maintain; that she could not obtain her

object, and M. de Vergennes, in an interview which she had with him upon the subject, put an end to her importunities by observing that he was answering the mother of the Dauphin and not the sister of the Emperor. The fifteen millions were sent. There was no want of money at Vienna, and the value of a French army was fully appreciated.

"But how," said the Queen, "could they be so wicked as to send off those fifteen millions from the general post-office, diligently publishing, even to the street porters, that they were loading carriages with money that I was sending to my brother—whereas it is certain that the money would equally have been sent if I had belonged to another house; and, besides, it was sent contrary to my inclination."[1]

[1] This was not the first time the Queen had become unpopular in consequence of financial support afforded by France to her brother. The Emperor Joseph II. made, in November 1783 and in May 1784, startling claims on the republic of the United Provinces; he demanded the opening of the Scheldt, the cession of Maëstricht with its dependencies, of the country beyond the Meuse, the county of Vroenhoven, and a sum of seventy millions of florins. The first gun was fired by the Emperor on the Scheldt 5th November 1784. Peace was concluded 8th November 1785, through the mediation of France. The singular part was the indemnification granted to the Emperor: this was a sum of ten millions of Dutch florins; the articles 15, 16, and 17 of the treaty stipulated the quotas of it. Holland paid five millions and a half, and France, under the direction of M. de Vergennes, four millions and a half of florins, that is to say, nine millions and forty-five thousand francs, according to M. Soulavie. M. de Ségur, in his *Policy of Cabinets* (vol. iii.), says relative to this affair:—

"M. de Vergennes has been much blamed for having terminated, by a sacrifice of seven millions, the contest that existed between the United Provinces and the Emperor. In that age of philosophy men were still very uncivilised; in that age of

When the Comte de Moustier set out on his mission to the United States, after having had his public audience of leave he came and asked me to procure him a private one. I could not succeed even with the strongest solicitations: the Queen desired me to wish him a good voyage, but added that none but ministers could have anything to say to him in private, since he was going to a country where the names of *King* and *Queen* must be detested.

Marie Antoinette had then no direct influence over State affairs until after the deaths of M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes, and the retreat of M. de Calonne. She frequently regretted her new situation, and looked upon it as a misfortune which she could not avoid. One day, while I was assisting her to tie up a number of memorials and reports, which some of the ministers had handed to her to be given to the King, "Ah!" said she, sighing, "there is an end of all happiness for me, since they have made an intriguer of me." I exclaimed at the word. "Yes," resumed the Queen, "that is the right term; every woman who meddles with affairs above her understanding or out of her line of duty is an intriguer and nothing else; you will remember, however, that it is not my own fault, and that

commerce they made very erroneous calculations; and those who accused the Queen of sending the gold of France to her brother would have been better pleased if, to support a republic devoid of energy, the blood of two hundred thousand men, and three or four hundred millions of francs, had been sacrificed, and at the same time the risk run of losing the advantage of peace dictated to England."—*Madame Campan.*

it is with regret I give myself such a title; the Queens of France are happy only so long as they meddle with nothing, and merely preserve influence sufficient to advance their friends and reward a few zealous servants. Do you know what happened to me lately? One day since I began to attend private committees at the King's, while crossing the *œil-de-bœuf*, I heard one of the musicians of the chapel say so loud that I lost not a single word, 'A Queen who does her duty will remain in her apartment to knit.' I said within myself, 'Poor wretch, thou art right: but thou knowest not my situation; I yield to necessity and my evil destiny.'" This situation was the more painful to the Queen inasmuch as Louis XVI. had long accustomed himself to say nothing to her respecting State affairs; and when, towards the close of his reign, she was obliged to interfere in the most important matters, the same habit in the King frequently kept from her particulars which it was necessary she should have known. Obtaining, therefore, only insufficient information, and guided by persons more ambitious than skilful, the Queen could not be useful in great affairs; yet, at the same time, her ostensible interference drew upon her, from all parties and all classes of society, an unpopularity, the rapid progress of which alarmed all those who were sincerely attached to her.[1]

[1]. In a caricature of the time the King was represented at table with his consort. He had a glass in his hand; the Queen was raising a morsel to her lips; the people were crowding round with their mouths open. Below was written, "The King drinks; the Queen eats; the people cry out."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. i.

Carried away by the eloquence of the Archbishop of Sens, and encouraged in the confidence she placed in that minister by the incessant eulogies of the Abbé de Vermond on his abilities, the Queen unfortunately followed up her first mistake of bringing him into office in 1787 by supporting him at the time of his disgrace, which was obtained by the despair of a whole nation. She thought it was due to her dignity to give him some marked proof of her regard at the moment of his departure; misled by her feelings she sent him her portrait enriched with jewelry, and a brevet for the situation of lady of the palace for Madame de Canisy, his niece, observing that it was necessary to indemnify a minister sacrificed to the intrigues of the Court and the factious spirit of the nation; that otherwise none would be found willing to devote themselves to the interests of the sovereign. However, on the day of the Archbishop's departure the public joy was universal, both at Court and at Paris: there were bonfires; the attorneys' clerks burnt the Archbishop in effigy, and on the evening of his disgrace more than a hundred couriers were sent out from Versailles to spread the happy tidings among the country seats. I have seen the Queen shed bitter tears at the recollection of the errors she committed at this period, when subsequently, a short time before her death, the Archbishop had the audacity to say, in a speech which was printed, that the sole object of one part of his operations, during his administration, was the salutary crisis which the Revolution had produced.

The benevolence and generosity shown by the King and Queen during the severe winter of 1788, when the Seine was frozen over and the cold was more intense than it had been for eighty years, procured them some fleeting popularity. The gratitude of the Parisians for the succour their Majesties poured forth was lively if not lasting. The snow was so abundant that since that period there has never been seen such a prodigious quantity in France. In different parts of Paris pyramids and obelisks of snow were erected with inscriptions expressive of the gratitude of the people. The pyramid in the *Rue d'Angiviller* was supported on a base six feet high by twelve broad; it rose to the height of fifteen feet, and was terminated by a globe. Four blocks of stone, placed at the angles, corresponded with the obelisk, and gave it an elegant appearance. Several inscriptions, in honour of the King and Queen, were affixed to it. I went to see this singular monument, and recollect the following inscription:—

"TO MARIE ANTOINETTE.

"Lovely and good, to tender pity true,
Queen of a virtuous King, this trophy view;
Cold ice and snow sustain its fragile form,
But ev'ry grateful heart to thee is warm.
Oh, may this tribute in your hearts excite,
Illustrious pair, more pure and real delight,
Whilst thus your virtues are sincerely prais'd,
Than pompous domes by servile flatt'ry rais'd."

The theatres generally rang with praises of the beneficence of the sovereigns: *La Partie de Chasse*

de Henri IV. was represented for the benefit of the poor. The receipts were very considerable.

When the fruitless measure of the Assembly of the Notables,[1] and the rebellious spirit in the parliaments, had created the necessity for States-General, it was long discussed in council whether they should be assembled at Versailles or at forty or sixty leagues from the capital; the Queen was for the latter course, and insisted to the King that they ought to be far away from the immense population of Paris. She feared that the people would influence the deliberations of the deputies; several memorials were presented to the King upon that question; but M. Necker prevailed, and Versailles was the place fixed upon.

The day on which the King announced that he gave his consent to the convocation of the States-General, the Queen left the public dinner, and placed herself in the recess of the first window of

[1] The Assembly of the Notables, as may be seen in Weber's *Memoirs*, vol. i., overthrew the plans and caused the downfall of M. de Calonne. A Prince of the blood presided over each of the meetings of that assembly. Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., presided over the first meeting.

"Monsieur," says a contemporary, "gained great reputation at the Assembly of the Notables in 1787. He did not miss attending his meeting a single day, and he displayed truly patriotic virtues. His care in discussing the weighty matters of administration, in throwing light upon them, and in defending the interests and the cause of the people, was such as even to inspire the King with some degree of jealousy. Monsieur openly said, 'That a respectful resistance to the orders of the Monarch was not blamable, and that authority might be met by argument, and forced to receive information without any offence whatever.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

her bed-chamber, with her face towards the garden. Her chief butler followed her, to present her coffee, which she usually took standing, as she was about to leave the table. She made me a sign to come close to her. The King was engaged in conversation with some one in his room. When the attendant had served her he retired; and she addressed me, with the cup still in her hand: "Great Heavens! what fatal news goes forth this day! The King assents to the convocation of the States-General." Then she added, raising her eyes to heaven, "I dread it; this important event is a first fatal signal of discord in France." She cast her eyes down, they were filled with tears. She could not take the remainder of her coffee, but handed me the cup, and went to join the King. In the evening, when she was alone with me, she spoke only of this momentous decision. "It is the Parliament," said she, "that has compelled the King to have recourse to a measure long considered fatal to the repose of the kingdom. These gentlemen wish to restrain the power of the King; but they give a great shock to the authority of which they make so bad a use, and they will bring on their own destruction."

The double representation granted to the *tiers-état* was now the chief topic of conversation. The Queen favoured this plan, to which the King had agreed; she thought the hope of obtaining ecclesiastical favours would secure the clergy of the second order, and that M. Necker felt assured that he possessed the same degree of influence over the

lawyers, and other people of that class. The Comte d'Artois, holding the contrary opinion, presented a memorial in the names of himself and several Princes of the blood to the King against the double representation. The Queen was displeased with him for this; her confidential advisers infused into her apprehensions that the Prince was made the tool of a party; but his conduct was approved of by Madame de Polignac's circle, which the Queen thenceforward only frequented to avoid the appearance of a change in her habits. She almost always returned unhappy; she was treated with the profound respect due to a Queen, but the devotion of friendship had vanished, to make way for the coldness of etiquette, which wounded her deeply. The alienation between her and the Comte d'Artois was also very painful to her, for she had loved him as tenderly as if he had been her own brother.

The opening of the States-General took place on the 4th of May 1789. The Queen on that occasion appeared for the last time in her life in regal magnificence. During the procession some low women, seeing the Queen pass, cried out, "*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*" in so threatening a manner that she nearly fainted. She was obliged to be supported, and those about her were afraid it would be necessary to stop the procession. The Queen, however, recovered herself, and much regretted that she had not been able to command more presence of mind.[1]

[1] The rapidly-increasing distrust of the King and Queen shown by the populace was greatly attributable to incessant

The first sitting of the States took place on the following day. The King delivered his speech with firmness and dignity; the Queen told me that he had taken great pains about it, and had repeated it frequently. His Majesty gave public marks of attachment and respect for the Queen, who was applauded; but it was easy to see that this applause was in fact rendered to the King alone.

It was evident, during the first sittings, that Mirabeau would be very dangerous to government. It is affirmed that at this period he communicated

corruption by English gold, and the projects, either of revenge or of ambition, of the Duc d'Orléans. Let it not be thought that this accusation is founded on what has been so often repeated by the heads of the French Government since the Revolution. Twice, between the 14th July and the 6th October 1789, the day on which the Court was dragged to Paris, the Queen prevented me from making little excursions thither of business or pleasure, saying to me, "Do not go on such a day to Paris; the English have been scattering gold, we shall have some disturbance." The repeated visits of the Duc d'Orléans to England had excited the *Anglomania* to such a pitch that Paris was no longer distinguishable from London. The French, formerly imitated by the whole of Europe, became on a sudden a nation of imitators, without considering the evils that arts and manufactures must suffer in consequence of the change. Since the treaty of commerce made with England at the peace of 1783, not merely equipages, but everything, even to ribands and common earthenware, were of English make. If this predominance of English fashions had been confined to filling our drawing-rooms with young men in English frock-coats, instead of the French dress, good taste and commerce might alone have suffered; but the principles of English government had taken possession of these young heads—*Constitution, Upper House, Lower House, national guarantee, balance of power, Magna Charta, Law of Habeas Corpus*, all these words were incessantly repeated, and seldom understood; but they were of fundamental importance to a party which was then forming.—*Madame Campan.*

to the King, and still more fully to the Queen, part of his schemes for abandoning them. He brandished the weapons afforded him by his eloquence and audacity, in order to make terms with the party he meant to attack. This man played the game of revolution to make his own fortune. The Queen told me that he asked for an embassy, and, if my memory does not deceive me, it was that of Constantinople. He was refused with well-deserved contempt, though policy would doubtless have concealed it, could the future have been foreseen.[1]

The enthusiasm prevailing at the opening of this assembly, and the debates between the *tiers-état*, the nobility, and even the clergy, daily increased the alarm of their Majesties, and all who were attached to the cause of monarchy. The Queen went to bed late, or rather she began to be unable to rest. One evening, about the end of May, she was sitting in her room, relating several remarkable occurrences of the day; four wax candles were placed upon her toilette table; the first went out of itself; I re-lighted it; shortly afterwards the second, and then the third went out also; upon which the Queen, squeezing my hand in terror, said to me: "Misfortune makes us superstitious; if the fourth taper should go out like the rest, nothing can prevent my looking upon it as a sinister omen." The fourth taper went out. It was remarked to the

[1] For further information on this subject the reader is referred to the *Memoirs of Madame Junot* (*Duchesse d'Abrantès*), vol. i. pp. 48-52 of the English edition, published in 1883.

Queen that the four tapers had probably been run in the same mould, and that a defect in the wick had naturally occurred at the same point in each, since the candles had all gone out in the order in which they had been lighted.

The deputies of the *tiers-état* arrived at Versailles full of the strongest prejudices against the Court. They believed that the King indulged in the pleasures of the table to a shameful excess; and that the Queen was draining the treasury of the State in order to satisfy the most unbridled luxury. They almost all determined to see Petit Trianon. The extreme plainness of the retreat in question not answering the ideas they had formed, some of them insisted upon seeing the very smallest closets, saying that the richly-furnished apartments were concealed from them. They particularised one which, according to them, was ornamented with diamonds, and with wreathed columns studded with sapphires and rubies. The Queen could not get these foolish ideas out of her mind, and spoke to the King on the subject. From the description given of this room by the deputies to the keepers of Trianon, the King concluded that they were looking for the scene enriched with paste ornaments, made in the reign of Louis XV. for the theatre of Fontainebleau.[1]

[1] "An idea may be formed," says Montjoie, "of the life led by the Queen after the opening of the States-General by what she described to the Duchesse de Polignac. In one letter she writes: 'My health still lasts, but my mind is overwhelmed with troubles, annoyances, and alarms; every day I

The King supposed that his Body Guards, on their return to the country, after their quarterly duty at Court, related what they had seen, and that their exaggerated accounts being repeated became at last totally perverted. This idea of the King, after the search for the diamond chamber, suggested to the Queen that the report of the King's propensity for drinking also sprang from the guards who accompanied his carriage when he hunted at Rambouillet. The King, who disliked sleeping out of his usual bed, was accustomed to leave that hunting seat after supper; he generally slept soundly in his carriage, and awoke only on his arrival at the courtyard of his palace; he used to get down from his carriage in the midst of his Body Guards, staggering, as a man half awake will do, which was mistaken for intoxication.[1]

The majority of the deputies who came imbued

learn new misfortunes, and for me one of the greatest is to be separated from all my friends. No longer do I meet hearts that sympathise with me.' In another she wrote: 'All your letters to M—— give me great pleasure: I see at least your writing, I read that you love me, and that does me good. Be tranquil: adversity has not diminished my strength and my courage, and it has increased my prudence.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

[1] Boursault's play of *Æsop at Court* contains a scene in which the prince permits the courtiers to tell him his failings. They all join chorus in praising him beyond measure, with the exception of one, who reproaches him with getting intoxicated, a dangerous vice in any one, but especially in a king. Louis XV., in whom that disgusting propensity had almost grown into a habit from the year 1739, found fault with Boursault's piece, and forbade its performance at Court. After the death of that King, Louis XVI. commanded *Æsop at Court* for performance, found the play full of good sense, and directed that it should be often performed before him.—*Note by the Editor.*

with prejudices produced by error or malevolence went to lodge with the most humble private individuals of Versailles, whose inconsiderate conversation contributed not a little to nourish such mistakes. Everything, in short, tended to render the deputies subservient to the schemes of the leaders of the rebellion.

Shortly after the opening of the States-General the first Dauphin died. That young Prince suffered from the rickets, which in a few months curved his spine, and rendered his legs so weak that he could not walk without being supported like a feeble old man.[1] How many maternal tears did his condition draw from the Queen, already overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting the state of the kingdom! Her grief was enhanced by petty intrigues, which, when frequently renewed, became intolerable. An open quarrel between the families and friends of the Duc d'Harcourt, the Dauphin's governor, and those of the Duchesse de Polignac, his governess, added greatly to the Queen's afflic-

[1] Louis, Dauphin of France, who died at Versailles on the 4th of June 1789, gave promise of intellectual precocity. The following particulars, which convey some idea of his disposition, and of the assiduous attention bestowed upon him by the Duchesse de Polignac, will be found in a work of that time :—"At two years old the Dauphin was very pretty : he articulated well, and answered questions put to him intelligently. While he was at the Château de La Muette everybody was at liberty to see him. Having received, in the presence of the visitors, a box of sweetmeats sent him by the Queen with her portrait upon it, he said, "*Ah! that's mamma's picture.*" The Dauphin was dressed plainly, like a sailor; there was nothing to distinguish him from other children in external appearance but the cross of Saint Louis, the blue ribbon,

tion. The young Prince showed a strong dislike to the Duchesse de Polignac, who attributed it either to the Duc or the Duchesse d'Harcourt, and came to make her complaints respecting it to the Queen. The Dauphin twice sent her out of his room, saying to her, with that maturity of manner which long illness always gives to children: "Go out, Duchess, you are so fond of using perfumes, and they always make me ill;" and yet she never used any. The Queen perceived, also, that his prejudices against her friend extended to herself; her son would no longer speak in her presence. She knew that he had become fond of sweetmeats, and offered him some marsh-mallow and jujube lozenges. The under-governors and the first *valet de chambre* requested her not to give the Dauphin anything, as he was to receive no food of any kind without the consent of the faculty. I forbear to describe the wound this prohibition inflicted upon the Queen; she felt it the more

and the Order of the Fleece, decorations that are the distinctive signs of his rank. The Duchesse Jules de Polignac, his governess, scarcely ever left him for a single instant: she gave up all the Court excursions and amusements in order to devote her whole attention to him. The Prince always manifested a great regard for M. de Bourset, his *valet de chambre.* During the illness of which he died, he one day asked for a pair of scissors; that gentleman reminded him that they were forbidden. The child insisted mildly, and they were obliged to yield to him. Having got the scissors, he cut off a lock of his hair, which he wrapped in a sheet of paper: 'There, sir,' said he to his *valet de chambre,* 'there is the only present I can make you, having nothing at my command; but when I am dead you will present this pledge to my papa and mamma; and while they remember me, I hope they will not forget you.'"—*Note by the Editor.*

deeply because she was aware it was unjustly believed she gave a decided preference to the Duke of Normandy, whose ruddy health and amiability did, in truth, form a striking contrast to the languid look and melancholy disposition of his elder brother. She could not doubt that a plot had for some time existed to deprive her of the affection of a child whom she loved as a good and tender mother ought. Previous to the audience granted by the King on the 10th August 1788 to the envoy of the Sultan Tippoo Saib, she had begged the Duc d'Harcourt to divert the Dauphin, whose deformity was already apparent, from his intention to be present at that ceremony, being unwilling to expose him to the gaze of the crowd of inquisitive Parisians who would be in the gallery. Notwithstanding this injunction the Dauphin was suffered to write to his mother, requesting her permission to be present at the audience. The Queen was obliged to refuse him, and warmly reproached the governor, who merely answered, that he could not oppose the wishes of a sick child. A year before the death of the Dauphin the Queen lost the Princesse Sophie; this was, as the Queen said, the first of a series of misfortunes.[1]

[1] The article on Louis XVI. in the *Biographie Universelle* makes no mention of the Princesse Sophie. "This Prince," says the work in question, "had three children: Louis, the Dauphin, who died in 1789; Louis XVII.; and Marie Thérèse Charlotte, now Duchesse d'Angoulême." The omission is of little importance; but we are surprised, when the family of Louis XVI. is spoken of, to meet with a mistake in an article signed Bonald. —*Note by the Editor.*

CHAPTER III.

"Oath of the Tennis Court"—Insurrection of the 14th of July—The King goes to the National Assembly—Anecdotes—Spectacle presented by the courtyards of the Château of Versailles—Report that the National Assembly is threatened—The King's speech rebutting these suspicions—Anecdotes—Disposition of the troops—Departure of the Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and the Duc and Duchesse de Polignac—The latter is recognised by a postilion, who saves her—The King goes to Paris—Alarm at Versailles—The Queen determines to go to the National Assembly—Speech prepared by her—The King's return—Bailly's speech—Assassination of Messieurs Foulon and Berthier—Plans presented by Foulon to the King for arresting the progress of the Revolution—Remark by Barnave—His repentance.

THE ever memorable oath of the States-General, taken at the Tennis Court of Versailles, was followed by the royal sitting of the 23d of June.[1] The Queen looked on M. Necker's not accompanying the King as treachery or criminal cowardice: she said that he had converted a remedy into poison; that being in full popularity his audacity, in openly disavowing the step taken by his sovereign, had emboldened the factious, and led away the whole Assembly; and that he was the more culpable inasmuch as he had

[1] In this *séance* the King declared that the orders must vote separately, and threatened, if further obstacles were met with, to himself act for the good of the people.

the evening before given her his word to accompany the King. In vain did M. Necker endeavour to excuse himself by saying that his advice had not been followed.

Soon afterwards the insurrections of the 11th, 12th, and 14th of July[1] opened the disastrous drama with which France was threatened. The massacre of M. de Flesselles and M. de Launay drew bitter tears from the Queen, and the idea that the King had lost such devoted subjects wounded her to the heart.

The character of the movement was no longer merely that of a popular insurrection; cries of "*Vive la Nation! vive la Roi! vive la Liberté!*" threw the strongest light upon the views of the reformers. Still the people spoke of the King with affection, and appeared to think him favourable to the national desire for the reform of what were called abuses; but they imagined that he was restrained by the opinions and influence of the Comte d'Artois and the Queen; and those two august personages were therefore objects of hatred to the malcontents. The dangers incurred by the Comte d'Artois determined the King's first step with the States-General. He attended their meeting on the morning of the 15th of July with his brothers, without pomp or escort; he spoke standing and uncovered, and pronounced these memorable words: "I trust myself to you; I only wish to be at one with my nation, and, counting

[1] The Bastille was taken on the 14th July 1789.

on the affection and fidelity of my subjects, I have given orders to the troops to remove from Paris and Versailles." The King returned on foot from the chamber of the States-General to his palace; the deputies crowded after him, and formed his escort, and that of the Princes who accompanied him. The rage of the populace was pointed against the Comte d'Artois, whose unfavourable opinion of the double representation was an odious crime in their eyes. They repeatedly cried out, "*The King for ever, in spite of you and your opinions, Monseigneur!*" One woman had the impudence to come up to the King and ask him whether what he had been doing was done sincerely, and whether he would not be forced to retract it.

The courtyards of the Château were thronged with an immense concourse of people; they demanded that the King and Queen, with their children, should make their appearance in the balcony. The Queen gave me the key of the inner doors, which led to the Dauphin's apartments, and desired me to go to the Duchesse de Polignac to tell her that she wanted her son, and had directed me to bring him myself into her room, where she waited to show him to the people. The Duchess said this order indicated that she was not to accompany the Prince. I did not answer; she squeezed my hand, saying, "Ah! Madame Campan, what a blow I receive!" She embraced the child and me with tears. She knew how much I loved and valued the goodness and the noble simplicity of her disposition. I endeavoured to re-

assure her by saying that I should bring back the Prince to her; but she persisted, and said she understood the order, and knew what it meant. She then retired to her private room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. One of the under-governesses asked me whether she might go with the Dauphin; I told her the Queen had given no order to the contrary, and we hastened to her Majesty, who was waiting to lead the Prince to the balcony.

Having executed this sad commission, I went down into the courtyard, where I mingled with the crowd. I heard a thousand vociferations; it was easy to see, by the difference between the language and the dress of some persons among the mob, that they were in disguise. A woman, whose face was covered with a black lace veil, seized me by the arm with some violence, and said, calling me by my name, "I know you very well; tell your Queen not to meddle with government any longer; let her leave her husband and our good States-General to effect the happiness of the people." At the same moment a man, dressed much in the style of a market man, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, seized me by the other arm, and said, "Yes, yes; tell her over and over again that it will not be with these States as with the others which produced no good to the people; that the nation is too enlightened in 1789 not to make something more of them; and that there will not now be seen a deputy of the *tiers-état* making a speech with one knee on the ground; tell her this, do you hear?" I was struck

with dread ; the Queen then appeared in the balcony. "Ah!" said the woman in the veil, "the Duchess is not with her." "No," replied the man, "but she is still at Versailles ; she is working underground, mole-like ; but we shall know how to dig her out." The detestable pair moved away from me, and I re-entered the palace, scarcely able to support myself. I thought it my duty to relate the dialogue of these two strangers to the Queen ; she made me repeat the particulars to the King.

About four in the afternoon I went across the terrace to Madame Victoire's apartments ; three men had stopped under the windows of the throne-chamber. "Here is that throne," said one of them aloud, "the vestiges of which will soon be sought for." He added a thousand invectives against their Majesties. I went in to the Princess, who was at work alone in her closet, behind a canvas blind, which prevented her from being seen by those without. The three men were still walking upon the terrace ; I showed them to her, and told her what they had said. She rose to take a nearer view of them, and informed me that one of them was named Saint Huruge ; that he was sold to the Duc d'Orléans, and was furious against government, because he had been confined once under a *lettre de cachet* as a bad character.

The King was not ignorant of these popular threats ; he also knew the days on which money was scattered about Paris, and once or twice the Queen prevented my going there, saying there would cer-

tainly be a riot the next day, because she knew that a quantity of crown pieces had been distributed in the faubourgs.[1]

On the evening of the 14th of July the King came to the Queen's apartments, where I was with her Majesty alone: he conversed with her respecting the horrid report disseminated by the factious, that he had had the Chamber of the National Assembly undermined, in order to blow it up; but he added that it became him to treat such absurd assertions with contempt, as usual; I ventured to tell him that I had the evening before supped with M. Begouen, one of the deputies, who said that there were very respectable persons who thought that this horrible contrivance had been proposed without the King's knowledge. "Then," said his Majesty, "as the idea of such an atrocity was not revolting to so worthy a man as M. Begouen, I will order the chamber to be examined early to-morrow morning." In fact, it will be seen by the King's speech to the National Assembly, on the 15th of July, that the suspicions excited obtained his attention. "I know," said he in the speech in question, "that unworthy insinuations have been made; I know there are those who have dared to assert that your persons are not safe; can it be necessary to give you assurances upon the subject of reports so

[1] I have seen a six-franc crown piece, which certainly served to pay some wretch on the night of the 12th of July; the words "*Midnight, 12th July, three pistols,*" were rather deeply engraven on it. They were no doubt a password for the first insurrection. —*Madame Campan.*

culpable, denied beforehand by my known character?"

The proceedings of the 15th of July produced no mitigation of the disturbances. Successive deputations of *poissardes* came to request the King to visit Paris, where his presence alone would put an end to the insurrection.

On the 16th a committee was held in the King's apartments, at which a most important question was discussed: whether his Majesty should quit Versailles and set off with the troops whom he had recently ordered to withdraw, or go to Paris to tranquillise the minds of the people. The Queen was for the departure. On the evening of the 16th she made me take all her jewels out of their cases, to collect them in one small box, which she might carry off in her own carriage. With my assistance she burnt a large quantity of papers; for Versailles was then threatened with an early visit of armed men from Paris.

The Queen, on the morning of the 16th, before attending another committee at the King's, having got her jewels ready, and looked over all her papers, gave me one folded up but not sealed, and desired me not to read it until she should give me an order to do so from the King's room; and that then I was to execute its contents; but she returned herself about ten in the morning; the affair was decided; the army was to go away without the King; all those who were in imminent danger were to go at the same time. "The King will go to the Hôtel

de Ville to-morrow," said the Queen to me; "he did not choose this course for himself; there were long debates on the question; at last the King put an end to them by rising and saying, '*Well, gentlemen, we must decide; am I to go or to stay? I am ready to do either.*' The majority were for the King's stay; time will show whether the right choice has been made." I returned the Queen the paper she had given me, which was now useless: she read it to me; it contained her orders for the departure; I was to go with her, as well on account of my office about her person as to serve as a teacher to Madame. The Queen tore the paper, and said, with tears in her eyes, "When I wrote this I thought it would be useful, but fate has ordered otherwise, to the misfortune of us all, as I much fear."

After the departure of the troops the new administration received thanks; M. Necker was recalled. The artillery soldiers were undoubtedly corrupted. "Wherefore all these guns?" exclaimed the crowds of women who filled the streets: "Will you kill your mothers, your wives, your children?"—"Don't be afraid," answered the soldiers; "these guns shall rather be levelled against the tyrant's palace than against you!"

The Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Condé, and their children set off at the same time with the troops. The Duc and Duchesse de Polignac, their daughter, the Duchesse de Guiche, the Comtesse Diana de Polignac, sister of the Duke, and the Abbé de Balivière, also emigrated on the same night.

Nothing could be more affecting than the parting of the Queen and her friend; extreme misfortune had banished from their minds the recollection of differences to which political opinions alone had given rise. The Queen several times wished to go and embrace her once more after their sorrowful adieu, but she was too closely watched. She desired M. Campan to be present at the departure of the Duchess, and gave him a purse of five hundred louis, desiring him to insist upon her allowing the Queen to lend her that sum to defray her expenses on the road. The Queen added that she knew her situation; that she had often calculated her income, and the expenses occasioned by her place at Court; that both husband and wife having no other fortune than their official salaries, could not possibly have saved anything, however differently people might think at Paris. M. Campan remained till midnight with the Duchess to see her enter her carriage. She was disguised as a *femme de chambre*, and got up in front of the berlin; she requested M. Campan to speak of her frequently to the Queen, and then quitted for ever that palace, that favour, and that influence which had raised her up such cruel enemies. On their arrival at Sens the travellers found the people in a state of insurrection; they asked all those who came from Paris whether the Polignacs were still with the Queen. A group of inquisitive persons put that question to the Abbé de Balivière, who answered them in the firmest tone, and with the most cavalier air, that they were far enough from Versailles, and

that we had got rid of all such bad people. At the following stage the postilion got on the doorstep and said to the Duchess, "Madame, there are some good people left in the world: I recognised you all at Sens." They gave the worthy fellow a handful of gold.

On the breaking out of these disturbances an old man above seventy years of age gave the Queen an extraordinary proof of attachment and fidelity. M. Péraque, a rich inhabitant of the colonies, father of M. d'Oudenarde, was coming from Brussels to Paris; while changing horses he was met by a young man who was leaving France, and who recommended him if he carried any letters from foreign countries to burn them immediately, especially if he had any for the Queen. M. Péraque had one from the Archduchess, the Gouvernante of the Low Countries, for her Majesty. He thanked the stranger, and carefully concealed his packet; but as he approached Paris the insurrection appeared to him so general and so violent, that he thought no means could be relied on for securing this letter from seizure. He took upon him to unseal it, and learned it by heart, which was a wonderful effort for a man at his time of life, as it contained four pages of writing. On his arrival at Paris he wrote it down, and then presented it to the Queen, telling her that the heart of an old and faithful subject had given him courage to form and execute such a resolution. The Queen received M. Péraque in her closet, and expressed her gratitude in an affecting manner most honourable to the worthy old man.

Her Majesty thought the young stranger who had apprised him of the state of Paris was Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was very devoted to her, and who left Paris at that time.

The Marquise de Tourzel replaced the Duchesse de Polignac.[1] She was selected by the Queen as being the mother of a family and a woman of irreproachable conduct, who had superintended the education of her own daughters with the greatest success.

The King went to Paris on the 17th of July, accompanied by the Maréchal de Beauvau, the Duc de Villeroi, and the Duc de Villequier; he also took the Comte d'Estaing, and the Marquis de Nesle, who were then very popular, in his carriage. Twelve Body Guards, and the town guard of Versailles, escorted him to the *Pont du Jour*, near Sèvres, where the Parisian guard was waiting for him. His departure caused equal grief and alarm to his friends, notwithstanding the calmness he exhibited. The Queen restrained her tears, and shut herself up in her private rooms with her family. She sent for several persons belonging to her Court; their doors were locked. Terror had driven them away. The silence of death reigned throughout the Palace; they hardly dared hope that the King would return.[2] The Queen had a robe

[1] The *Memoirs* of the Marquise de Tourzel, edited by the Duc des Cars, have just been published in Paris, and are noteworthy also as containing the last authentic portrait of the unhappy Queen, in facsimile from a striking crayon drawing by one of her attendants found after her execution hidden behind a door in the prison.

[2] See Ferrières' *Memoirs.—Note by the Editor.*

prepared for her, and sent orders to her stables to have all her equipages ready. She wrote an address of a few lines for the Assembly, determining to go there with her family, the officers of her Palace, and her servants, if the King should be detained prisoner at Paris. She got this address by heart; it began with these words: "Gentlemen, I come to place in your hands the wife and family of your sovereign; do not suffer those who have been united in Heaven to be put asunder on earth." While she was repeating this address she was often interrupted by tears, and sorrowfully exclaimed: "*They will not let him return!*"

It was past four when the King, who had left Versailles at ten in the morning, entered the Hôtel de Ville. At length, at six in the evening M. de Lastours, the King's first page, arrived; he was not half an hour in coming from the Barrière de la Conférence to Versailles. Everybody knows that the moment of calm in Paris was that in which the unfortunate sovereign received the tri-coloured cockade from M. Bailly, and placed it in his hat. A shout of "*Vive le Roi!*" arose on all sides; it had not been once uttered before. The King breathed again, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed that his heart stood in need of such greetings from the people. One of his equerries (M. de Cubières) told him the people loved him, and that he could never have doubted it. The King replied in accents of profound sensibility: "Cubières, the French loved

Henri IV., and what King ever better deserved to be beloved?"[1]

His return to Versailles filled his family with inexpressible joy; in the arms of the Queen, his sister, and his children, he congratulated himself that no accident had happened; and he repeated several times, "Happily no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order,"—a determination full of humanity, but too openly avowed in such factious times!

The King's last measure raised a hope in many that general tranquillity would soon enable the Assembly to resume its labours, and promptly

[1] Louis XVI. cherished the memory of Henri IV.: at that moment he thought of his deplorable end; but he long before regarded him as a model. Soulavie says on the subject: "A tablet with the inscription *Resurrexit* placed upon the pedestal of Henri IV.'s statue on the accession of Louis XVI. flattered him exceedingly. '*What a fine compliment*,' said he, '*if it were true! Tacitus himself never wrote anything so concise or so happy.*' Louis XVI. wished to take the reign of that Prince for a model. In the following year, the party that raised a commotion among the people on account of the dearness of corn removed the tablet inscribed *Resurrexit* from the statue of Henri IV., and placed it under that of Louis XV., whose memory was then detested, as he was believed to have traded on the scarcity of food. Louis XVI., who was informed of it, withdrew into his private apartments, where he was found in a fever shedding tears; and during the whole of that day he could not be prevailed upon either to dine, walk out, or sup. From this circumstance we may judge what he endured at the commencement of the Revolution, when he was accused of not loving the French people."[2] —*Note by the Editor.*

[2] This phrase, *Resurrexit*, may be compared with the *Ludovico Reduce*, *Henricus Redivivus*, prepared by Beugnot for a copy of the same statue on the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Paris in 1814.—See *Beugnot*, vol. ii. p. 137.

bring its session to a close. The Queen never flattered herself so far; M. Bailly's speech to the King had equally wounded her pride and hurt her feelings—"Henri IV. conquered his people, and here are the people conquering their King." The word "*conquest*" offended her; she never forgave M. Bailly for this fine academical phrase.

Five days after the King's visit to Paris, the departure of the troops, and the removal of the Princes and some of the nobility whose influence seemed to alarm the people, a horrible deed committed by hired assassins proved that the King had descended the steps of his throne without having effected a reconciliation with his people.

M. Foulon, *adjoint* to the administration while M. de Broglie was commanding the army assembled at Versailles, had concealed himself at Viry. He was there recognised, and the peasants seized him, and dragged him to the Hôtel de Ville. The cry for death was heard; the electors, the members of committee, and M. de La Fayette, at that time the idol of Paris, in vain endeavoured to save the unfortunate man. After tormenting him in a manner which makes humanity shudder, his body was dragged about the streets, and to the Palais Royal, and his heart was carried by *women* in the midst of a bunch of white carnations![1]

M. Berthier, M. Foulon's son-in-law, intendant of Paris, was seized at Compiègne, at the same

[1] This horrible circumstance is related nowhere else. No record of the time makes any mention of it.—*Note by the Editor.*

time that his father-in-law was seized at Viry, and treated with still more relentless cruelty.

The Queen was always persuaded that this horrible deed was occasioned by some piece of indiscretion; and she informed me that M. Foulon had drawn up two memorials for the direction of the King's conduct at the time of his being called to Court on the removal of M. Necker; and that these memorials contained two schemes of totally different nature for extricating the King from the dreadful situation in which he was placed. In the first of these projects M. Foulon expressed himself without reserve respecting the criminal views of the Duc d'Orléans; said that he ought to be put under arrest, and that no time should be lost in commencing a prosecution against him, while the criminal tribunals were still in existence; he likewise pointed out such deputies as should be apprehended, and advised the King not to separate himself from his army until order was restored.

His other plan was that the King should make himself master of the revolution before its complete explosion; he advised his Majesty to go to the Assembly, and there, in person, to demand the *cahiers*,[1] and to make the greatest sacrifices to satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people, and not to give the factious time to enlist them in aid of their criminal designs. Madame Adelaide had M.

[1] *Cahiers*, the memorials or lists of complaints, grievances, and requirements of the electors drawn up by the primary assemblies and sent with the deputies.

Foulon's two memorials read to her in the presence of four or five persons. One of them[1] was very intimate with Madame de Staël, and that intimacy gave the Queen reason to believe that the opposite party had gained information of M. Foulon's schemes.

It is known that young Barnave, during an aberration of mind, since expiated by sincere repentance, and even by death, uttered these atrocious words: "*Is then the blood now flowing so pure?*" when M. Berthier's son came to the Assembly to implore the eloquence of M. de Lally to entreat that body to save his father's life. I have since been informed that a son of M. Foulon, having returned to France after these first ebullitions of the Revolution, saw Barnave, and gave him one of those memorials, in which M. Foulon advised Louis XVI. to prevent the revolutionary explosion by voluntarily granting all that the Assembly required before the 14th of July. "Read this memorial," said he; "I have brought it to increase your remorse: it is the only revenge I wish to inflict on you." Barnave burst into tears, and said to him all that the profoundest grief could dictate.

[1] Comte Louis de Narbonne.

CHAPTER IV.

Creation of the national guard—Departure of the Abbé de Vermond —The Queen desires Madame Campan to portray his character —The French guards quit Versailles—Entertainment given by the Body Guards to the regiment of Flanders—The King, the Queen, and the Dauphin are present at it—Proceedings of the 5th and 6th of October—Detestable threats against the Queen —Devotedness of one of the Body Guard—The life of Marie Antoinette in danger—The Queen is required to appear on the balcony—The royal family repair to Paris—Residence at the Tuileries—Change of feeling—The Queen applauded with enthusiasm by the women of the populace—Private life—Ingenuous observations of the Dauphin—It is proposed that the Queen shall quit her family and France—Her noble refusal—She devotes herself to the education of her children—Picture of the Court—Anecdote of Luckner—Exasperated state of feeling.

AFTER the 14th of July, by a manœuvre for which the most skilful factions of any age might have envied the Assembly, the whole population of France was armed and organised into a national guard. A report was spread throughout France on the same day, and almost at the same hour, that four thousand brigands were marching towards such towns or villages as it was wished to induce to take arms.[1] Never was any plan better laid; terror spread at

[1] For an account of the local effects of this strange general panic, see the *Memoirs of Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 120.

the same moment all over the kingdom. In 1791 a peasant showed me a steep rock in the mountains of the Mont d'Or on which his wife concealed herself on the day when the four thousand brigands were to attack their village, and told me they had been obliged to make use of ropes to let her down from the height which fear alone had enabled her to climb.

Versailles was certainly the place where the national military uniform appeared most offensive. All the King's valets, even of the lowest class, were metamorphosed into lieutenants or captains; almost all the musicians of the chapel ventured one day to make their appearance at the King's mass in a military costume; and an Italian soprano adopted the uniform of a grenadier captain. The King was very much offended at this conduct, and forbade his servants to appear in his presence in so unsuitable a dress.

The departure of the Duchesse de Polignac naturally left the Abbé de Vermond exposed to all the dangers of favouritism. He was already talked of as an adviser dangerous to the nation. The Queen was alarmed at it, and recommended him to remove to Valenciennes, where Count Esterhazy was in command. He was obliged to leave that place in a few days and set off for Vienna, where he remained.

On the night of the 17th of July the Queen, being unable to sleep, made me watch by her until three in the morning. I was extremely surprised

to hear her say that it would be a very long time before the Abbé de Vermond would make his appearance at Court again, even if the existing ferment should subside, because he would not readily be forgiven for his attachment to the Archbishop of Sens;[1] and that she had lost in him a very devoted servant. Then, on a sudden, she remarked to me, that although he was not much prejudiced against me I could not have much regard for him, because he could not bear my father-in-law to hold the place of secretary of the closet. She went on to say that I must have studied the Abbé's character, and, as I had sometimes drawn her portraits of living characters, in imitation of those which were fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., she desired me to sketch that of the Abbé, without any reserve. My astonishment was extreme; the Queen spoke of the man who, the day before, had been in the greatest intimacy with her with the utmost coolness, and as a person whom, perhaps, she might never see again! I remained petrified; the Queen persisted, and told me that he had been the enemy of my family for more than twelve years, without having been able to injure it in her opinion; so that I had no occasion to dread his return, however severely I might depict him. I promptly summarised my ideas about the favourite; but I only remember that the portrait was drawn with sincerity, except that everything which could denote antipathy was kept out of

[1] Cardinal Loménie de Brienne, the dismissed minister.

it. I shall make but one extract from it: I said that he had been born talkative and indiscreet, and had assumed a character of singularity and abruptness in order to conceal those two failings. The Queen interrupted me by saying, "Ah! how true that is!" I have since discovered that, notwithstanding the high favour which the Abbé de Vermond enjoyed, the Queen took precautions to guard herself against an ascendency the consequences of which she could not calculate.

On the death of my father-in-law his executors placed in my hands a box containing a few jewels deposited by the Queen with M. Campan on the departure from Versailles of the 6th of October, and two sealed packets, each inscribed, "*Campan will take care of these papers for me.*" I took the two packets to her Majesty, who kept the jewels and the larger packet, and returning me the smaller, said, "Take care of that for me as your father-in-law did."

After the fatal 10th of August 1792,[1] when my house was about to be surrounded, I determined to burn the most interesting papers of which I was the depositary; I thought it my duty, however, to open this packet, which it might perhaps be necessary for me to preserve at all hazards. I saw that it contained a letter from the Abbé de Vermond to the Queen. I have already related that in

[1] The day of the attack on the Tuileries, slaughter of the Swiss guard, and suspension of the King from his functions.

the earlier days of Madame de Polignac's favour he determined to remove from Versailles, and that the Queen recalled him by means of the Comte de Mercy. This letter contained nothing but certain conditions for his return; it was the most whimsical of treaties; I confess I greatly regretted being under the necessity of destroying it. He reproached the Queen for her infatuation for the Comtesse Jules, her family, and society; and told her several truths about the possible consequences of a friendship which ranked that lady among the favourites of the Queens of France, a title always disliked by the nation. He complained that his advice was neglected; and then came to the conditions of his return to Versailles; after strong assurances that he would never, in all his life, aim at the higher church dignities, he said that he delighted in an unbounded confidence, and that he asked but two things of her Majesty as essential: the first was, not to give him her orders through any third person, and to write to him herself; he complained much that he had had no letter in her own hand since he had left Vienna; then he demanded of her an income of eighty thousand livres, in ecclesiastical benefices; and concluded by saying that if she condescended to assure him herself that she would set about procuring him what he wished, her letter would be sufficient in itself to show him that her Majesty had accepted the two conditions he ventured to make respecting his return. No doubt the letter was written; at least it is very certain that the benefices were granted, and that

his absence from Versailles lasted only a single week.

In the course of July 1789 the regiment of French guards, which had been in a state of insurrection from the latter end of June, abandoned its colours. One single company of grenadiers remained faithful to its post at Versailles. M. the Baron de Leval was the captain of this company. He came every evening to request me to give the Queen an account of the disposition of his soldiers; but M. de La Fayette having sent them a note, they all deserted during the night and joined their comrades, who were enrolled in the Paris guard; so that Louis XVI. on rising saw no guard whatever at the various posts entrusted to them.

The decrees of the 4th of August, by which all privileges were abolished, are well known.[1] The King sanctioned all that tended to the diminution of his own personal gratifications, but refused his consent to the other decrees of that tumultuous night; this refusal was one of the chief causes of the ferments of the month of October.

[1] "It was during the night of the 4th of August," says Rivarol, "that the demagogues of the nobility, wearied with a protracted discussion upon the rights of man, and burning to signalise their zeal, rose all at once, and with loud exclamations called for the last sighs of the feudal system. This demand electrified the Assembly. All heads were frenzied. The younger sons of good families, having nothing, were delighted to sacrifice their too fortunate elders upon the altar of the country; a few country curés felt no less pleasure in renouncing the benefices of others; but what posterity will hardly believe is that the same enthusiasm infected the whole nobility; zeal walked hand in hand with

In the early part of September meetings were held at the Palais Royal, and propositions made to go to Versailles: it was said to be necessary to separate the King from his evil counsellors, and keep him, as well as the Dauphin, at the Louvre. The proclamations by the officers of the commune for the restoration of tranquillity were ineffectual; but M. de La Fayette succeeded this time in dispersing the populace. The Assembly declared itself permanent; and during the whole of September, in which no doubt the preparations were made for the great insurrections of the following month, the Court was not disturbed.

The King had the Flanders regiment removed to Versailles; unfortunately the idea of the officers of that regiment fraternising with the Body Guards was conceived, and the latter invited the former to a dinner, which was given in the great theatre of Versailles, and not in the Salon of Hercules, as some chroniclers say. Boxes were appropriated to various persons who wished to be present at this entertainment. The Queen told me she had been

malevolence; they made sacrifice upon sacrifice. And as in Japan the point of honour lies in a man's killing himself in the presence of the person who has offended him, so did the deputies of the nobility vie in striking at themselves and their constituents. The people who were present at this noble conflict increased the intoxication of their new allies by their shouts; and the deputies of the commons, seeing that this memorable night would only afford them profit without honour, consoled their self-love by wondering at what Nobility, grafted upon the Third Estate, could do. They named that night the *night of dupes;* the nobles called it the *night of sacrifices.*"—*Note by the Editor.*

advised to make her appearance on the occasion; but that, under existing circumstances, she thought such a step might do more harm than good; and that, moreover, neither she nor the King ought directly to have anything to do with such a festival. She ordered me to go, and desired me to observe everything closely, in order to give a faithful account of the whole affair.

The tables were set out upon the stage; at them were placed one of the Body Guard and an officer of the Flanders regiment alternately. There was a numerous orchestra in the room, and the boxes were filled with spectators. The air, "*O Richard! ô mon Roi!*" was played, and shouts of "*Vive le Roi*" shook the roof for several minutes. I had with me one of my nieces, and a young person brought up with Madame by her Majesty. They were crying "*Vive le Roi*" with all their might when a deputy of the Third Estate, who was in the next box to mine, and whom I had never seen, called to them, and reproached them for their exclamations; it hurt him, he said, to see young and handsome Frenchwomen brought up in such servile habits, screaming so outrageously for the life of one man, and with true fanaticism exalting him in their hearts above even their dearest relations: he told them what contempt worthy American women would feel on seeing Frenchwomen thus corrupted from their earliest infancy. My niece replied with tolerable spirit, and I requested the deputy to put an end to the subject, which could by no means afford him any satisfac-

tion, inasmuch as the young persons who were with me lived, as well as myself, for the sole purpose of serving and loving the King. While I was speaking what was my astonishment at seeing the King, the Queen, and the Dauphin enter the chamber! It was M. de Luxembourg who had effected this change in the Queen's determination.

The enthusiasm became general; the moment their Majesties arrived the orchestra repeated the air I have just mentioned, and afterwards played a song in the Deserter, "*Can we grieve those whom we love?*" which also made a powerful impression upon those present: on all sides were heard praises of their Majesties, exclamations of affection, expressions of regret for what they had suffered, clapping of hands, and shouts of the "*Vive le Roi, vive la Reine, vive le Dauphin!*" It has been said that white cockades were worn on this occasion; that was not the case; the fact is, that a few young men belonging to the National Guard of Versailles, who were invited to the entertainment, turned the white lining of their national cockades outwards. All the military men quitted the hall, and reconducted the King and his family to their apartments. There was intoxication in these ebullitions of joy: a thousand extravagances were committed by the military, and many of them danced under the King's windows; a soldier belonging to the Flanders regiment climbed up to the balcony of the King's chamber in order to shout "*Vive le Roi*" nearer his Majesty; this very soldier, as I have been told by several officers of the corps,

was one of the first and most dangerous of their insurgents in the riots of the 5th and 6th of October. On the same evening another soldier of that regiment killed himself with a sword. One of my relations, chaplain to the Queen, who supped with me, saw him stretched out in a corner of the Place d'Armes; he went to him to give him spiritual assistance, and received his confession and his last sighs. He destroyed himself out of regret at having suffered himself to be corrupted by the enemies of his King, and said that, since he had seen him and the Queen and the Dauphin, remorse had turned his brain.

I returned home, delighted with all that I had seen. I found a great many people there. M. de Beaumetz, deputy for Arras, listened to my description with a chilling air, and when I had finished, told me that all that had passed was terrific; that he knew the disposition of the Assembly, and that the greatest misfortunes would follow the drama of that night; and he begged my leave to withdraw that he might take time for deliberate reflection whether he should on the very next day emigrate, or pass over to the left side of the Assembly. He adopted the latter course, and never appeared again among my associates.

On the 2d of October the military entertainment was followed up by a breakfast given at the hôtel of the Body Guards. It is said that a discussion took place whether they should not march against the Assembly; but I am utterly ignorant of what passed

at that breakfast. From that moment Paris was constantly in commotion; there were continual mobs, and the most virulent proposals were heard in all public places; the conversation was invariably about proceeding to Versailles. The King and Queen did not seem apprehensive of such a measure, and took no precaution against it; even when the army had actually left Paris, on the evening of the 5th of October, the King was shooting at Meudon, and the Queen was alone in her gardens at Trianon, which she then beheld for the last time in her life. She was sitting in her grotto absorbed in painful reflection, when she received a note from the Comte de Saint Priest, entreating her to return to Versailles. M. de Cubières at the same time went off to request the King to leave his sport and return to the Palace; the King did so on horseback, and very leisurely. A few minutes afterwards he was informed that a numerous body of women, which preceded the Parisian army, was at Chaville, at the entrance of the avenue from Paris.

The scarcity of bread and the entertainment of the Body Guards were the pretexts for the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of October 1789; but it is clear to demonstration that this new movement of the people was a part of the original plan of the factious, insomuch as, ever since the beginning of September, a report had been industriously circulated that the King intended to withdraw, with his family and ministers, to some stronghold; and at all the popular assemblies there had been always a great

deal said about going to Versailles to seize the King.

At first only women showed themselves; the latticed doors of the Château were closed, and the Body Guard and Flanders regiment were drawn up in the Place d'Armes. As the details of that dreadful day are given with precision in several works, I will only observe that consternation and disorder reigned throughout the interior of the Palace.

I was not in attendance on the Queen at this time. M. Campan remained with her till two in the morning. As he was leaving her she condescendingly, and with infinite kindness, desired him to make me easy as to the dangers of the moment, and to repeat to me M. de La Fayette's own words, which he had just used on soliciting the royal family to retire to bed, undertaking to answer for his army.

The Queen was far from relying upon M. de La Fayette's loyalty; but she has often told me that she believed on that day that La Fayette, having affirmed to the King, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, that he would answer for the army of Paris, would not risk his honour as a commander, and was sure of being able to redeem his pledge. She also thought the Parisian army was devoted to him, and that all he said about his being forced to march upon Versailles was mere pretence.

On the first intimation of the march of the Parisians the Comte de Saint Priest prepared Rambouillet for the reception of the King, his

family, and suite, and the carriages were even drawn out; but a few cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" when the women reported his Majesty's favourable answer, occasioned the intention of going away to be given up, and orders were given to the troops to withdraw.[1] The Body Guards were, however, assailed with stones and musketry while they were passing from the Place d'Armes to their hôtel. Alarm revived; again it was thought necessary that the royal family should go away; some carriages still remained ready for travelling; they were called for; they were stopped by a wretched player belonging to the theatre of the town, seconded by the mob: the opportunity for flight had been lost.

The insurrection was directed against the Queen in particular; I shudder even now at the recollection of the *poissardes*, or rather furies, who wore white aprons, which they screamed out were intended to receive the bowels of Marie Antoinette, and that they would make cockades of them, mixing the most obscene expressions with these horrible threats.

The Queen went to bed at two in the morning, and even slept, tired out with the events of so distressing a day. She had ordered her two women to go to bed, imagining there was nothing to dread, at least, for that night; but the unfortunate Princess was indebted for her life to that feeling of attachment which prevented their obeying her. My sister

[1] Compare this account with the particulars given in the *Memoirs* of Ferrières, Weber, and Bailly.—*Note by the Editor.*

who was one of the ladies in question, informed me next day of all that I am about to relate.

On leaving the Queen's bed-chamber these ladies called their *femmes de chambre*, and all four remained sitting together against her Majesty's bedroom door. About half-past four in the morning they heard horrible yells and discharges of firearms; one ran to the Queen to awaken her and get her out of bed; my sister flew to the place from which the tumult seemed to proceed; she opened the door of the antechamber which leads to the great guard-room, and beheld one of the Body Guard holding his musket across the door, and attacked by a mob, who were striking at him; his face was covered with blood; he turned round and exclaimed: "*Save the Queen, madame; they are come to assassinate her.*" She hastily shut the door upon the unfortunate victim of duty, fastened it with the great bolt, and took the same precaution on leaving the next room. On reaching the Queen's chamber she cried out to her, "*Get up, Madame; don't stay to dress yourself; fly to the King's apartment.*" The terrified Queen threw herself out of bed; they put a petticoat upon her without tying it, and the two ladies conducted her towards the *œil-de-bœuf*.[1] A door, which led from the Queen's dressing-room to that apartment, had never before been fastened but on her side. What a dreadful moment! it was found to be

[1] The celebrated antechamber at Versailles, lighted by a bull's eye or circular window.

secured on the other side. They knocked repeatedly with all their strength; a servant of one of the King's *valets de chambre* came and opened it; the Queen entered the King's chamber, but he was not there. Alarmed for the Queen's life, he had gone down the staircases and through the corridors under the *œil-de-bœuf*, by means of which he was accustomed to go to the Queen's apartments without being under the necessity of crossing that room. He entered her Majesty's room and found no one there but some Body Guards, who had taken refuge in it. The King, unwilling to expose their lives, told them to wait a few minutes, and afterwards sent to desire them to go to the *œil-de-bœuf*. Madame de Tourzel, at that time governess of the Children of France, had just taken Madame and the Dauphin to the King's apartments. The Queen saw her children again. The reader must imagine this scene of tenderness and despair.

It is not true that the assassins penetrated to the Queen's chamber and pierced the bed with their swords. The fugitive Body Guards were the only persons who entered it; and if the crowd had reached so far they would all have been massacred. Besides, when the rebels had forced the doors of the antechamber the footmen and officers on duty, knowing that the Queen was no longer in her apartments, told them so with that air of truth which always carries conviction. The ferocious horde instantly rushed towards the *œil-de-bœuf*, hoping, no doubt, to intercept her on her way.

Many have asserted that they recognised the Duc d'Orléans in a greatcoat and slouched hat, at half-past four in the morning, at the top of the marble staircase, pointing out with his hand the guardroom, which led to the Queen's apartments. This fact was deposed to at the Châtelet by several individuals in the course of the inquiry instituted respecting the transactions of the 5th and 6th of October.

The prudence and honourable feeling of several officers of the Parisian guards, and the judicious conduct of M. de Vaudreuil, lieutenant-general of marine, and of M. de Chevanne, one of the King's guards, brought about an understanding between the grenadiers of the national guard of Paris and the King's guard. The doors of the *œil-de-bœuf* were closed, and the antechamber which precedes that room was filled with grenadiers who wanted to get in to massacre the guards. M. de Chevanne offered himself to them as a victim if they wished for one, and demanded what they would have. A report had been spread through their ranks that the Body Guards set them at defiance, and that they all wore black cockades. M. de Chevanne showed them that he wore, as did the corps, the cockade of their uniform; and promised that the guards should exchange it for that of the nation. This was done; they even went so far as to exchange the grenadiers' caps for the hats of the Body Guards; those who were on guard took off their shoulder-belts; embraces and transports of fraternisation instantly suc-

ceeded to the savage eagerness to murder the band which had shown so much fidelity to its sovereign. The cry was now "*Vivent le Roi, la Nation, et les Gardes-du-corps!*"

The army occupied the Place d'Armes, all the courtyards of the Château, and the entrance to the avenue. They called for the Queen to appear in the balcony: she came forward with Madame and the Dauphin. There was a cry of "*No children.*" Was this with a view to deprive her of the interest she inspired, accompanied as she was by her young family, or did the leaders of the democrats hope that some madman would venture to aim a mortal blow at her person? The unfortunate Princess certainly was impressed with the latter idea, for she sent away her children, and with her hands and eyes raised towards Heaven, advanced upon the balcony like a self-devoted victim.

A few voices shouted "*To Paris!*" The exclamation soon became general. Before the King agreed to this removal he wished to consult the National Assembly, and caused that body to be invited to sit at the Château. Mirabeau opposed this measure. While these discussions were going forward it became more and more difficult to restrain the immense disorderly multitude. The King, without consulting any one, now said to the people: "You wish, my children, that I should follow you to Paris: I consent, but on condition that I shall not be separated from my wife and family." The King added that he required safety also for his guards;

he was answered by shouts of "*Vive le Roi, vivent les Gardes-du-corps!*" The guards, with their hats in the air, turned so as to exhibit the cockade, shouted "*Vive le Roi, vive la Nation!*" shortly afterwards a general discharge of all the muskets took place, in token of joy. The King and Queen set off from Versailles at one o'clock. The Dauphin, Madame, the King's daughter, Monsieur, Madame,[1] Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel, were in the carriage; the Princesse de Chimay, and the ladies of the bed-chamber for the week, the King's suite and servants, followed in Court carriages; a hundred deputies in carriages, and the bulk of the Parisian army, closed the procession.

The *poissardes* went before and around the carriage of their Majesties, crying, "We shall no longer want bread—we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy with us." In the midst of this troop of cannibals the heads of two murdered Body Guards were carried on poles. The monsters, who made trophies of them, conceived the horrid idea of forcing a wigmaker of Sèvres to dress them up, and powder their bloody locks. The unfortunate man who was forced to perform this dreadful work died in consequence of the shock it gave him.[2]

[1] Madame here the wife of Monsieur le Comte de Provence.

[2] Thiers' *Révolution Française*, tome i., page 85, says that La Fayette "had given orders for disarming the brigands who carried the heads of two of the Body Guards at the end of their pikes. This horrible trophy was torn from them, and it is not true that it preceded the King's carriage." The Duc d'Orléans in his account says, "In going to Versailles at eight in the morn-

LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

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The progress of the procession was so slow that it was near six in the evening when this august family, made prisoners by their own people, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville.[1] Bailly received them there; they were placed upon a throne, just when that of their ancestors had been overthrown. The King spoke in a firm yet gracious manner; he said that *he always came with pleasure and confidence among the inhabitants of his good city of Paris.* M. Bailly repeated this observation to the representatives of the commune, who came to address the King; but he forgot the word *confidence.* The Queen instantly and loudly reminded him of the omission. The King and Queen, their children, and Madame Elizabeth, retired to the Tuileries. Nothing

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ing all seemed quiet till I got to the Bridge of Sèvres, there I met the heads of those unhappy victims of the fury of the people."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

[1] The King did not leave Versailles till one o'clock. The Queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, Monsieur, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel were in his Majesty's carriage. The hundred deputies in their carriages came next. A detachment of brigands, bearing the heads of the two Body Guards in triumph, formed the advance guard, and set out two hours earlier. These cannibals stopped a moment at Sèvres, and carried their cruelty to the length of forcing an unfortunate hairdresser to dress the gory heads; the bulk of the Parisian army followed them closely. The King's carriage was preceded by the *poissardes*, who had arrived the day before from Paris, and a whole rabble of prostitutes, the vile refuse of their sex, still drunk with fury and wine. Several of them rode astride upon cannons, boasting, in the most horrible songs, of the crimes they had committed themselves, or seen others commit. Those who were nearest the King's carriage sang ballads, the allusions in which by means of their vulgar gestures they applied to the Queen. Waggons, full of corn and flour, which had been brought into

was ready for their reception there. All the living rooms had been long given up to persons belonging to the Court; they hastily quitted them on that day, leaving their furniture, which was purchased by the Court. The Comtesse de la Marck, sister to the Maréchals de Noailles and de Mouchy, had occupied the apartments now appropriated to the Queen. Monsieur and Madame retired to the Luxembourg.

The Queen had sent for me on the morning of the 6th of October, to leave me and my father-in-law in charge of her most valuable property. She took away only her casket of diamonds. Comte Gouvernet de la Tour-du-Pin, to whom the military government of Versailles was entrusted *pro tempore*,

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Versailles, formed a train escorted by grenadiers, and surrounded by women and bullies, some armed with pikes, and some carrying long branches of poplar. At some distance this part of the procession had a most singular effect: it looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike-heads and gun-barrels. In the paroxysms of their brutal joy the women stopped passengers, and pointing to the King's carriage howled in their ears: "Cheer up, friends; we shall no longer be in want of bread: we bring you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy." Behind his Majesty's carriage were several of his faithful guards, some on foot, and some on horseback, most of them uncovered, all unarmed, and worn out with hunger and fatigue; the dragoons, the Flanders regiment, the hundred Swiss, and the national guards, preceded, accompanied, or followed the file of carriages. I witnessed this heartrending spectacle; I saw the ominous procession. In the midst of all the tumult, clamour, and singing, interrupted by frequent discharges of musketry, which the hand of a monster or a bungler might so easily render fatal, I saw the Queen preserving most courageous tranquillity of soul, and an air of nobleness and inexpressible dignity, and my eyes were suffused with tears of admiration and grief.—*Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville.*

came and gave orders to the national guard, which had taken possession of the apartments, to allow us to remove everything that we should deem necessary for the Queen's accommodation.

I saw her Majesty alone in her private apartments a moment before her departure for Paris; she could hardly speak; tears bedewed her face, to which all the blood in her body seemed to have rushed; she condescended to embrace me, gave her hand to M. Campan[1] to kiss, and said to us, "Come immediately and settle at Paris; I will lodge you at the Tuileries; come, and do not leave me henceforward; faithful servants at moments like these become useful friends; we are lost, dragged away, perhaps to death; when kings become prisoners they are very near it."

I had frequent opportunities during the course of our misfortunes of observing that the people never obey factions with steadiness, but easily escape their control when some cause reminds them of their duty. As soon as the most violent Jacobins had an opportunity of seeing the Queen near at hand, of speaking to her, and of hearing her voice, they became her most zealous partizans; and even when she was in the prison of the Temple several of those who had contributed to place her there perished for having attempted to get her out again.

On the morning of the 7th of October the same

[1] In the course of that one night my father-in-law declined from perfect health into a languishing condition, which brought him to the grave in September 1791.—*Madame Campan.*

women who the day before surrounded the carriage of the august prisoners riding on cannons and uttering the most abusive language, assembled under the Queen's windows upon the terrace of the Château, and desired to see her. Her Majesty appeared. There are always among mobs of this description orators, that is to say, beings who have more assurance than the rest; a woman of this description told the Queen that she must now remove far from her all such courtiers as ruin kings, and that she must love the inhabitants of her good city. The Queen answered that she had loved them at Versailles, and would likewise love them at Paris. "*Yes, yes*," said another; "*but on the 14th of July you wanted to besiege the city and have it bombarded: and on the 6th of October you wanted to fly to the frontiers.*" The Queen replied affably that they had been told so, and had believed it; that there lay the cause of the unhappiness of the people and of the best of kings. A third addressed a few words to her in German: the Queen told her she did not understand it; that she had become so entirely French as even to have forgotten her mother tongue. This declaration was answered with "*Bravos!*" and clapping of hands; they then desired her to make a compact with them: "Ah," said she, "how can I make a compact with you, since you have no faith in that which my duty points out to me; and which I ought for my own happiness to respect?" They asked her for the ribbons and flowers out of her hat; her Majesty herself unfastened them and gave them;

they were divided among the party, which for above half an hour cried out, without ceasing, "*Marie Antoinette for ever! our good Queen for ever!*"

Two days after the King's arrival at Paris the city and the national guard sent to request the Queen to appear at the theatre, and prove by her presence and the King's that it was with pleasure they resided in their capital. I introduced the deputation which came to make this request. Her Majesty replied that she should have infinite pleasure in acceding to the invitation of the city of Paris; but that time must be allowed her to soften the recollection of the distressing events which had just occurred, and from which she had suffered too much. She added, that having come into Paris preceded by the heads of the faithful guards who had perished before the door of their sovereign, she could not think that such an entry into the capital ought to be followed by rejoicings; but that the happiness she had always felt in appearing in the midst of the inhabitants of Paris was not effaced from her memory, and that she should enjoy it again as soon as she found herself able to do so.

Their Majesties[1] found some consolation in their

[1] On the 19th of October, that is to say, thirteen days after he had taken up his abode at Paris, the King went, on foot and almost alone, to review some detachments of the national guard. After the review Louis XVI. met with a child sweeping the street who asked him for money. The child called the King *M. le Chevalier.* His Majesty gave him six francs. The little sweeper, surprised at receiving so large a sum, cried out, "Oh! I have no change, you will give me money another time." A person who

private life: from Madame's[1] gentle manners and filial affection, from the accomplishments and vivacity of the little Dauphin, and the attention and tenderness of the pious Princess Elizabeth, they still derived moments of happiness. The young Prince daily gave proofs of sensibility and penetration; he was not yet beyond female care; but a private tutor, the Abbé Davout, gave him all the instruction suitable to his age; his memory was highly cultivated, and he recited verses with much grace and feeling.

The day after the arrival of the Court at Paris, terrified at hearing some noise in the gardens of the Tuileries, he threw himself into the arms of the Queen, crying out, "*Grand Dieu, mamma! will it be yesterday over again?*" A few days after this affecting exclamation he went up to the King, and looked at him with a pensive air. The King asked him what he wanted; he answered, that he had something very serious to say to him. The King having prevailed on him to explain himself, the young Prince asked why his people, who formerly loved him so well, were all at once angry with him; and what he had done to irritate them so much. His father took him upon his knees, and spoke to him nearly as follows: "I wished, child, to render the people still happier than they were; I wanted money

accompanied the monarch said to the child, "Keep it all, my friend, the gentleman is not *chevalier*, he is the eldest of the family."—*Note by the Editor.*

[1] Madame, here, the Princess Marie Thérèse, daughter of Marie Antoinette.

to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as my predecessors have always done; magistrates, composing the Parliament, opposed it, and said that my people alone had a right to consent to it. I assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles; that is what is called the *States-General.* When they were assembled they required concessions of me which I could not make, either with due respect for myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor; wicked men inducing the people to rise have occasioned the excesses of the last few days; the people must not be blamed for them."

The Queen made the young Prince clearly comprehend that he ought to treat the commanders of battalions, the officers of the national guard, and all the Parisians who were about him, with affability; the child took great pains to please all those people, and when he had had an opportunity of replying obligingly to the mayor or members of the commune he came and whispered in his mother's ear, "*Was that right?*"

He requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which is in the royal library; and M. Bailly, asking him which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal, the young Prince replied without hesitation that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proofs of ready wit. One day, while the Queen was hearing Madame repeat her exercises in ancient history, the young

Princess could not at the moment recollect the name of the Queen of Carthage; the Dauphin was vexed at his sister's want of memory, and though he never spoke to her in the second person singular, he bethought himself of the expedient of saying to her, "But *dis donc* the name of the queen, to mamma; *dis donc* what her name was."

Shortly after the arrival of the King and his family at Paris the Duchesse de Luynes came, in pursuance of the advice of a committee of the Constitutional Assembly, to propose to the Queen a temporary retirement from France, in order to leave the constitution to perfect itself, so that the patriots should not accuse her of influencing the King to oppose it. The Duchess knew how far the schemes of the factious extended, and her attachment to the Queen was the principal cause of the advice she gave her. The Queen perfectly comprehended the Duchesse de Luynes' motive; but replied that she would never leave either the King or her son; that if she thought herself alone obnoxious to public hatred she would instantly offer her life as a sacrifice; but that it was the throne which was aimed at, and that, in abandoning the King, she should be merely committing an act of cowardice, since she saw no other advantage in it than that of saving her own life.

One evening, in the month of November 1790, I returned home rather late; I there found the Prince de Poix; he told me he came to request me to assist him in regaining his peace of mind; that

at the commencement of the sittings of the National Assembly he had suffered himself to be seduced into the hope of a better order of things; that he blushed for his error, and that he abhorred plans which had already produced such fatal results; that he broke with the reformers for the rest of his life; that he had just given in his resignation as a deputy of the National Assembly; and finally, that he was anxious that the Queen should not sleep in ignorance of his sentiments. I undertook his commission, and acquitted myself of it in the best way I could; but I was totally unsuccessful. The Prince de Poix remained at Court, he there suffered many mortifications, never ceasing to serve the King in the most dangerous commissions with that zeal for which his house has always been distinguished.

When the King, the Queen, and the children were suitably established at the Tuileries, as well as Madame Elizabeth and the Princesse de Lamballe, the Queen resumed her usual habits; she employed her mornings in superintending the education of Madame, who received all her lessons in her presence, and she herself began to work large pieces of tapestry. Her mind was too much occupied with passing events and surrounding dangers to admit of her applying herself to reading; the needle was the only employment which could divert her.[1] She received the Court twice a week before

[1] There was long preserved at Paris, in the house of Mademoiselle Dubuquois, a tapestry-worker, a carpet worked by the Queen and Madame Elizabeth for the large room of her Majesty's

going to mass, and on those days dined in public with the King; she spent the rest of the time with her family and children; she had no concert, and did not go to the play until 1791, after the acceptation of the constitution.[1] The Princesse de Lamballe, however, had some evening parties in her apartments at the Tuileries, which were tolerably brilliant, in consequence of the great number of persons who attended them. The Queen was present at a few of these assemblies; but being soon convinced that her present situation forbade her appearing much in public, she remained at home, and conversed as she sat at work.[2] The sole topic of her discourse was, as may well be supposed,

ground-floor apartments at the Tuileries. The Empress Josephine saw and admired this carpet, and desired it might be taken care of, in the hope of one day sending it to Madame.—*Madame Campan.*

[1] A judgment may be formed of the situation in which the Queen found herself placed during the earlier part of her residence in Paris, from the following letter written by her to the Duchesse de Polignac:—"I shed tears of affection on reading your letters. You talk of my courage: it required much less to go through that dreadful crisis which I had to suffer than is daily necessary to endure our situation, our own griefs, those of our friends, and those of the persons who surround us. This is a heavy weight to sustain; and but for the strong ties by which my heart is bound to my husband, my children, and my friends, I should wish to sink under it. But you bear me up: I ought to sacrifice such feelings to your friendship. But it is I who bring misfortune on you all, and your troubles are on my account" (*History of Marie Antoinette*, by Montjoie).—*Note by the Editor.*

[2] The Queen returned one evening from one of these assemblies very much affected: an English nobleman, who was playing at the same table with her Majesty, ostentatiously displayed an enormous ring in which was a lock of Oliver Cromwell's hair.—*Madame Campan.*

the Revolution. She sought to discover the real opinions of the Parisians respecting her, and how she could have so completely lost the affections of the people, and even of many persons in the higher ranks.[1] She well knew that she ought to impute the whole to the spirit of party, to the hatred of the Duc d'Orléans, and the folly of the French, who desired to have a total change in the constitution; but she was not the less desirous of ascertaining the private feelings of all the people in power.

From the very commencement of the Revolu-

[1] This is somewhat inconsistent with the following extract from a letter written by Madame Campan in the latter part of 1789:—"Since the Queen has been at Paris her Court is numerous; she dines three times a week in public with the King; her card-rooms are open on those days. Though the apartments are small, all Paris is to be found there; she converses with the commanders of districts; she finds familiar opportunities of saying obliging things even to the private soldiers, among whom citizens of the first class are to be found, as well as the lowest artisans: mildness, resignation, courage, affability, popularity, everything is made use of, and sincerely, to reconcile people's minds, and promote re-establishment of order. Every one gives the credit due to such affecting attentions; and that is a reparation for the cruel sufferings that have been endured, for the dreadful risks that have been encountered. Upon the whole, nothing is more prudent, or more consistent, than the conduct of the King and Queen; and therefore the number of their partizans increases daily. They are spoken of with enthusiasm in almost every company. In moments of adversity the Queen has displayed a character generous and elevated; she is an angel of mildness and of goodness; she is a woman particularly gifted with courage. She has given proofs of it in the most critical moments; and Paris, replete with the most seditious opinions—Paris, continually reading the most disgusting libels, could not refuse her the admiration due to bravery, presence of mind, and courtesy. Her bitterest enemies confine themselves to saying, 'It must be confessed that she is a woman of strong mind.'"

tion General Luckner indulged in violent sallies against her. Her Majesty, knowing that I was acquainted with a lady who had been long connected with the general, desired me to discover through that channel what was the private motive on which Luckner's hatred against her was founded. On being questioned upon this point, he answered that Maréchal de Ségur had assured him he had proposed him for the command of a camp of observation, but that the Queen had made a bar against his name; and that this *par*, as he called it, in his German accent, he could not forget. The Queen ordered me to repeat this reply to the King myself, and said to him, "See, Sire, whether I was not right in telling you that your ministers, in order to give themselves full scope in the distribution of favours, persuaded the French that I interfered in everything; there was not a single licence given out in the country for the sale of salt or tobacco but the people believed it was given to one of my favourites."—"That is very true," replied the King; "but I find it very difficult to believe that Maréchal de Ségur ever said any such thing to Luckner; he knew too well that you never interfered in the distribution of favours. That Luckner is a good-for-nothing fellow, and Ségur is a brave and honourable man who never uttered such a falsehood, however, you are right; and because you provided for a few dependants, you are most unjustly reported to have disposed of all offices, civil and military."

All the nobility who had not left Paris made a point of presenting themselves assiduously to the

King, and there was a considerable influx to the Tuileries. Marks of attachment were exhibited even in external symbols; the women wore enormous bouquets of lilies in their bosoms, and upon their heads, and sometimes even bunches of white ribbon. At the play there were often disputes between the pit and the boxes about removing these ornaments, which the people thought dangerous emblems. National cockades were sold in every corner of Paris; the sentinels stopped all who did not wear them; the young men piqued themselves upon breaking through this regulation, which was in some degree sanctioned by the acquiescence of Louis XVI. Frays took place, which were to be regretted, because they excited a spirit of rebellion. The King adopted conciliatory measures with the Assembly in order to promote tranquillity; the revolutionists were but little disposed to think him sincere; unfortunately the royalists encouraged this incredulity by incessantly repeating that the King was not free, and that all that he did was completely null, and in no way bound him for the time to come. Such was the heat and violence of party spirit that persons the most sincerely attached to the King were not even permitted to use the language of reason, and recommend greater reserve in conversation. People would talk and argue at table without considering that all the servants belonged to the hostile army; and it may truly be said there was as much imprudence and levity in the party assailed as there was cunning, boldness, and perseverance in that which made the attack.

Annex to Chapter IV.

It will be useful to compare the following full and minute narrative with the details of the same events furnished by Madame Campan. The writer, François E. Guignard, Comte de Saint Priest (1735-1821), was at the time Minister of the Interior. He emigrated in 1790, and returned to France in 1814.

Account of the Departure of Louis XVI. for Paris on the 6th of October 1789, by M. de Saint Priest.[1]

I commence the narrative of what took place at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October 1789 by relating the contents of a letter written to me by M. de La Fayette a few days before. I was unable to preserve it, as my papers were burned in France during my emigration: but I have copied it from Bailly's journal, printed after his death.

"The Duc de la Rochefoucauld will have informed you of the idea put into the grenadiers' heads of going to Versailles this night. I wrote to you not to be uneasy about it, because I rely upon their confidence in me, in order to divert them from this project. I owe them the justice to say that they had intended to ask my permission to do so, and that many of them thought it was a very proper step, and one ordered by me. Their very slight inclination has been destroyed by four words which I said to them. The affair is off my mind, except as to the idea

[1] We recommend the reader to collate this interesting account with those contained in the *Memoirs* of Ferrières, Dusaulx, and Bailly, and the explanations annexed to Weber's book.—*Note by the Editor.*

of the inexhaustible resources of the plotters of mischief. You should not consider this circumstance as anything more than an indication of a design, and by no means as dangerous."

M. de La Fayette did not rely so much as he told me he did upon the obedience of these grenadiers, who had formerly belonged to the French guards, since he posted detachments of the unpaid national guard at Sèvres and at Saint Cloud to guard those passages of the river Seine. He informed me of it, and ordered the commandant of those posts to apprise me if there should be any occasion.

These arrangements appeared to me insufficient for the safety of the royal residence. I took M. de La Fayette's letter to the Council of State, and made it the ground of a proposal to reinforce Versailles with some regular troops. I observed that M. de La Fayette's letter afforded a plausible reason for it, and offered the means of literally complying with the decree sanctioned by the King, which gave the municipal authorities the first right to direct the action of regular troops. The King, by the advice of his Council, approved of my proposal, and charged me to execute it I consequently forwarded M. de La Fayette's letter to the municipality of Versailles, after having apprised the mayor of it. This document was entered in the register, and a resolution was made for demanding a reinforcement of troops for the executive power. Invested with this authority I observed to the Minister at War that the Flanders regiment of foot being on the march, escorting a convoy of arms destined for the Parisian national guard from Douay to Paris, it would be well to draw that body to Versailles as soon as its mission should be fulfilled, in order to prevent, at least in part, the ferment which the arrival of a corps of soldiers of the line in the royal residence would not fail to occasion at Paris and in the National Assembly. This measure was adopted by the Council. Bailly says, in his journal, that he wrote to me respecting the uneasiness it gave the districts of Paris. He adds, that I replied "that the arrival of armed men in the royal residence, announced by circumstantial reports, had determined the King to call in the Flanders regiment, and to take military measures upon the subject."

I am the less able to recollect what I could have meant by that, insomuch as I am certain I never took any step of a military

nature beyond desiring the Flanders regiment to march in a military manner, without turning aside from their destination.

It is true that the civic authorities of Paris, in pursuance of my answer to Bailly, had the insolence to send four deputies to Versailles to learn from the King's ministers their reasons for calling in the Flanders regiment. These deputies alighted at my house, and one of them, M. Dusaulx, a member of the Académie des Belles Lettres, was the spokesman. He interrogated me upon the matter in question in the most imperious manner, informing me that carrying it into execution would be followed by fatal consequences. I answered, with all the moderation I could command, that this demand of a regiment of the line was a natural consequence of the information communicated by a letter from M. de La Fayette. I added that I gave him this answer as from myself, the King not having authorised me to answer a question which his Majesty could never have imagined any one would dare to put to his minister. M. Dusaulx and his three brother deputies returned much dissatisfied. M. de Condorcet was one of them. Some factious members of the National Assembly likewise meddled in the matter. M. Alexandre Lameth and M. Barnave spoke to me, and endeavoured to persuade me to induce the King to revoke his call for this regiment of the line. I answered them in such a manner as to leave them no hope of it. The regiment arrived at Versailles without meeting the smallest obstacle. The conspirators gave the former French guards to understand that they were destined to guard the King in their stead, which was untrue; but that served to make them resume their project of coming to Versailles. I am ignorant whether they had any other view than to take their post again, or whether they had already determined to bring the King back to Paris. However that may have been, the explosion soon took place.

The Body Guards gave a regimental entertainment to the officers of the Flanders regiment, and invited some *sous-officiers* and soldiers, as well as some of the national guards of Versailles. It was an old custom for the military corps quartered at any place to pay this compliment to others which arrived there. Upon such occasions many healths will, of course, be drunk, and the repasts must of necessity be always noisy; and this was the case

with the present. The regimental band had been invited, and the air, beginning "*O Richard! ô mon Roi!*" from the play of Richard Cœur de Lion, excited the liveliest enthusiasm. It was thought right to go and fetch the Queen to increase the fervour. And her Majesty came with the Dauphin, which prompted fresh acclamation. When the company left the dining-hall a few soldiers, perhaps affected by wine, appeared in the marble court below the apartments of the King, who had returned from hunting. Shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" were heard, and one of the soldiers, with the assistance of his comrades, climbed up on the outside, as high as the balcony of the chamber of his Majesty, who did not show himself. I was in my closet, and I sent to know what occasioned the noise. I have, however, no reason to believe that the national cockade was trampled under foot; and it is the less likely because the King wore it at that time, and it would have been a want of respect to his Majesty himself. It was a lie invented to irritate the minds of the Parisian national guard.

The Comte d'Estaing commanded the national guard of Versailles at that time. The King gave him also the command of all the regular troops there. They consisted of the two battalions of the Flanders regiment, two hundred Chasseurs des Évêchés, eight hundred mounted Body Guards, and the Swiss guard on duty. On the 5th of October, at about eleven in the morning, one of my *valets de chambre* came from Paris to apprise me that the Parisian national guard, both paid and unpaid, accompanied by a numerous concourse of men and women, had set out for Versailles. The King was hunting on the heights of Meudon, and I wrote to tell him of it. His Majesty returned promptly, and ordered that the Council of State should be summoned for half-past three. The Council then consisted of eight ministers: the Maréchal de Beauvau, the Archbishop of Vienne, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, Keepers of the Seals, M. Necker, Minister of the Finances, and the Comtes de Montmorin, de la Luzerne, de la Tour-du-Pin, and de Saint Priest, Secretaries of State.

I laid before the Council the information I had received, and which had been subsequently confirmed by several other reports. I represented the danger that would attend the waiting for this multitude at Versailles, and I proposed measures to be pursued

on this emergency. They were, that detachments should be sent to guard the bridges across the Seine; a battalion of the Flanders regiment for that at Sèvres; another for that at Saint Cloud; and the Swiss guard for that at Neuilly; and that the King should send the Queen and the royal family to Rambouillet, where the chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine were; while his Majesty himself should go and meet the Parisians with the two hundred Chasseurs des Évêchés, and his eight hundred Body Guards. The thousand horse being drawn up in order of battle beyond the bridge of Sèvres, the King was to order the Parisian band to retire, and, in case they should disobey, was to make a few charges of cavalry to endeavour to disperse them. Then, if this should be unsuccessful, the King would have time to regain Versailles at the head of his troops, and march immediately to Rambouillet. My advice was approved by the Maréchal de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne, and M. de la Tour-du-Pin; and warmly opposed by M. Necker, seconded by Comte de Montmorin, and the Archbishops of Vienne and Bordeaux. M. Necker insisted that there was no danger in suffering the multitude to come to Versailles, where its object was probably only to present some petition to the King; and, should the worst happen, if his Majesty should find it necessary to reside in Paris, he would be venerated and respected there by his people, who adored him.

I replied by opposing to this reasoning the origin and the features of this proceeding, which completely contradicted the alleged loyalty of the people of Paris.

The King did not declare the course he should pursue; he broke up the Council, and we knew that he went to consult the Queen. She declared that she would not, upon any consideration, separate herself from him and her children; which rendered the execution of the measure I had proposed impossible. Thus perplexed, we did nothing but wait. However, I sent an order to the Swiss barracks at Courbevoie, that all belonging to the regiment of guards who were then there should immediately repair to Versailles, which was promptly done.

The National Assembly was sitting when information of the march of the Parisians was given to it by one of the deputies who came from Paris. A certain number of the members were no strangers to this movement. It appears that Mirabeau wished

to avail himself of it to raise the Duc d'Orléans to the throne. Mounier, who presided over the National Assembly, rejected the idea with horror: "*My good man,*" said Mirabeau to him, "*what difference will it make to you to have Louis XVII. for your King instead of Louis XVI.?*" [The Duc d'Orléans was baptized Louis.]

Mounier, seeing the urgency of the case, proposed that the Assembly should declare itself permanent and inseparable from his Majesty, which was decreed. Mirabeau then insisted that the deputation which should carry up this decree to the King should demand his sanction to some which had remained in arrear; among others that of the rights of man, in which some alterations were desired. But existing circumstances carried the King's sanction. A few female citizens then presented themselves to offer civic gifts; it seems they were sent to keep the Assembly employed until the arrival of the Parisians. They were admitted, and the scene was ridiculous enough.

The Comte d'Estaing had ordered the mounted Body Guards to horse, and stationed them in the Place d'Armes, in advance of the post of the French guard, which was occupied by a detachment of the national guard of Versailles, commanded by a man named Lecointre, a draper, and of very bad disposition. He was displeased that the Body Guards left his soldiers in the second line, and tried to raise some quarrel in order to dislodge them. For that purpose he sent persons who slipped between the ranks of the soldiers to annoy the horses. M. de Savonnières, an officer of the Body Guards, while giving chase to these wretches, received a musket shot from the national guard, of which he died. A short time afterwards M. d'Estaing, who had received a secret order from the King not to permit any violence, sent the Body Guard back to their hôtel. They were saluted as they went off by a few musket shots from the national guard of Versailles, by which some men and horses were wounded. When they reached their hôtel they found it pillaged by the populace of Versailles, which made them return to their former position.

The Flanders regiment was under arms at the end of the avenue of Versailles. Mirabeau and some other deputies mingled among the ranks of the soldiery; it is asserted that they distri-

buted money to them. The soldiers dispersed themselves in the public-houses of the town, and reassembled in the evening, when they were shut up in the King's stables.

As to the Body Guards, M. d'Estaing knew not what to do beyond bringing them into the courtyard of the ministers, and shutting the *grilles*. Thence they proceeded to the terrace of the Château, then to Trianon, and lastly to Rambouillet.

I could not refrain from expressing to M. d'Estaing when he came to the King my astonishment at not seeing him make any military disposition. "*Sir*," replied he, "*I await the orders of the King*" (who did not open his mouth). "*When the King gives no orders*," pursued I, "*a general should decide for himself in a soldier-like manner.*" This observation remained unanswered. About seven o'clock in the evening a kind of advanced guard from Paris, consisting of ill-armed men and women of the rabble, arrived at the gates of the minister's courtyard, which those within refused to open. The mob then demanded that a few women should be permitted to go and present a supplication to the King. His Majesty ordered that six should be let in, and desired me to go into the *œil-de-bœuf*, and there hear what they had to say. I accordingly went. One of these women told me that a famine existed in Paris, and that the people came to ask bread of his Majesty. I answered that the King had taken all the steps which could depend on him for preventing the injurious effects of the failure in the last harvest; and I added that calamities of this nature ought to be borne with patience, as drought was borne when there was a dearth of rain. I dismissed the women, telling them to return to Paris, and to assure their fellow-citizens of the King's affection for the people of his capital. It was then that the Marquis de Favras, whom I did not know at the time, proposed to me to mount a number of gentlemen on horses from the King's stables; and that they should meet the Parisians, and force them to retreat. I answered that the King's horses not being trained to the kind of service which he proposed would be but ill adapted to it, and would only endanger their riders without answering any purpose. I returned to the King to give him an account of my conversation with the women. Shortly afterwards the King assembled the Council; it was dark; we were scarcely seated when an aide-de-camp of M.

de La Fayette, named Villars, brought me a letter written to me by that general from near Auteuil, half a league from Paris: he informed me that he was on his march with the national guard of Paris, both paid and unpaid, and a part of the people of Paris, who came to make remonstrances to the King. He begged me to assure his Majesty that he vouched for it that no disorder would take place. Notwithstanding this tone of confidence it is certain that La Fayette had been dragged to Versailles against his will at the moment when he endeavoured to stop the former French guards, who were already on their march upon the Pont Royal. It is not the less true that he had become familiar with the idea of marching to Versailles since the first time he had written to me about it. He had even spoken to me on the subject, believing it at that time preferable that the King should reside at Paris; but undoubtedly he would have preferred the adoption of some other method of taking his Majesty thither.

After I had read M. de La Fayette's letter to the Council I recapitulated my advice of the afternoon, observing, however, that it was now impossible to resort to the measures I had then proposed; but that it was of importance that the King, with his family and regular troops, should set off for Rambouillet. The contest between M. Necker and myself now grew warmer than upon the former occasion. I explained the risks which the King and his family would incur if they did not avoid them by departing. I dwelt upon the advantages that would be gained by quitting Versailles for Rambouillet, and I concluded by saying to the King, "*Sire, if you are taken to Paris to-morrow your crown is lost!*" The King was shaken, and he arose to go and speak to the Queen, who this time consented to the departure. M. Necker says in one of his works: "*He alone* [the King] *was to determine, and he determined to remain at Versailles. Out of a considerable number of persons, one alone, so far as I remember, was for the departure and without any modification.*"

It is probably to myself that M. Necker attributes this isolated opinion, but his memory has failed him, for it is a fact that M. de Beauvau, M. de la Luzerne, and M. de la Tour-du-Pin were always of my opinion.

M. Necker passes over in silence the order which the King gave me on re-entering the Council chamber, to have his carriages

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got ready, which broke up the Council. I told his Majesty that I would execute his orders, send off his wife and children to Rambouillet, and proceed thither myself, to be ready to receive him upon his arrival. I deputed the Chevalier de Cubières, equerry in charge of the stable, to carry the order for getting the carriages ready to the stables, and I went home to make my own arrangements. After regulating everything with Madame de Saint Priest for her departure, I got on horseback, wrapped up in my cloak that I might not be observed, and succeeded in keeping myself concealed. I had scarcely proceeded half a league when my wife's carriage overtook me. She informed me that M. de Montmorin had sent her word that the King was no longer willing to set out; "but," added she, "I would not countermand the arrangements you had made." I begged she would proceed on her journey, most happy in the reflection that she and my children would be far from the scene which I then anticipated would take place on the morrow. As for myself, I retraced my steps and re-entered by one of the park gates, where I dismissed my horses, and went through the gardens to the King's apartments. There I found M. de La Fayette, who had just arrived. He personally confirmed to his Majesty all the assurances which he had by letter desired me to give him; and went to bed extremely fatigued by the events of the day, without making any fresh arrangement for the safety of the Château. The King as he withdrew gave orders to the captain of his guards to prohibit his subalterns from any violence.

I never knew perfectly what made the King change his mind respecting his departure. I returned home in great anxiety, and threw myself, dressed as I was, upon my bed. It was impossible for me to close my eyes on account of the noise made by the mob from Paris, with which the streets of Versailles were filled. At daybreak I went into my closet, the windows of which commanded the courtyard of the ministers. At that very moment I saw the gates open, and a frenzied multitude, armed with pikes and bludgeons, and some of them with sabres and muskets, rush in and run with the utmost speed to the courtyard of the Princes, where the staircase leading to the apartments of their Majesties is situated. They all passed below my windows without seeing me. I waited about a quarter of an hour, and saw a considerable

number of them bringing back a dozen of the Body Guards, whom they had seized in the Queen's guard-room, and were going to massacre in the Place d'Armes. Fortunately for these unhappy men M. de La Fayette appeared with some soldiers of the guards, whom he employed to drive off the assailants. It is known that they immediately went up to the Queen's apartments; that the Body Guard suffered them to enter their guard-room without opposition, in pursuance of the King's orders; that, however, those who stood sentinels at the door of the Queen's antechamber made some resistance, and gave the footmen on duty inside time to awaken the Queen and barricade the door with trunks and chairs; and that her Majesty, alarmed by the noise, took refuge in the King's rooms through the communication between their apartments. The rioters then made their way in, and finding their prey escaped, committed no violence in the apartments. But they had assassinated two of the Body Guards, and wounded many others in the guard-room, which was the result of the King's order of the preceding day to make no resistance. M. de La Fayette went up to the King's rooms, and found the door of the antechamber, called the *œil-de-bœuf*, closed and barricaded. He parleyed with the Body Guards who had taken refuge there to preserve his Majesty's apartments. Upon M. de La Fayette's assurances the door was opened. He then stationed there some grenadiers, who, in conjunction with the Body Guards, kept that entry closed until the King's departure for Paris. The door by which the King generally went out to get into his carriage remained free; the people of Paris were not aware of its existence. I wrapped myself in a greatcoat to make my way through the crowd which filled the courtyard, and went up to the King's apartments. I found him with the Queen and the Dauphin in the balcony of his bedroom, protected by M. de La Fayette, who harangued the rabble from time to time; but all his speeches could not stop their shouts of "*To Paris, to Paris!*" There were even a few musket-shots fired from the courtyard, which fortunately struck nobody. The King occasionally withdrew into his room to sit down and rest himself; he was in a state of stupefaction, which it is difficult to describe, or even to imagine. I accosted him repeatedly, and represented to him that delay in yielding to the

wishes of the mob was useless and dangerous; that it was necessary he should promise to go to Paris; and that this was the only way of getting rid of these savages, who might the very next moment proceed to the utmost extremities, to which there were not wanting persons to excite them. To all this the King did not answer one single word. The Queen, who was present, said to me, "*Ah! Monsieur de Saint Priest, why did we not go away last night!*" I could not refrain from replying, "*It was no fault of mine.*"—"*I know that well,*" answered she.

These remarks proved to me that she had no share in his Majesty's change of determination. He made up his mind at last, about eleven o'clock, to promise to go to Paris. Some cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were then heard, and the mob began to quit the courtyards and take the road to the capital. Care had been taken to send cart-loads of bread from Paris during the night to feed the multitude. I left the King in order to be at the Tuileries before him; and as I took the Saint Cloud road, I met with no obstacle. I dined with the Ambassador of the Two Sicilies, and proceeded to the Tuileries, ready for the arrival of their Majesties. I had not calculated that their unfortunate journey, which was a real martyrdom, would have occupied so much time. Their carriage was preceded by the heads of two murdered Body Guards, carried upon pikes. The carriage was surrounded by ill-looking fellows, who contemplated the royal personages with a brutal curiosity. A few of the Body Guards on foot and unarmed, protected by the former French guards, followed dejectedly; and to complete the climax, after six or seven hours spent in travelling from Versailles to Paris, their Majesties were led to the Hôtel de Ville, as if to make the *amende honorable.* I know not who ordered this. The King ascended the Hôtel de Ville, and said that he came freely to reside in his capital. As he spoke in a low tone of voice, "Tell them, then," said the Queen, "that the King comes freely to reside in his capital." "*You are more fortunate than if I had uttered it,*" said Bailly; "*since the Queen herself has given you this favourable assurance.*" This was a falsehood, in which his Majesty was obviously contradicted by facts; never had he acted less freely. It was near ten at night when the King reached the Tuileries. As he got out of his carriage I told him that if I had known he was going to the Hôtel de Ville I would have

waited for him there. "*I did not know it myself,*" replied the King in a tone of dejection.

On the morrow the Body Guards, who had passed the night upon benches in the Château of the Tuileries, were dismissed. M. de La Fayette filled up all the posts with the national guard of Paris, which was commanded by himself, and hence he became the keeper of the royal family.

When I reflect how many favourable consequences would have resulted from a more steadfast resolution to quit Versailles, I feel myself, even at this day, filled with regret. In the first place, M. de Villars, M. de La Fayette's aide-de-camp, who brought me the letter from the latter to Versailles on the 5th of October, told me that he had been sent by his general to the bridge of Sèvres to know whether it was defended; and that if it had been, he would have retreated. Secondly, Madame de Saint Priest, on her arrival at Rambouillet, saw there a deputation from the city of Chartres, which is in its neighbourhood; they came in the name of their fellow-citizens to entreat his Majesty to make their city his asylum; to assure him they abhorred the insolence of the Parisians, and that they would lay down their lives and property in support of his Majesty's authority—an example which would infallibly have been followed by the other towns, and in particular by Orleans, which was wholly devoted to the royal cause. The Mayor of Rambouillet has since assured me that the request of the deputation from Chartres was transcribed into the registers of the municipality of Rambouillet. Thirdly, the National Assembly, under the presidency of Mounier, a man of integrity, who had the welfare of the State at heart, had declared itself inseparable from his Majesty. It would therefore have followed him to Rambouillet and Chartres. It is probable, moreover, that the factious leaders would not have ventured there; that the National Assembly, purified by their absence, would have united itself to the King, whose intentions were pure; and that useful reforms would have resulted without an overthrow of the monarchy. Fourthly, and lastly, if it had been necessary to come to extremities for the reduction of Paris, what advantages would not the royal party have possessed over that city, which at that time subsisted only upon the corn carried up the Seine! By stopping the convoys at Pontoise,

Paris would have been starved. Besides, the King would easily have collected round him ten thousand men in four days, and forty thousand in five, secure of being able to concentrate still more considerable forces if circumstances should require it. The army under M. de Bouillé, in his district of Metz, would have been ready to march in a very short time; and, under such a general, the insurgents would speedily have been subdued.[1]

Such is the correct narrative which I determined to give as an eye-witness, and even as an actor, on the days of the 5th and 6th of October; it may one day contribute to the history of that remarkable period which, by its consequences, has perhaps decided the fate of the universe.

[1] The Marquis de Bouillé writes of this period: "During these transactions I resided at Metz, hated by the people, but having the most perfect reliance on my army, between which and the inhabitants of the town I maintained a constant jealousy, inspiring it at the same time with contempt for the lower class of the people" (p. 98). It was only in July 1790 that the troops of De Bouillé became untrustworthy, see *Bouillé*, p. 167.

CHAPTER V.

Affair of Favras—His prosecution and death—His children are imprudently presented to the Queen—Plan laid for carrying off the royal family—Singular letter from the Empress Catherine to Louis XVI.—The Queen is unwilling to owe the re-establishment of the throne to the *émigrés*—Death of the Emperor Joseph II.—First negotiation between the Court and Mirabeau—Louis XVI. and his family inhabit Saint Cloud—New plans for escaping.

In February 1790 the affair of the unfortunate Favras gave the Court much uneasiness; this individual had conceived the scheme of carrying off the King, and effecting what was then called a counter-revolution. Monsieur, probably out of mere benevolence, gave him some money, and thence arose a report that he thereby wished to favour the execution of the enterprise. The step taken by Monsieur in going to the Hôtel de Ville to explain himself on this matter was unknown to the Queen; it is more than probable that the King was acquainted with it. When judgment was pronounced upon M. de Favras the Queen did not conceal from me her fears about the confessions of the unfortunate man in his last moments.

I sent a confidential person to the Hôtel de Ville; she came to inform the Queen that the con-

demned had demanded to be taken from Notre Dame to the Hôtel de Ville to make a final declaration, and give some particulars verifying it. These particulars compromised nobody; Favras corrected his last will after writing it, and went to the scaffold with heroic courage and coolness. The judge who read his condemnation to him told him that his life was a sacrifice which he owed to public tranquillity. It was asserted at the time that Favras was given up as a victim in order to satisfy the people and save the Baron de Besenval, who was a prisoner in the Abbaye.[1]

[1] Favras (Thomas Mahy, Marquis de), born at Blois in 1745, entered the service first in the corps of *mousquetaires*, and made the campaign in 1761 with them; he was afterwards captain and adjutant of Belsunce's regiment, and subsequently lieutenant of the Swiss guard of Monsieur, the King's brother; he resigned that commission in 1775 to go to Vienna, where his wife was acknowledged the only and legitimate daughter of the Prince d'Anhalt-Schauenbourg. He commanded a legion in Holland on the insurrection against the Stadtholder in 1787. Possessing a warm imagination and a head fertile in expedients, Favras always had something to propose. He presented a great number of plans on the subject of finance; and at the breaking out of the Revolution he tendered some upon political measures, which rendered him an object of suspicion to the revolutionary party. Favras was accused in the month of December 1789 of having conspired against the Revolution. Having been arrested by order of the committee of inquiry of the National Assembly, he was transferred to the Châtelet, where he defended himself with much coolness and presence of mind, repelling the accusations brought against him by Morel, Turcati, and Marquié, with considerable force. These witnesses declared he had imparted his plan to them; it was to be carried into execution by 12,000 Swiss and 12,000 Germans, who were to be assembled at Montargis, thence to march upon Paris, carry off the King, and assassinate Bailly, La Fayette, and Necker. The greater number of these charges he denied, and declared that the rest related only

On the morning of the Sunday following this execution M. de la Villeurnoy[1] came to my house to tell me that he was going that day to the public dinner of the King and Queen to present Madame de Favras and her son, both of them in mourning for the brave Frenchman who fell a sacrifice for his King; and that all the royalists expected to see the Queen load the unfortunate family with favours. I did all that lay in my power to prevent this proceeding: I foresaw the effect it would have upon the Queen's feeling heart, and the painful constraint she

to the levy of a troop intended to favour the revolution preparing in Brabant. The judge having refused to disclose who had denounced him, he complained to the Assembly, which passed to the order of the day. His death was obviously inevitable. During the whole time of the proceedings the populace never ceased threatening the judges and shouting, "*À la lanterne!*" It was even necessary to keep numerous troops and artillery constantly ready to act in the courtyard of the Châtelet. The judges, who had just acquitted M. de Besenval in an affair nearly similar, doubtless dreaded the effects of this fury. When they refused to hear Favras' witnesses in exculpation, he compared them to the tribunal of the Inquisition. The principal charge against him was founded on a letter from M. de Foucault, asking him, "Where are your troops? in which direction will they enter Paris? I should like to be employed among them." Favras was condemned to make the *amende honorable* in front of the cathedral, and to be hanged at the Place de Grève. He heard this sentence with wonderful calmness, and said to his judges, "I pity you much if the testimony of two men is sufficient to induce you to condemn." The judge having said to him, "I have no other consolation to hold out to you than that which religion affords," he replied nobly, "My greatest consolation is that which I derive from my innocence."—*Biographie Universelle, Ancienne et Moderne*, vol. xiv. p. 221.

[1] M. de la Villeurnoy, master of the requests, was deported to Sinamary on the 18th Fructidor, 4th September 1797—the *coup d'état* made by the Directory against the royalist party—and there died.—*Madame Campan.*

would experience, having the horrible Santerre, the commandant of a battalion of the Parisian guard, behind her chair during dinner-time. I could not make M. de la Villeurnoy comprehend my argument; the Queen was gone to mass, surrounded by her whole Court, and I had not even means of apprising her of his intention.

When dinner was over I heard a knocking at the door of my apartment, which opened into the corridor next that of the Queen; it was herself. She asked me whether there was anybody with me; I was alone; she threw herself into an arm-chair, and told me she came to weep with me over the foolish conduct of the ultras of the King's party. "We must fall," said she, "attacked as we are by men who possess every talent and shrink from no crime, while we are defended only by those who are no doubt very estimable, but have no adequate idea of our situation. They have exposed me to the animosity of both parties by presenting the widow and son of Favra to me. Were I free to act as I wish I should take the child of the man who has just sacrificed himself for us and place him at table between the King and myself; but surrounded by the assassins who have destroyed his father, I did not dare even to cast my eyes upon him. The royalists will blame me for not having appeared interested in this poor child; the revolutionists will be enraged at the idea that his presentation should have been thought agreeable to me." However, the Queen added that she knew Madame

de Favras was in want, and that she desired me to send her next day, through a person who could be relied on, a few rouleaus of fifty louis, and to direct that she should be assured her Majesty would always watch over the fortunes of herself and her son.

In the month of March following I had an opportunity of ascertaining the King's sentiments respecting the schemes which were continually proposed to him for making his escape. One night about ten o'clock Comte d'Inisdal, who was deputed by the nobility, came to request that I would see him in private, as he had an important matter to communicate to me. He told me that on that very night the King was to be carried off; that the section of the national guard, that day commanded by M. d'Aumont,[1] was gained over, and that sets of horses, furnished by some good royalists, were placed in relays at suitable distances; that he had just left a party of nobles assembled for the execution of this scheme, and that he had been sent to me that I might, through the medium of the Queen, obtain the King's positive consent to it before midnight; that the King was aware of their plan, but that his Majesty never would speak decidedly, and that it was necessary he should consent to the undertaking. I greatly displeased Comte d'Inisdal by expressing

[1] A brother of the Duc de Villequier, who had joined the revolutionary party; a man of no weight or respectability, who desired he might be called *Jacques Aumont;* a far different man from his brave brother, who always proved himself entirely devoted to the cause of his King.—*Madame Campan.*

my astonishment that the nobility at the moment of the execution of so important a project should send to me, the Queen's first woman, to obtain a consent which ought to have been the basis of any well-concerted scheme. I told him, also, that it would be impossible for me to go at that time to the Queen's apartments without exciting the attention of the people in the antechambers; that the King was at cards with the Queen and his family, and that I never broke in upon their privacy unless I was called for. I added, however, that M. Campan could enter without being called; and if the Count chose to give him his confidence he might rely upon him. My father-in-law, to whom Comte d'Inisdal repeated what he had said to me, took the commission upon himself, and went to the Queen's apartments. The King was playing at whist with the Queen, Monsieur, and Madame; Madame Elizabeth was kneeling on a stool near the table. M. Campan informed the Queen of what had been communicated to me; nobody uttered a word. The Queen broke silence and said to the King, "Do you hear, Sire, what Campan says to us?"—"Yes, I hear," said the King, and continued his game. Monsieur, who was in the habit of introducing passages from plays into his conversation, said to my father-in-law, "M. Campan, *that pretty little couplet again,* if you please;" and pressed the King to reply. At length the Queen said, "But something must be said to Campan." The King then spoke to my father-in-law in these words: "*Tell*

M. d'Inisdal that I cannot consent to be carried off!" The Queen enjoined M. Campan to take care and report this answer faithfully. "*You understand,*" added she, "*the King cannot consent to be carried off.*" Comte d'Inisdal was very much dissatisfied with the King's answer, and went out, saying, "I understand; he wishes to throw all the blame, beforehand, upon those who are to devote themselves for him." He went away, and I thought the enterprise would be abandoned. However, the Queen remained alone with me till midnight, preparing her cases of valuables, and ordered me not to go to bed. She imagined the King's answer would be understood as a tacit consent, and merely a refusal to participate in the design. I do not know what passed in the King's apartments during the night; but I occasionally looked out at the windows: I saw the garden clear; I heard no noise in the Palace, and day at length confirmed my opinion that the project had been given up. "*We must, however, fly,*" said the Queen to me shortly afterwards: "*who knows how far the factious may go? The danger increases every day.*"[1] This Princess received advice and memorials

[1] The disturbances of the 13th of April 1790, occasioned by the warmth of the discussions upon Dom Gerle's imprudent motion in the National Assembly, having afforded room for apprehension that the enemies of the country would endeavour to carry off the King from the capital, M. de La Fayette promised to keep watch, and told Louis XVI. that if he saw any alarming movement among the disaffected he would give him notice of it by the discharge of a cannon from Henri IV.'s battery on the Pont Neuf. On the same night a few casual discharges of musketry were heard from the terrace of the Tuileries. The King,

from all quarters. Rivarol addressed several to her, which I read to her. They were full of ingenious observations; but the Queen did not find that they contained anything of essential service under the circumstances in which the royal family was placed. Comte du Moustier also sent memorials and plans of conduct. I remember that in one of his writings he said to the King, "Read *Telemachus* again, Sire; in that book which delighted your Majesty in infancy you will find the first seeds of those principles which, erroneously followed up by men of ardent imaginations, are bringing on the explosion we expect every moment." I read so many of these memorials that I could hardly give a faithful account of them, and I am determined to note in this work no other events than such as I witnessed; no other words than such as (notwithstanding the lapse of time) still in some measure vibrate in my ears.

Comte de Ségur,[1] on his return from Russia, was employed some time by the Queen, and had a certain degree of influence over her; but that did not last long. Comte Augustus de la Marck likewise endeavoured to negotiate for the King's advantage with the leaders of the factious. M. de Fontanges, Arch-

deceived by the noise, flew to the Queen's apartments; he did not find her; he ran to the Dauphin's room, where he found the Queen holding her son in her arms. "Madame," said the King to her, "I have been seeking you; and you have made me uneasy." The Queen, showing her son, said to him, "I was at my post."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

[1] Louis Philippe, Comte de Ségur (1753-1830), son of the Maréchal and Minister of War, Philippe Henri, Marquis de Ségur.

bishop of Toulouse, possessed also the Queen's confidence; but none of the endeavours which were made at home produced any beneficial result. The Empress Catherine II. also conveyed her opinion upon the situation of Louis XVI. to the Queen, and her Majesty made me read a few lines in the Empress's own handwriting, which concluded with these words: "Kings ought to proceed in their career undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs." This maxim of the despotic sovereign of Russia was very inapplicable to the situation of a captive King.

Meanwhile the revolutionary party followed up its audacious enterprise in a determined manner, without meeting any opposition. The advice from without, as well from Coblentz as from Vienna, made various impressions upon the members of the royal family, and those cabinets were not in accordance with each other. I often had reason to infer from what the Queen said to me that she thought the King, by leaving all the honour of restoring order to the Coblentz party,[1] would, on the return of the emigrants, be put under a kind of guardianship which would increase his own misfortunes. She frequently said to me, "If the emigrants succeed, they will give the law for a long time; it will be impossible to refuse them anything; to owe the

[1] The Princes and the chief of the emigrant nobility assembled at Coblentz, and the name was used to designate the reactionary party.

crown to them would be contracting too great an obligation." It always appeared to me that she wished her own family to counterbalance the claims of the emigrants by disinterested services. She was fearful of M. de Calonne, and with good reason. She had proof that this minister was her bitterest enemy, and that he made use of the most criminal means in order to blacken her reputation. I can testify that I have seen in the hands of the Queen a manuscript copy of the infamous memoirs of the woman De Lamotte, which had been brought to her from London, and in which all those passages where a total ignorance of the customs of Courts had occasioned that wretched woman to make blunders which would have been too palpable were corrected in M. de Calonne's own handwriting.

The two King's Guards who were wounded at her Majesty's door on the 6th of October were M. du Repaire and M. de Miomandre de Sainte Marie; on the dreadful night of the 6th of October the latter took the post of the former the moment he became incapable of maintaining it.

M. de Miomandre was at Paris, living on terms of friendship with another of the Guards, who, on the same day, received a gunshot wound from the brigands in another part of the Château. These two officers, who were attended and cured together at the infirmary of Versailles,[1] were almost constant

[1] A considerable number of the Body Guards, who were wounded on the 6th of October betook themselves to the infirmary at Versailles. The brigands wanted to make their way into

companions; they were recognised at the Palais Royal, and insulted. The Queen thought it necessary for them to quit Paris. She desired me to write to M. de Miomandre de Sainte Marie, and tell him to come to me at eight o'clock in the evening; and then to communicate to him her wish to hear of his being in safety; and ordered me, when he had made up his mind to go, to tell him in her name that gold could not repay such a service as he had rendered; that she hoped some day to be in sufficiently happy circumstances to recompense him as she ought; but that for the present her offer of money was only that of a sister to a brother situated as he then was, and that she requested he would take whatever might be necessary to discharge his debts at Paris and defray the expenses of his journey. She told me also to desire he would bring his friend Bertrand with him, and to make him the same offer.

The two Guards came at the appointed hour, and accepted, I think, each one or two hundred louis. A moment afterwards the Queen opened my door;

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the infirmary in order to massacre them. M. Voisin, head surgeon of that infirmary, ran to the entrance hall, invited the assailants to refresh themselves, ordered wine to be brought, and found means to direct the Sister Superior to remove the Guards into a ward appropriated to the poor, and dress them in the caps and greatcoats furnished by the institution. The good sisters executed this order so promptly that the Guards were removed, dressed as paupers, and their beds made, while the assassins were drinking. They searched all the wards, and fancied they saw no persons there but the sick poor; thus the Guards were saved.—*Madame Campan.*

she was accompanied by the King and Madame Elizabeth; the King stood with his back against the fireplace; the Queen sat down upon a sofa and Madame Elizabeth sat near her; I placed myself behind the Queen, and the two Guards stood facing the King. The Queen told them that the King wished to see before they went away two of the brave men who had afforded him the strongest proofs of courage and attachment. Miomandre said all that the Queen's affecting observations were calculated to inspire. Madame Elizabeth spoke of the King's gratitude; the Queen resumed the subject of their speedy departure, urging the necessity of it; the King was silent; but his emotion was evident, and his eyes were suffused with tears. The Queen rose, the King went out, and Madame Elizabeth followed him; the Queen stopped and said to me, in the recess of a window, "I am sorry I brought the King here! I am sure Elizabeth thinks with me; if the King had but given utterance to a fourth part of what he thinks of those brave men they would have been in ecstasies; but he cannot overcome his diffidence."

The Emperor Joseph died about this time. The Queen's grief was not excessive; that brother of whom she had been so proud, and whom she had loved so tenderly, had probably suffered greatly in her opinion; she reproached him sometimes, though with moderation, for having adopted several of the principles of the new philosophy, and perhaps she knew that he looked upon our troubles with the

eye of the sovereign of Germany rather than that of the brother of the Queen of France.[1]

Mirabeau had not lost the hope of becoming the last resource of the oppressed Court; and at this time some communications passed between the Queen and him. The question was about an office to be conferred upon him. This transpired, and it must have been about this period that the Assembly decreed that no deputy could hold an office as a minister of the King until the expiration of two years after the cessation of his legislative functions. I know that the Queen was much hurt at this decision, and considered that the Court had lost a promising opening.[2]

The palace of the Tuileries was a very disagreeable residence during the summer, which made the Queen wish to go to Saint Cloud. The removal was decided on without any opposition; the national guard of Paris followed the Court thither. At this period new plans of escape were presented; nothing would have been more easy than to execute them. The King had obtained leave (!) to go out without guards, and to be accompanied only by an aide-de-camp of M. de La Fayette. The Queen also had

[1] The Emperor Joseph sent the Queen an engraving which represented unfrocked nuns and monks. The first were trying on fashionable dresses, the latter were having their hair arranged; this engraving was always left in a closet, and never hung up. The Queen told me to have it taken away; for she was hurt to see how much influence the philosophers had over her brother's mind and actions.—*Madame Campan.*

[2] See Thiers' *Révolution Française*, tome i. p. 89.

one on duty with her, and so had the Dauphin. The King and Queen often went out at four in the afternoon, and did not return until eight or nine.

I will relate one of the plans of emigration which the Queen communicated to me, the success of which seemed infallible. The royal family were to meet in a wood four leagues from Saint Cloud; some persons who could be fully relied on were to accompany the King, who was always followed by his equerries and pages; the Queen was to join him with her daughter and Madame Elizabeth: these Princesses, as well as the Queen, had equerries and pages, of whose fidelity no doubt could be entertained. The Dauphin likewise was to be at the place of rendezvous with Madame de Tourzel;[1] a large berlin and a chaise for the attendants were sufficient for the whole family; the aides-de-camp were to have been gained over or mastered. The King was to leave a letter for the president of the National Assembly on his bureau at Saint Cloud. The people in the service of the King and Queen would have waited until nine in the evening without anxiety, because the family sometimes did not return until that hour. The letter could not be forwarded to Paris until ten o'clock at the earliest. The Assembly would not then be sitting; the president must have been sought for at his own house or elsewhere; it would have been midnight before the Assembly could have been summoned and couriers

[1] The *Memoirs* of Madame de Tourzel have since been published (Paris, 1883), edited by the Duc des Cars.

sent off to have the royal family stopped; but the latter would have been six or seven hours in advance, as they would have started at six leagues' distance from Paris; and at this period travelling was not yet impeded in France. The Queen approved of this plan; but I did not venture to interrogate her, and I even thought if it was put in execution she would leave me in ignorance of it. One evening in the month of June the people of the Château, finding the King did not return by nine o'clock, were walking about the courtyards in a state of great anxiety. I thought the family was gone, and I could scarcely breathe amidst the confusion of my good wishes, when I heard the sound of the carriages.[1] I confessed to the Queen that I thought

[1] On his return from one of the visits to Saint Cloud the King wrote to the Duchesse de Polignac:—"I have returned from the country; the air has been of service to us; but how changed did the place appear! How desolate was the breakfast-room! Neither of you were there. I do not give up the hope of our meeting there again; but when? I know not. How many things we shall have to say to one another! The health of your friend keeps up in spite of all the misfortunes which press upon her. Adieu, Duchess! speak of me to your husband and all around you; and understand that I shall not be happy until the day I find myself with my old friends again."

"The farther the first National Assembly advanced in its labours," adds Montjoie (*History of Marie Antoinette*, page 262), "the more unhappy the Queen found herself. We have a proof of this in these few words from another note from Louis XVI. to the Duchesse de Polignac: 'For the last eighteen months we have seen and heard nothing but what was disagreeable; we do not lose our temper, but we are hurt and rendered melancholy at being thwarted in everything, and particularly at being misrepresented.'"

In a former letter from the King to the Duchess the follow-

she had set off; she told me she must wait until Mesdames the King's aunts had quitted France, and afterwards see whether the plan agreed with those formed abroad.

ing passage occurs: "Your friend is unhappy and exceedingly misrepresented; but I flatter myself that justice will one day be done to her. Still, the wicked are very active; they are more readily believed than the good; you are a striking proof of it."—*Note by the Editor.*

CHAPTER VI.

First Federation—Attempts to assassinate the Queen—Affecting scene—Account of the affair of Nancy, written by Madame Campan, at night, in the council chamber, by the King's dictation—Madame Campan becomes the subject of calumnious denunciation—Marks of confidence bestowed upon her by the Queen—Interview between the Queen and Mirabeau in the gardens of Saint Cloud—He treats with the Court—Ridicule of the revolutionary party—Stones of the Bastille offered to the Dauphin—The Queen feels her aversion to M. de La Fayette increase—Plan formed by the Princess for re-entering France through Lyons—Imprudence of persons attached to the Queen—Anecdote relative to M. de La Fayette—Departure of the King's aunts—Death of Mirabeau.

THERE was a meeting at Paris for the first federation on the 14th of July 1790, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. What an astonishing assemblage of four hundred thousand men, of whom there were not perhaps two hundred who did not believe that the King found happiness and glory in the order of things then being established. The love which was borne him by all, with the exception of those who meditated his ruin, still reigned in the hearts of the French in the departments; but if I may judge from those whom I had an opportunity of seeing, it was totally impossible to enlighten them; they were as much attached to the King as to the constitution,

and to the constitution as to the King; and it was impossible to separate the one from the other in their hearts and minds.[1]

The Court returned to Saint Cloud after the federation. A wretch, named Rotondo, made his way into the palace with the intention of assassinating the Queen. It is known that he penetrated to the inner gardens: the rain prevented her Majesty from going out on that day. M. de La Fayette, who was aware of this plot, gave all the sentinels the strictest orders, and a description of the monster

[1] Two deputies from Nantes, sent to England to cement the fraternal union between the London revolutionary club and all the friends of the French constitution, wrote the following letter:—

"From all that we have seen and known, we can assure you that the people of London are at least as enthusiastic on the subject of the French revolution as the people of France. We went yesterday to see the opera of *The Confederation of the French at the Champ de Mars.* This piece has been played daily for six weeks. The house is filled by five o'clock, though the performance does not begin till seven. When we arrived there was no room; but as soon as they heard us speak French they hastened to place us in the front of the boxes; they paid us every possible attention, and forced refreshments upon us. The first act of this opera represents the arrival of several people at Paris for the federation. The second, the works of the Champ de Mars. The third, the Confederation itself. In the second act Capuchins are seen in grenadier caps, girls are caressing abbés, the King comes in, and chops with a hatchet; everybody is at work, and singing: '*Ça ira, ça ira.*' In the third act you see the municipal officers in scarfs, the National Assembly, the national guard, officiating ministers in pontifical dresses, and priests singing. A regiment of children sing, '*Moi je suis soldat pour la patrie!*' in French and English. All this appears to us something new upon the banks of the Thames, and every verse is encored and applauded to delirium."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. iv. pp. 93, 94.

was distributed throughout the Palace by order of the general. I do not know how he was saved from punishment. The police belonging to the King discovered that there was likewise a scheme on foot for poisoning the Queen. She spoke to me, as well as to her head physician, M. Vicq-d'Azyr, about it, without the slightest emotion, but both he and I considered what precautions it would be proper to take. He relied much upon the Queen's temperance; yet he recommended me always to have a bottle of oil of sweet almonds within reach, and to renew it occasionally, that oil and milk being, as is known, the most certain antidotes to the divellications of corrosive poisons. The Queen had a habit which rendered M. Vicq-d'Azyr particularly uneasy: there was always some pounded sugar upon the table in her Majesty's bed-chamber; and she frequently, without calling anybody, put spoonfuls of it into a glass of water when she wished to drink. It was agreed that I should get a considerable quantity of sugar powdered; that I should always have some papers of it in my bag, and that three or four times a day, when alone in the Queen's room, I should substitute it for that in her sugar-basin. We knew that the Queen would have prevented all such precautions, but we were not aware of her reason. One day she caught me alone making this exchange, and told me she supposed it was agreed on between myself and M. Vicq-d'Azyr, but that I gave myself very unnecessary trouble. "Remember," added she, "that not a grain of poison will be put in use

against me. The Brinvilliers do not belong to this century: this age possesses calumny, which is a much more convenient instrument of death; and it is by that I shall perish."

Even while melancholy presentiments afflicted this unfortunate Princess, manifestations of attachment to her person, and to the King's cause, would frequently raise agreeable illusions in her mind, or present to her the affecting spectacle of tears shed for her sorrows. I was one day, during this same visit to Saint Cloud, witness of a very touching scene, which we took great care to keep secret. It was four in the afternoon; the guard was not set; there was scarcely anybody at Saint Cloud that day, and I was reading to the Queen, who was at work in a room, the balcony of which hung over the courtyard. The windows were closed, yet we heard a sort of inarticulate murmur from a great number of voices. The Queen desired me to go and see what it was; I raised the muslin curtain, and perceived more than fifty persons beneath the balcony: this group consisted of women, young and old, perfectly well dressed in the country costume, old chevaliers of Saint Louis, young knights of Malta, and a few ecclesiastics. I told the Queen it was probably an assemblage of persons residing in the neighbourhood who wished to see her. She rose, opened the window, and appeared in the balcony; immediately all these worthy people said to her, in an undertone: "Courage, Madame; good Frenchmen suffer for you, and with you; they pray for you;

ST CLOUD.

Paris, Richard Bentley and Son 1884

Heaven will hear their prayers: we love you, we respect you; we will continue to venerate our virtuous King." The Queen burst into tears, and held her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor Queen! she weeps!" said the women and young girls; but the dread of exposing her Majesty, and even the persons who showed so much affection for her, to observation, prompted me to take her hand, and prevail upon her to retire into her room; and, raising my eyes, I gave the excellent people to understand that my conduct was dictated by prudence. They comprehended me, for I heard, "*That lady is right;*" and afterwards, "*Farewell, Madame!*" from several of them; and all this in accents of feeling so true and so mournful, that I am affected at the recollection of them even after a lapse of twenty years.

A few days afterwards the insurrection of Nancy took place.[1] Only the ostensible cause is known; there was another, of which I might have been in full possession, if the great confusion I was in upon the subject had not deprived me of the power of paying attention to it: I will endeavour to make myself understood. In the early part of September the Queen, as she was going to bed, desired me to let all her people go, and to remain with her myself: when we were alone she said to me, "The King will come here at midnight. You know that he has always shown you marks of distinction; he now

[1] The insurrection of the troops at Nancy broke out in August 1790, and was put down by Maréchal de Bouillé on the last day of that month. See *Bouillé*, p. 195.

proves his confidence in you by selecting you to write down the whole affair of Nancy from his dictation. He must have several copies of it." At midnight the King came to the Queen's apartments, and said to me, smiling, "You did not expect to become my secretary, and that, too, during the night." I followed the King into the council chamber. I found there sheets of paper, an inkstand, and pens all ready prepared. He sat down by my side and dictated to me the report of the Marquis de Bouillé, which he himself copied at the same time. My hand trembled; I wrote with difficulty; my reflections scarcely left me sufficient power of attention to listen to the King. The large table, the velvet cloth, seats which ought to have been filled by none but the King's chief counsellors; what that chamber had been, and what it was at that moment, when the King was employing a woman in an office which had so little affinity with her ordinary functions; the misfortunes which had brought him to the necessity of doing so—all these ideas made such an impression upon me that when I had returned to the Queen's apartments I could not sleep for the remainder of the night, nor could I remember what I had written.

The more I saw that I had the happiness to be of some use to my employers, the more scrupulously careful was I to live entirely with my family; and I never indulged in any conversation which could betray the intimacy to which I was admitted; but nothing at Court remains long concealed, and I soon

saw I had numerous enemies. The means of injuring others in the minds of sovereigns are but too easily obtained, and they had become still more so, since the mere suspicion of communication with partizans of the Revolution was sufficient to forfeit the esteem and confidence of the King and Queen: happily my conduct protected me, with them, against calumny. I had left Saint Cloud two days, when I received at Paris a note from the Queen, containing these words: "Come to Saint Cloud immediately: I have something concerning you to communicate." I set off without loss of time. Her Majesty told me she had a sacrifice to request of me: I answered that it was made. She said it went so far as the renunciation of a friend's society; that such a renunciation was always painful, but that it must be particularly so to me; that, for her own part, it might have been very useful that a deputy, a man of talent, should be constantly received at my house; but at this moment she thought only of my welfare. The Queen then informed me that the ladies of the bedchamber had, the preceding evening, assured her that M. de Beaumetz, deputy from the nobility of Artois, who had taken his seat on the left of the Assembly, spent his whole time at my house. Perceiving on what false grounds the attempt to injure me was based, I replied respectfully, but at the same time smiling, that it was impossible for me to make the sacrifice exacted by her Majesty; that M. de Beaumetz, a man of great judgment, had not determined to cross over to the left of the Assembly

with the intention of afterwards making himself unpopular by spending his time with the Queen's first woman; and that, ever since the 1st of October 1789, I had seen him nowhere but at the play, or in the public walks, and even then without his ever coming to speak to me; that this line of conduct had appeared to me perfectly consistent: for whether he was desirous to please the popular party, or to be sought after by the Court, he could not act in any other way towards me. The Queen closed this explanation by saying, "Oh! it is clear, as clear as the day! this opportunity for trying to do you an injury is very ill chosen; but be cautious in your slightest actions; you perceive that the confidence placed in you by the King and myself raises you up powerful enemies."

The private communications which were still kept up between the Court and Mirabeau at length procured him an interview with the Queen, in the gardens of Saint Cloud.[1] He left Paris on horseback, on pretence of going into the country, to M. de Clavières, one of his friends; but he stopped at one of the gates of the gardens of Saint Cloud, and was led to a spot situated in the highest part of the private garden, where the Queen was waiting for him. She told me she accosted him by saying, "With a common enemy, with a man who had sworn to destroy monarchy without appreciating

[1] It was not in her apartments, as is asserted by M. de Lacretelle, that the Queen received Mirabeau; his person was too generally known.—*Madame Campan.*

its utility among a great people, I should at this moment be guilty of a most ill-advised step; but in speaking to a Mirabeau," etc. The poor Queen was delighted at having discovered this method of exalting him above all others of his principles; and in imparting the particulars of this interview to me she said, "Do you know that those words, 'a Mirabeau,' appeared to flatter him exceedingly." On leaving the Queen he said to her with warmth, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!"[1] It must have been soon afterwards that Mirabeau received considerable sums of money. He showed it too plainly by the increase of his expenditure. Already did some of his remarks upon the necessity of arresting the progress of the democrats circulate in society. Being once invited to meet a person at dinner who was very much attached to the Queen, he learned that that person withdrew on hearing that he was one of the guests; the party who invited him told him this with some degree of satisfaction; but all were very much astonished when they heard Mirabeau eulogise the absent guest, and declare that in his place he would have done the same; but, he added, they had only to invite that person again in a few months, and he would then dine with the restorer of the monarchy. Mirabeau forgot that it was more easy to do harm than good, and thought himself the political Atlas of the whole world.

[1] See an anecdote in Weber's *Memoirs*, vol. ii., on the subject of this interview.—*Note by the Editor.*

Outrages and mockery were incessantly mingled with the audacious proceedings of the revolutionists. It was customary to give serenades under the King's windows on New-Year's Day. The band of the national guard repaired thither on that festival in 1791; in allusion to the liquidation of the debts of the state, decreed by the Assembly, they played solely, and repeatedly, that air from the comic opera of the *Debts*, the burthen of which is, "*But our creditors are paid, and that makes us easy.*"

On the same day some *conquerors of the Bastille*, grenadiers of the Parisian guard, preceded by military music, came to present to the young Dauphin, as a New-Year's gift, a box of dominoes, made of some of the stone and marble of which that state prison was built. The Queen gave me this inauspicious curiosity, desiring me to preserve it; as it would be a curious illustration of the history of the Revolution. Upon the lid were engraved some bad verses, the purport of which was as follows, "*Stones from those walls, which enclosed the innocent victims of arbitrary power, have been converted into a toy, to be presented to you, Monseigneur, as a mark of the people's love: and to teach you their power.*"

The Queen said that M. de La Fayette's thirst for popularity induced him to lend himself, without discrimination, to all popular follies. Her distrust of the General increased daily, and grew so powerful that when, towards the end of the Revolution,

he seemed willing to support the tottering throne, she could never bring herself to incur so great an obligation to him.

M. de J——, a colonel attached to the staff of the army, was fortunate enough to render several services to the Queen, and acquitted himself with discretion and dignity of various important missions.[1] Their Majesties had the highest confidence in him, although it frequently happened that his prudence, when inconsiderate projects were under discussion, brought upon him the charge of adopting the principles of the constitutionals. Being sent to Turin, he had some difficulty in dissuading the Princes from a scheme they had formed at that period of re-entering France, with a very weak army, by way of Lyons; and when, in a council which lasted till three o'clock in the morning, he showed his instructions, and demonstrated that the measure would endanger the King; the Comte d'Artois alone declared against the plan, which emanated from the Prince de Condé.

Among the persons employed in subordinate situations, whom the critical circumstances of the times involved in affairs of importance, was M. de Goguelat, a geographical engineer at Versailles, and an excellent draughtsman. He made plans of Saint Cloud and Trianon for the Queen; she was very much pleased with them, and had the engineer

[1] During the Queen's detention in the Temple he introduced himself into that prison in the dress of a lamplighter, and there discharged his duty unrecognised.—*Madame Campan.*

admitted into the staff of the army. At the commencement of the Revolution he was sent to Count Esterhazy, at Valenciennes, in the capacity of aide-de-camp. The latter rank was given him solely to get him away from Versailles, where his rashness endangered the Queen during the earlier months of the Assembly of the States-General. Making a parade of his devotion to the King's interests, he went repeatedly to the tribunes of the Assembly, and there openly railed at all the motions of the deputies, and then returned to the Queen's antechamber, where he repeated all that he had just heard, or had had the imprudence to say. Unfortunately at the same time that the Queen sent away M. de Goguelat she still believed that, in a dangerous predicament, requiring great self-devotion, the man might be employed advantageously. In 1791 he was commissioned to act in concert with the Marquis de Bouillé in furtherance of the King's intended escape.[1]

Projectors in great numbers endeavoured to introduce themselves not only to the Queen, but to Madame Elizabeth, who had communications with many individuals who took upon themselves to make plans for the conduct of the Court. The Baron de Gilliers and M. de Vanoise were of this description; they went to the Baroness de Mackau's, where the Princess spent almost all her

[1] See the *Memoirs* of M. de Bouillé, those of the Duc de Choiseul, and the account of the journey to Varennes, by M. de Fontanges, in Weber's *Memoirs.—Note by the Editor.*

evenings. The Queen did not like these meetings, where Madame Elizabeth might adopt views in opposition to the King's intentions or her own.

The Queen gave frequent audiences to M. de La Fayette. One day, when he was in her inner closet, his aides-de-camp, who waited for him, were walking up and down the great room where the persons in attendance remained. Some imprudent young women were thoughtless enough to say, with the intention of being overheard by those officers, that it was very alarming to see the Queen alone with a rebel and a brigand. I was annoyed at their indiscretion, and imposed silence on them. One of them persisted in the appellation "brigand." I told her that M. de La Fayette well deserved the name of rebel, but that the title of leader of a party was given by history to every man commanding forty thousand men, a capital, and forty leagues of country; that kings had frequently treated with such leaders, and if it was convenient to the Queen to do the same, it remained for us only to be silent and respect her actions. On the morrow the Queen, with a serious air, but with the greatest kindness, asked what I had said respecting M. de La Fayette on the preceding day; adding that she had been assured I had enjoined her women silence, because they did not like him, and that I had taken his part. I repeated what had passed to the Queen, word for word. She condescended to tell me that I had done perfectly right.

Whenever any false reports respecting me were

conveyed to her she was kind enough to inform me of them; and they had no effect on the confidence with which she continued to honour me, and which I am happy to think I have justified even at the risk of my life.

Mesdames, the King's aunts, set out from Bellevue in the beginning of the year 1791.[1] I went to take leave of Madame Victoire.[2] I little thought

[1] Alexandre Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel, then a colonel on the staff of the army, and commandant of the national guard of Versailles, favoured the departure of Mesdames. The Jacobins of that town procured his dismissal, and he ran the greatest risk, on account of having rendered this service to these Princesses.—*Madame Campan.*

[2] The departure of Mesdames was an important event. It was an actual experiment made by the Court of the means to be taken to quit Paris. We will here relate from the memoirs of these Princesses what concerns General Berthier, and the part he took in their departure.

"A crowd of women collected at Bellevue to oppose the setting out of Mesdames. On their arrival at the Château they were told that Mesdames were no longer there, that they had gone with a suite of twenty persons. The intelligence of this departure caused a great ferment at the Palais Royal. All the clubs who were apprised of it gave orders to the leaders to put the light troops in motion. The Department of Seine and Oise came to a resolution that there were no grounds for retaining the property of Mesdames. The municipality of Versailles was charged to require the commandant of the national guard and the troops of the line to aid and assist. It was to have an understanding with the municipalities of Sèvres and Meudon to put down all obstacles. General Berthier justified the monarch's confidence by a firm and prudent line of conduct which entitled him to the highest military honours, and to the esteem of the warrior whose fortune, dangers, and glory he afterwards shared. He went to Bellevue at midnight of the day on which the order was made. As soon as the municipalities of Sèvres and Meudon were informed of his arrival at the Château they both came to a resolution by which they left the General full liberty to act for the department; but in order to leave no doubt as to their own

that I was then seeing her for the last time. She received me alone in her closet, and assured me that she hoped, as well as wished, soon to return to France; that the French would be much to be pitied if the excesses of the Revolution should arrive at such a pitch as to force her to prolong her absence. I knew from the Queen that the departure of Mesdames was deemed necessary, in order to leave the King free to act when he should be compelled to go away with his family. It being impossible that the constitution of the clergy should be otherwise than in direct opposition to the religious principles of Mesdames, they thought their journey to Rome would be attributed to piety alone. It was, however, difficult to deceive an Assembly which

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sentiments relative to Mesdames, these two municipalities made the arrangement which provided that no search should be made in either the Château or its dependencies. The posts were relieved quietly enough; but when it was necessary to send off the carriages murmurs broke out, and violent resistance was made. Part of the armed force and the unarmed mob declared that Mesdames should not go, and uttered horrible imprecations against them. A sapper of the national guard of Sèvres, an officer of the same guard, and an officer of chasseurs of the first division, distinguished themselves by formal and obstinate disobedience; several gunners, instead of keeping the refractory in awe by remaining at their guns, cut the traces of one of the carriages. Such was the impotence of the laws that General Berthier, although invested with full powers by reiterated acts of the departments and municipalities of Versailles and Meudon, could not send off the equipages. This officer, full of honour, and gifted with the highest courage, was shut into the courtyard of Bellevue by his own troop, and ran great risk of being murdered. It was not until the 14th of March that he succeeded in executing the law" (*Memoirs of Mesdames* by Montigny, vol. i.)—*Note by the Editor.*

weighed the slightest actions of the royal family, and from that moment they were more than ever alive to what was passing at the Tuileries.

Mesdames were desirous of taking Madame Elizabeth to Rome. The free exercise of religion, the happiness of taking refuge with the head of the Church, and the prospect of living in safety with her aunts, whom she tenderly loved, were sacrificed by that virtuous Princess to her attachment to the King.

The oath required of priests by the civil constitution of the clergy introduced into France a division which added to the dangers by which the King was already surrounded.[1] Mirabeau spent a whole night with the curé of Saint Eustache, confessor of the King and Queen, to persuade him to take the oath required by that constitution. Their Majesties chose another confessor, who remained unknown.

A few months afterwards (2d April 1791) the too celebrated Mirabeau, the mercenary democrat and venal royalist, terminated his career. The Queen regretted him, and was astonished at her own regret; but she had hoped that he who had possessed adroitness and weight enough to throw everything into confusion would have been able by

[1] The priests were required to swear to the civil constitution of the clergy of 1790, by which all the former bishoprics and parishes were remodelled, and the priests and bishops elected by the people. Most refused, and under the name of *prêtres insermentés* (as opposed to the few who took the oath, *prêtres assermentés*) were bitterly persecuted. A simple promise to obey the constitution of the State was substituted by Napoleon as soon as he came to power.

the same means to repair the mischief he had caused. Much has been said respecting the cause of Mirabeau's death. M. Cabanis, his friend and physician, denied that he was poisoned. M. Vicq-d'Azyr assured the Queen that the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the state of the intestines would apply just as well to a case of death produced by violent remedies as to one produced by poison. He said, also, that the report had been faithful; but that it was prudent to conclude it by a declaration of natural death, since, in the critical state in which France then was, if a suspicion of foul play were admitted, a person innocent of any such crime might be sacrificed to public vengeance.

ANNEX TO CHAPTER VI.

A FULL report of the proceedings taken by the National Assembly after the departure of the King's aunts will be found in Montigny's *Mémoires des Mesdames*, tome i., from which the following account is somewhat condensed.

THE FLIGHT OF MESDAMES.

The King informed the Assembly of the departure of his aunts, which caused much excitement in Paris, in the following letter:—

"Gentlemen,—Having learned that the National Assembly had referred a question arising upon a journey intended by my aunts to the committee for matters concerning the constitution, I think it right to inform the Assembly that I was this morning apprised of their departure at ten o'clock last night. As I am persuaded they could not be deprived of the liberty, which every one possesses of going wherever he chooses, I felt that I neither ought to, nor could, offer any obstacle to their setting off, although I witness their separation from me with much regret.

(Signed) "LOUIS."

The two parties which divided the Assembly were in the highest state of excitement when intelligence was received that Mesdames had been stopped by the municipality of Moret. It was at the same time announced that they had been liberated by the chasseurs of Lorraine. It was known that individuals had preceded Mesdames, spreading among the people the reports with which the newspapers were filled by the conspirators. They

scattered handfuls of money among the most brutalised men, as most likely to plunge into the greatest excesses; consequently the lives of Mesdames were in imminent danger. One scoundrel, who grossly insulted the Princesses, talked of hanging them up to a street lamp. The money lavished by the persons unknown was not furnished by the Duc d'Orléans; his finances were then exhausted—it was English money.[1] The Parliament granted the Minister all the supplies he asked for, and dispensed with any account from him. The purpose served by these funds is no longer problematical.

The Assembly soon received the following *procès-verbal* from the municipality of Moret:—"On the 20th of February 1791 certain carriages attended by a retinue, and escorted in a manner announcing rank, appeared at Moret. The municipal officers, who had heard of the departure of Mesdames, and of the uneasiness it had occasioned in Paris, stopped these carriages, and would not suffer them to pass until they should have exhibited their passports. They produced two—one was from the King, and countersigned *Montmorin*, to go to Rome; the other was a declaration from the municipality of Paris, acknowledging that it possessed no right to prevent these *citoyennes* from travelling in such parts of the kingdom as they should think fit. The municipal officers of Moret, on inspection of these two passports, between which they think they see some contradiction, are disposed to believe that it is their duty to consult the National Assembly, and to await the answer of that body with Mesdames; but while they are hesitating as to the course they are to pursue, certain chasseurs of the regiment of Lorraine come up, with arms in their hands, and by force open the gates to Mesdames, who proceed on their way."

The reading of this *procès-verbal* was hardly ended when the ex-director Rewbell exhibited great surprise. How could the Minister for Foreign Affairs have signed a passport when he was well aware that their departure had been the ground for demanding a new decree, which the committee for affairs concerning the constitution was drawing up? As everything was a *scandal* and a *reproach* in that impious age, the speaker said it was *scan-*

[1] This statement hardly requires refutation.—*Note by the Editor.*

dalous that the chasseurs of Lorraine should have so conducted themselves. "*If such acts of violence*," said he, in conclusion, "*are permitted to remain unpunished, the belief that we have a constitution is a strange illusion: no, there are no laws, and we live under the dominion of the sword.*" Being compelled to defend himself, the Minister at War declared that he had given no orders to the chasseurs of Lorraine; and that, after all, they had done nothing in the affair. The decree passed upon Rewbell's motion was supported by the Duc d'Aiguillon, and it was found, from M. de Ségur's letter, *that they were chasseurs of Hagueneau, and not chasseurs of Lorraine, who had had the honour of forming the escort of Mesdames at Fontainebleau and Moret.* This letter, which was signed by M. de Ségur, was inserted in the journals at his own request. He prided himself upon having given the order. "*The ancient ordinances are not abrogated*," said the colonel of the chasseurs of Hagueneau, and not of Lorraine; "*the officer commanding did no more than conform to them, and if he did enter the town armed, it was but in observance of the custom among soldiers to pay that mark of respect to cities.*"

Still M. de Montmorin could not avoid justifying himself. He did it triumphantly by the following letter :—

"M. le President—I have just learned that, upon the reading of the *procès-verbal* sent by the municipality of Moret, some members of the Assembly appeared astonished at my having countersigned the passport given to Mesdames by the King. If this circumstance requires explanation, I entreat the Assembly to reflect that the opinion of the King and his Ministers upon the point is sufficiently well known. This passport would be a permission to quit the kingdom if any law forbade the passing of its limits; but no such law ever existed. Down to the present moment a passport is to be looked upon as merely an attestation of the quality of the persons who bear it. In this light it was impossible to refuse one to Mesdames; either their journey must be opposed or their possible arrest by a municipality to which they were unknown must be prevented. There were ancient laws against emigration; they had fallen into disuse, and the principles of liberty, established by the decrees of the Assembly, had wholly abrogated them. These, sir, are the grounds upon which I coun-

tersigned the passports granted to Mesdames. I request you will have the kindness to communicate them to the Assembly, on whose justice I shall always rely with the utmost confidence."

The fate of Mesdames depended on the resolution to which the National Assembly was about to come; the two parties were ready, and well prepared. The Abbé Maury, whose merit has placed him at the head of Catholicism, was eager for the honour of being the first to speak. He eulogised the principles of order, without which no government can subsist, and there can be neither peace nor prosperity for the people. Several orators spoke, and all of them acknowledged that there was no law which forbade the departure of Mesdames. But an unknown member, remarkable only for his gigantic form and his strength of voice, rose and roared out—"You profess that no law exists, and I maintain that a law does exist—it is the safety of the people." General Menou put an end to the debate by one of those caustic observations which seldom fail to take effect when they are happily introduced, that is to say, when the audience begin to be tired by the discussion. "Europe," said he, "will be greatly astonished, no doubt, on hearing that the National Assembly spent four hours in deliberating upon the departure of two ladies who preferred hearing mass at Rome rather than at Paris." The debate was thus terminated, and the decree, conformably to the opinion of Mirabeau, was as follows:—

"The National Assembly, inasmuch as there exists no law of the realm to forbid the free journeying of Mesdames, the King's aunts, declares that there is no ground for deliberating on it, and refers the matter to the executive power."

CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for the Journey to Varennes—The Queen watched and betrayed—Madame Campan's departure for Auvergne precedes that of the royal family for Versailles—Madame Campan hears of the King's arrest—Note written to her by the Queen immediately upon her return to Paris—Anecdotes—Measures taken for keeping the King at the Tuileries—Barnave gains the esteem and confidence of Marie Antoinette during the return from Varennes—His honourable and respectful conduct—She contrasts it with that of Pétion—Bravery of Barnave—His advice to the Queen—Particulars respecting the Varennes journey.

In the beginning of the spring of 1791 the King, tired of remaining at the Tuileries, wished to return to Saint Cloud. His whole household had already gone, and his dinner was prepared there. He got into his carriage at one; the guard mutinied, shut the gates, and declared they would not let him pass. This event certainly proceeded from some suspicion of a plan for escape. Two persons who drew near the King's carriage were very ill treated. My father-in-law was violently laid hold of by the guards, who took his sword from him. The King and his family were obliged to alight and return to their apartments. They did not much regret this outrage in their hearts; they saw in it a justification,

even in the eyes of the people, of their intention to leave Paris.

So early as the month of March in the same year the Queen began to busy herself in preparing for her departure. I spent that month with her, and executed a great number of secret orders which she gave me respecting the intended event. It was with uneasiness that I saw her occupied with cares which seemed to me useless, and even dangerous, and I remarked to her that the Queen of France would find linen and gowns everywhere. My observations were made in vain; she determined to have a complete wardrobe with her at Brussels, as well for her children as herself. I went out alone and almost disguised to purchase the articles necessary and have them made up.

I ordered six chemises at the shop of one seamstress, six at that of another, gowns, combing cloths, etc. My sister had a complete set of clothes made for Madame, by the measure of her eldest daughter, and I ordered clothes for the Dauphin from those of my son. I filled a trunk with these things, and addressed them, by the Queen's orders, to one of her women, my aunt, Madame Cardon—a widow living at Arras, by virtue of an unlimited leave of absence—in order that she might be ready to start for Brussels, or any other place, as soon as she should be directed to do so. This lady had landed property in Austrian Flanders, and could at any time quit Arras unobserved.

The Queen was to take only her first woman in

attendance with her from Paris. She apprised me that if I should not be on duty at the moment of departure, she would make arrangements for my joining her. She determined also to take her travelling dressing-case. She consulted me on her idea of sending it off, under pretence of making a present of it to the Archduchess Christina, Gouvernante of the Netherlands. I ventured to oppose this plan strongly, and observed that, amidst so many people who watched her slightest actions, there would be found a sufficient number sharp-sighted enough to discover that it was only a pretext for sending away the property in question before her own departure; she persisted in her intention, and all I could arrange was that the dressing-case should not be removed from her apartment, and that M. de ——, *chargé d'affaires* from the Court of Vienna during the absence of the Comte de Mercy, should come and ask her at her toilette, before all her people, to order one exactly like her own for Madame the Gouvernante of the Netherlands. The Queen, therefore, commanded me before the *chargé d'affaires* to order the article in question. This occasioned only an expense of five hundred louis, and appeared calculated to lull suspicion completely.

About the middle of May 1791, a month after the Queen had ordered me to bespeak the dressing-case, she asked me whether it would soon be finished. I sent for the ivory-turner who had it in hand. He could not complete it for six weeks.

I informed the Queen of this, and she told me she should not be able to wait for it, as she was to set out in the course of June. She added that, as she had ordered her sister's dressing-case in the presence of all her attendants, she had taken a sufficient precaution, especially by saying that her sister was out of patience at not receiving it, and that therefore her own must be emptied and cleaned, and taken to the *chargé d'affaires*, who would send it off. I executed this order without any appearance of mystery. I desired the wardrobe woman to take out of the dressing-case all that it contained, because that intended for the Archduchess could not be finished for some time; and to take great care to leave no remains of the perfumes which might not suit that Princess.

The woman in question executed her commission punctually; but, on the evening of that very day, the 15th of May 1791, she informed M. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, that preparations were making at the Queen's residence for a departure; and that the dressing-case was already sent off, under pretence of its being presented to the Archduchess Christina.[1]

It was necessary, likewise, to send off the whole of the diamonds belonging to the Queen. Her Majesty shut herself up with me in a closet in the *entresol*, looking into the garden of the Tuileries, and we packed all the diamonds, rubies, and pearls she possessed in a small chest. The cases contain-

[1] After the return from Varennes M. Bailly put this woman's deposition into the Queen's hands.—*Madame Campan.*

ing these ornaments, being altogether of considerable bulk, had been deposited, ever since the 6th of October 1789, with the *valet de chambre* who had the care of the Queen's jewels. That faithful servant, himself detecting the use that was to be made of the valuables, destroyed all the boxes, which were, as usual, covered with red morocco, marked with the cipher and arms of France. It would have been impossible for him to hide them from the eyes of the popular inquisitors during the domiciliary visits in January 1793, and the discovery might have formed a ground of accusation against the Queen.

I had but a few articles to place in the box when the Queen was compelled to desist from packing it, being obliged to go down to cards, which began at seven precisely. She therefore desired me to leave all the diamonds upon the sofa, persuaded that, as she took the key of her closet herself, and there was a sentinel under the window, no danger was to be apprehended for that night, and she reckoned upon returning very early next day to finish the work.

The same woman who had given information of the sending away of the dressing-case was also deputed by the Queen to take care of her more private rooms. No other servant was permitted to enter them; she renewed the flowers, swept the carpets, etc. The Queen received back the key, when the woman had finished putting them in order, from her own hands; but, desirous of doing her

duty well, and sometimes having the key in her possession for a few minutes only, she had probably on that account ordered one without the Queen's knowledge. It is impossible not to believe this, since the despatch of the diamonds was the subject of a second accusation which the Queen heard of after the return from Varennes. She made a formal declaration that her Majesty, with the assistance of Madame Campan, had packed up the whole of her jewellery some time before the departure; that she was certain of it, as she had found the diamonds, and the cotton which served to wrap them, scattered upon the sofa in the Queen's closet in the *entresol*, and most assuredly she could only have seen these preparations in the interval between seven in the evening and seven in the morning. The Queen having met me next day, at the time appointed, the box was handed over to Léonard, her Majesty's hairdresser, who left the country with the Duc de Choiseul.[1] The box remained a long time at Brussels, and at length got into the hands of Madame the Duchesse d'Angoulême, being delivered to her by the Emperor on her arrival at Vienna.

In order not to leave out any of the Queen's diamonds, I requested the first tirewoman to give me the body of the full dress, and all the assortment which served for the stomacher of the full dress on

[1] This unfortunate man, after having emigrated for some time, returned to France, and perished upon the scaffold.—*Note by the Editor.*

days of state, articles which always remained at the wardrobe.

The superintendant and the *dame d'honneur* being absent, the first tirewoman required me to sign a receipt, the terms of which she dictated, and which acquitted her of all responsibility for these diamonds. She had the prudence to burn this document on the 10th of August 1792.[1] The Queen having determined, upon the arrest at Varennes, not to have her diamonds brought back to France, was often anxious about them during the year which elapsed between that period and the 10th of August, and dreaded above all things that such a secret should be discovered.

In consequence of a decree of the Assembly, which deprived the King of the custody of the crown diamonds, the Queen had at this time already given up those which she generally used.

She preferred the twelve brilliants called *Mazarins*, from the name of the Cardinal who had enriched the treasury with them, a few rose-cut diamonds, and the *Sançi*. She determined to deliver, with her own hands, the box containing them to the commissioner nominated by the National Assembly to place them with the crown diamonds. After giving them to him, she offered him a row of pearls of great beauty, saying to him, "that it had been brought into France by Anne of Austria; that it was invaluable, on account of its rarity; that

[1] The sack of the Tuileries and slaughter of the Swiss guard.

having been appropriated by that Princess to the use of the Queens and Dauphinesses, Louis XV. had placed it in her hands on her arrival in France; but that she considered it national property."—"That is an open question, Madame," said the commissary.—"Sir," replied the Queen, "it is one for me to decide, and is now settled."

My father-in-law, who was dying of the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his master and mistress, strongly interested and occupied the thoughts of the Queen. He had been saved from the fury of the populace in the courtyard of the Tuileries.

On the day on which the King was compelled by an insurrection to give up a journey to Saint Cloud, her Majesty looked upon this trusty servant as inevitably lost, if, on going away, she should leave him in the apartment he occupied in the Tuileries. Prompted by her apprehensions, she ordered M. Vicq-d'Azyr, her physician, to recommend him the waters of Mont d'Or in Auvergne, and to persuade him to set off at the latter end of May. At the moment of my going away the Queen assured me that the grand project would be executed between the 15th and the 20th of June; that as it was not my month to be on duty, Madame Thibaut would take the journey; but that she had many directions to give me before I went. She then desired me to write to my aunt, Madame Cardon, who was by that time in possession of the clothes which I had ordered, that as soon as she should receive a letter from M. Auguié, the date of

which should be accompanied with a B, an L, or an M, she was to proceed with her property to Brussels, Luxembourg, or Montmédy. She desired me to explain the meaning of these three letters clearly to my sister, and to leave them with her in writing, in order that at the moment of my going away she might be able to take my place in writing to Arras.

The Queen had a more delicate commission for me; it was to select from among my acquaintance a prudent person of obscure rank, wholly devoted to the interests of the Court, who would be willing to receive a portfolio which she was to give up only to me, or some one furnished with a note from the Queen. She added that she would not travel with this portfolio, and that it was of the utmost importance that my opinion of the fidelity of the person to whom it was to be entrusted should be well founded. I proposed to her Madame Vallayer Coster, a painter of the Academy, and an amiable and worthy artist, whom I had known from my infancy. She lived in the galleries of the Louvre. The choice seemed a good one. The Queen remembered that she had made her marriage by giving her a place in the financial offices, and added that gratitude ought sometimes to be reckoned on. She then pointed out to me the valet belonging to her toilette, whom I was to take with me, to show him the residence of Madame Coster, so that he might not mistake it when he should take the portfolio to her. The day before her departure the Queen particularly recom-

mended me to proceed to Lyons and the frontiers as soon as she should have started. She advised me to take with me a confidential person, fit to remain with M. Campan when I should leave him, and assured me that she would give orders to M. —— to set off as soon as she should be known to be at the frontiers in order to protect me in going out. She condescended to add that having a long journey to make in foreign countries she determined to give me three hundred louis.

I bathed the Queen's hands with tears at the moment of this sorrowful separation; and having money at my disposal I declined accepting her gold. I did not dread the road I had to travel in order to rejoin her; all my apprehension was that by treachery or miscalculation a scheme, the safety of which was not sufficiently clear to me, should fail. I could answer for all those who belonged to the service immediately about the Queen's person, and I was right; but her wardrobe woman gave me well-founded reason for alarm. I mentioned to the Queen many revolutionary remarks which this woman had made to me a few days before. Her office was directly under the control of the first *femme de chambre*, yet she had refused to obey the directions I gave her, talking insolently to me about *hierarchy overturned, equality among men*, of course more especially among persons holding offices at Court; and this jargon, at that time in the mouths of all the partisans of the Revolution, was terminated by an observation which frightened me. "You

know many important secrets, madame," said this woman to me, "and I have guessed quite as many. I am not a fool; I see all that is going forward here in consequence of the bad advice given to the King and Queen; I could frustrate it all if I chose." This argument, in which I had been promptly silenced, left me pale and trembling. Unfortunately as I began my narrative to the Queen with particulars of this woman's refusal to obey me, and sovereigns are all their lives importuned with complaints upon the rights of places, she believed that my own dissatisfaction had much to do with the step I was taking; and she did not sufficiently fear the woman. Her office, although a very inferior one, brought her in nearly fifteen thousand francs a year. Still young, tolerably handsome, with comfortable apartments in the *entresols* of the Tuileries, she saw a great deal of company, and in the evening had assemblies, consisting of deputies of the revolutionary party. M. de Gouvion, major-general of the national guard, passed almost every day with her; and it is to be presumed that she had long worked for the party in opposition to the Court. The Queen asked her for the key of a door which led to the principal vestibule of the Tuileries, telling her she wished to have a similar one, that she might not be under the necessity of going out through the pavilion of Flora. M. de Gouvion and M. de La Fayette would, of course, be apprised of this circumstance, and well-informed persons have assured me that on the very night of the Queen's departure

this wretched woman had a spy with her, who saw the royal family set off.

As for myself, after I had executed all the Queen's orders, on the 30th of May 1791 I set out for Auvergne. I was settled in the gloomy narrow valley of Mont d'Or, when, about four in the afternoon of the 25th of June, I heard the beat of a drum to call the inhabitants of the hamlet together. When it had ceased I heard a hairdresser from Bresse proclaim in the provincial dialect of Auvergne: "The King and Queen were taking flight in order to ruin France, but I come to tell you that they are stopped, and are well guarded by a hundred thousand men under arms." I still ventured to hope that he was repeating only a false report, but he went on: "The Queen, with her well-known haughtiness, lifted up the veil which covered her face, and said to the citizens who were upbraiding the King, '*Well, since you recognise your sovereign, respect him.*'" Upon hearing these expressions, which the Jacobin club of Clermont could not have invented, I exclaimed, "*The news is true!*"

I immediately learnt that a courier being come from Paris to Clermont, the *procureur* of the commune had sent off messengers to the chief places of the canton; these again sent couriers to the districts, and the districts in like manner informed the villages and hamlets which they contained. It was through this ramification, arising from the establishment of clubs, that the afflicting intelligence of the misfortune of my sovereigns reached me in the wildest

part of France, and in the midst of the snows by which we were environed.

On the 28th I received a note written in a hand which I recognised as that of M. Diet,[1] usher of the Queen's chamber, but dictated by her Majesty. It contained these words: "I am this moment arrived; I have just got into my bath; I and my family exist, that is all. I have suffered much. Do not return to Paris until I desire you. Take good care of my poor Campan, soothe his sorrow. Look for happier times."

This note was for greater safety addressed to my father-in-law's *valet de chambre.* What were my feelings on perceiving that after the most distressing crisis we were among the first objects of the kindness of that unfortunate Princess!

M. Campan having been unable to use the waters of Mont d'Or, and the first popular effervescence having subsided, I thought I might return to Clermont. The committee of surveillance, or that of general safety, had resolved to arrest me there; but the Abbé Louis, formerly a parliamentary counsellor, and then a member of the Constituent Assembly, was kind enough to affirm that I was in Auvergne solely for the purpose of attending my father-in-law, who was extremely ill. The precautions relative to my absence from Paris were limited to placing us under the surveillance of the *procureur* of the commune, who was at the same

[1] This officer was massacred in the Queen's chamber on the 10th of August 1792.—*Madame Campan.*

time president of the Jacobin club; but he was also a physician of repute, and without having any doubt that he had received secret orders relative to me, I thought it would favour our quiet if I selected him to attend my patient. I paid him according to the rate given to the best Paris physicians, and I requested him to visit us every morning and every evening. I took the precaution to subscribe to no other newspaper than the *Moniteur*. Doctor Monestier (for that was the physician's name) frequently took upon himself to read it to us. Whenever he thought proper to speak of the King and Queen in the insulting and brutal terms at that time unfortunately adopted throughout France, I used to stop him and say coolly, "Sir, you are here in company with the servants of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Whatever may be the wrongs with which the nation believes it has to reproach them, our principles forbid our losing sight of the respect due to them from us." Notwithstanding that he was an inveterate patriot he felt the force of this remark, and even procured the revocation of a second order for our arrest, becoming responsible for us to the committee of the Assembly, and to the Jacobin society.

The two chief women about the Dauphin, who had accompanied the Queen to Varennes, Diet her usher, and Camot her *garçon de toilette*—the females on account of the journey, and the men in consequence of the denunciation of the woman belonging to the wardrobe—were sent to the prisons of the

Abbaye. After my departure the *garçon de toilette* whom I had taken to Madame Vallayer Coster's was sent there with the portfolio she had agreed to receive. This commission could not escape the detestable spy upon the Queen. She gave information that a portfolio had been carried out on the evening of the departure, adding that the King had placed it upon the Queen's easy-chair, that the *garçon de toilette* wrapped it up in a napkin and took it under his arm, and that she did not know where he had carried it. The man, who was remarkable for his fidelity, underwent three examinations without making the slightest disclosure. M. Diet, a man of good family, a servant on whom the Queen placed particular reliance, likewise experienced the severest treatment. At length, after a lapse of three weeks, the Queen succeeded in obtaining the release of her servants.

The Queen, about the 15th of August, had me informed by letter that I might come back to Paris without being under any apprehension of arrest there, and that she greatly desired my return. I brought my father-in-law back in a dying state, and on the day preceding that of the acceptation of the constitutional act, I informed the Queen that he was no more. "The loss of Lassonne and Campan," said she, as she applied her handkerchief to her streaming eyes, "has taught me how valuable such subjects are to their masters. I shall never find their equals."

I resumed my functions about the Queen on the

1st of September 1791. She was unable then to converse with me on all the lamentable events which had occurred since the time of my leaving her, having on guard near her an officer whom she dreaded more than all the others. She merely told me that I should have some secret services to perform for her, and that she would not create uneasiness by long conversations with me, my return being a subject of suspicion. But next day the Queen, well knowing the discretion of the officer who was to be on guard that night, had my bed placed very near hers, and having obtained the favour of having the door shut, when I was in bed she began the narrative of the journey, and the unfortunate arrest at Varennes. I asked her permission to put on my gown, and kneeling by her bedside I remained until three o'clock in the morning, listening with the liveliest and most sorrowful interest to the account I am about to repeat, and of which I have seen various details, of tolerable exactness, in papers of the time.

The King entrusted the Comte de Fersen with all the preparations for departure. The carriage was ordered by him; the passport, in the name of Madame de Korf, was procured through his connection with that lady, who was a foreigner. And lastly, he himself drove the royal family, as their coachman, as far as Bondy, where the travellers got into their berlin. Madame Brunier and Madame Neuville, the first women of Madame and the Dauphin, there joined the principal carriage. They

were in a cabriolet. Monsieur and Madame set out from the Luxembourg and took another road. They as well as the King were recognised by the master of the last post in France; but this man, devoting himself to the fortune of the Prince, left the French territory, and drove them himself as postilion. Madame Thibaut, the Queen's first woman, reached Brussels without the slightest difficulty. Madame Cardon, from Arras, met with no hindrance; and Léonard, the Queen's hairdresser, passed through Varennes a few hours before the royal family. Fate had reserved all its obstacles for the unfortunate monarch.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the beginning of the journey. The travellers were detained a short time, about twelve leagues from Paris, by some repairs which the carriage required. The King chose to walk up one of the hills, and there two circumstances caused a delay of three hours, precisely at the time when it was intended that the berlin should have been met, just before reaching Varennes, by the detachment commanded by M. de Goguelat. This detachment was punctually stationed upon the spot fixed on, with orders to wait there for the arrival of certain treasure, which it was to escort; but the peasantry of the neighbourhood, alarmed at the sight of this body of troops, came armed with staves, and asked several questions, which manifested their anxiety. M. de Goguelat, fearful of causing a riot, and not finding the carriage arrive as he expected, divided his men into two

companies, and unfortunately made them leave the highway in order to return to Varennes by two cross roads.[1] The King looked out of the carriage at Sainte Menehould, and asked several questions concerning the road. Drouet, the postmaster, struck by the resemblance of Louis to the impression of his head upon the assignats, drew near the carriage, felt convinced that he recognised the Queen also, and that the remainder of the travellers consisted of the royal family and their suite, mounted his horse, reached Varennes by cross roads before the royal fugitives, and gave the alarm.[2]

The Queen began to feel all the agonies of terror; they were augmented by the voice of a person unknown, who, passing close to the carriage in full gallop, cried out, bending towards the window without slackening his speed, "You are recognised!" They arrived with beating hearts at the gates of Varennes without meeting one of the horsemen by whom they were to have been escorted into the place. They were ignorant where to find their relays, and some minutes were lost in waiting, to no purpose. The cabriolet had preceded them, and the two ladies in attendance found the bridge already blocked up with old carts and lumber. The town

[1] Madame Campan here attributes to M. de Goguelat the steps taken by the Duc de Choiseul, the motives for which he explains in his *Memoirs*, p. 84.—*Note by the Editor.*

[2] Varennes lies between Verdun and Montmédy, and not far from the French frontier.

guards were all under arms. The King at last entered Varennes. M. de Goguelat had arrived there with his detachment. He came up to the King and asked him *if he chose to effect a passage by force!* What an unlucky question to put to Louis XVI., who from the very beginning of the Revolution had shown in every crisis the fear he entertained of giving the least order which might cause an effusion of blood! "Would it be a brisk action?" said the King. "It is impossible that it should be otherwise, Sire," replied the aide-de-camp. Louis XVI. was unwilling to expose his family. They therefore went to the house of a grocer, Mayor of Varennes. The King began to speak, and gave a summary of his intentions in departing, analogous to the declaration he had made at Paris. He spoke with warmth and affability, and endeavoured to demonstrate to the people around him that he had only put himself, by the step he had taken, into a fit situation to treat with the Assembly, and to sanction with freedom the constitution which he would maintain, though many of its articles were incompatible with the dignity of the throne, and the force by which it was necessary that the sovereign should be surrounded. Nothing could be more affecting, added the Queen, than this moment, in which the King communicated to the very humblest class of his subjects his principles, his wishes for the happiness of his people, and the motives which had determined him to depart.

Whilst the King was speaking to this mayor,

whose name was Sauce, the Queen, seated at the farther end of the shop, among parcels of soap and candles, endeavoured to make Madame Sauce understand that if she would prevail upon her husband to make use of his municipal authority to cover the flight of the King and his family, she would have the glory of having contributed to restore tranquillity to France. This woman was moved; she could not, without streaming eyes, see herself thus solicited by her Queen; but she could not be got to say anything more than, "Bon Dieu, Madame, it would be the destruction of M. Sauce; I love my King, but I love my husband too, you must know, and he would be answerable, you see." Whilst this strange scene was passing in the shop, the people, hearing that the King was arrested, kept pouring in from all parts. M. de Goguelat, making a last effort, demanded of the dragoons whether they would protect the departure of the King; they replied only by murmurs, dropping the points of their swords. Some person unknown fired a pistol at M. de Goguelat; he was slightly wounded by the ball. M. Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de La Fayette, arrived at that moment. He had been chosen, after the 6th of October 1789, by the commander of the Parisian guard to be in constant attendance about the Queen. She reproached him bitterly with the object of his mission. "If you wish to make your name remarkable, sir," said the Queen to him, "you have chosen strange and odious means, which will produce the most fatal conse-

quences." This officer wished to hasten their departure. The Queen, still cherishing the hope of seeing M. de Bouillé arrive with a sufficient force to extricate the King from his critical situation, prolonged her stay at Varennes by every means in her power.

The Dauphin's first woman pretended to be taken ill with a violent colic, and threw herself upon a bed, in the hope of aiding the designs of her superiors; she wept and implored for assistance. The Queen understood her perfectly well, and refused to leave one who had devoted herself to follow them in such a state of suffering. But no delay in departing was allowed. The three Body Guards (Valory, Du Moustier, and Malden) were gagged and fastened upon the seat of the carriage.

A horde of national guards, animated with fury, and the barbarous joy with which their fatal triumph inspired them, surrounded the carriage of the royal family.

The three commissioners sent by the Assembly to meet the King, MM. de Latour-Maubourg, Barnave, and Pétion joined them in the environs of Epernay. The two last mentioned got into the King's carriage. The Queen astonished me by the favourable opinion she had formed of Barnave. When I quitted Paris a great many persons spoke of him only with horror. She told me he was much altered, that he was full of talent and noble feeling. "A feeling of pride which I cannot much blame in a young man belonging to the *tiers-état*," she said,

"made him applaud everything which smoothed the road to rank and fame for that class in which he was born. And if we get the power in our own hands again, Barnave's pardon is already written on our hearts." The Queen added, that she had not the same feeling towards those nobles who had joined the revolutionary party, who had always received marks of favour, often to the injury of those beneath them in rank, and who, born to be the safeguard of the monarchy, could never be pardoned for having deserted it. She then told me that Barnave's conduct upon the road was perfectly correct, while Pétion's republican rudeness was disgusting; that the latter ate and drank in the King's berlin in a slovenly manner, throwing the bones of the fowls out through the window at the risk of sending them even into the King's face; lifting up his glass, when Madame Elizabeth poured him out wine, to show her that there was enough, without saying a word; that this offensive behaviour must have been intentional, because the man was not without education; and that Barnave was hurt at it. On being pressed by the Queen to take something — "Madame," replied Barnave, "on so solemn an occasion the deputies of the National Assembly ought to occupy your Majesties solely about their mission, and by no means about their wants." In short, his respectful delicacy, his considerate attentions, and all that he said, gained the esteem not only of the Queen but of Madame Elizabeth also.

The King began to talk to Pétion about the

situation of France, and the motives of his conduct, which were founded upon the necessity of giving to the executive power a strength necessary for its action, for the good even of the constitutional act, since France could not be a republic. "Not yet, 'tis true," replied Pétion, "because the French are not ripe enough for that." This audacious and cruel answer silenced the King, who said no more until his arrival at Paris. Pétion held the little Dauphin upon his knees, and amused himself with curling the beautiful light hair of the interesting child round his fingers; and, as he spoke with much gesticulation, he pulled his locks hard enough to make the Dauphin cry out. "Give me my son," said the Queen to him, "he is accustomed to tenderness and delicacy, which render him little fit for such familiarity."

The Chevalier de Dampierre was killed near the King's carriage upon leaving Varennes. A poor village curé, some leagues from the place where the crime was committed, was imprudent enough to draw near to speak to the King; the cannibals who surrounded the carriage rushed upon him. "Tigers," exclaimed Barnave, "have you ceased to be Frenchmen? Nation of brave men, are you become a set of assassins?" These words alone saved the curé, who was already upon the ground, from certain death. Barnave, as he spoke to them, threw himself almost out of the coach window, and Madame Elizabeth, affected by this noble burst of feeling, held him by the skirt of his coat. The Queen, while

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speaking of this event, said that on the most momentous occasions whimsical contrasts always struck her, and that even at such a moment the pious Elizabeth holding Barnave by the flap of his coat was a ludicrous sight. The deputy was astonished in another way. Madame Elizabeth's comments upon the state of France, her mild and persuasive eloquence, and the ease and simplicity with which she talked to him, yet without sacrificing her dignity in the slightest degree, appeared to him celestial, and his heart, which was doubtless inclined to right principles though he had followed the wrong path, was overcome by admiration. The conduct of the two deputies convinced the Queen of the total separation between the republican and constitutional parties. At the inns where she alighted she had some private conversation with Barnave. The latter said a great deal about the errors committed by the royalists during the Revolution, adding that he had found the interest of the Court so feebly and so badly defended that he had been frequently tempted to go and offer it, in himself, a courageous wrestler, who knew the spirit of the age and nation. The Queen asked him what was the weapon he would have recommended her to use. "Popularity, Madame."—"And how could I use that," replied her Majesty, "of which I had been deprived?"—"Ah! Madame, it was much more easy for you to regain it, than for me to acquire it."

The Queen mainly attributed the arrest at Varennes to M. de Goguelat; she said he calculated

the time that would be spent in the journey erroneously. He performed that from Montmédy to Paris before taking the King's last orders, alone in a post-chaise, and he founded all his calculations upon the time he spent thus. The trial has been made since, and it was found that a light carriage without any courier was nearly three hours less in running the distance than a heavy carriage preceded by a courier.[1]

The Queen also blamed him for having quitted the high road at Pont-de-Sommevelle, where the carriage was to meet the forty hussars commanded by him. She thought that he ought to have dispersed the very small number of people at Varennes, and not have asked the hussars whether they were for the King or the nation; that, particularly, he ought to have avoided taking the King's orders, as he was aware of the reply M. d'Inisdal had received when it was proposed to carry off the King.

After all that the Queen had said to me respecting the mistakes made by M. de Goguelat, I thought him of course disgraced. What was my surprise

[1] The affair of Varennes, the event of the Revolution which it is the more important to clear up because it was one of the most decisive, has given birth to a mass of accounts which contradict or corroborate one another, but all of which have their own interest. The accounts of the Marquis de Bouillé, of M. de Fontanges (*Mémoires de Weber*), of M. le Duc de Choiseul, have already appeared in the *Collection des Mémoires sur la Révolution.* The second volume of that collection contains also the private memoirs of M. le Comte Louis, afterwards Marquis de Bouillé, and the accounts of the Comtes de Raigecourt, de Damas, and de Valory, who have all been actors or witnesses in this historical scene.—*Note by the Editor.*

when, having been set at liberty after the amnesty which followed the acceptance of the constitution, he presented himself to the Queen, and was received with the greatest kindness. She said he had done what he could, and that his zeal ought to form an excuse for all the rest.[1]

When the royal family was brought back from Varennes to the Tuileries, the Queen's attendants found the greatest difficulty in making their way to her apartments; everything had been arranged so that the wardrobe woman, who had acted as spy, should have the service; and she was to be assisted in it only by her sister and her sister's daughter.

M. de Gouvion, M. de La Fayette's aide-de-

[1] Full details of the preparations for the flight to Varennes will be found in *Le Comte de Fersen et La Cour de France*, Paris, Didot et Cie, 1878 (a review of which was given in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1880), and in the *Memoirs of the Marquis de Bouillé*, London, Cadell and Davis, 1797; the Comte de Fersen being the person who planned the actual escape, and de Bouillé being in command of the army which was to receive the King. The plan was excellent, and would certainly have succeeded, if it had not been for the royal family themselves. Marie Antoinette, it will have been seen by Madame Campan's account, nearly wrecked the plan from inability to do without a large dressing or travelling case. The King did a more fatal thing. De Bouillé had pointed out the necessity for having in the King's carriage an officer knowing the route, and able to show himself to give all directions, and a proper person had been provided. The King, however, objected, as "he could not have the Marquis d'Agoult in the same carriage with himself; the governess of the royal children, who was to accompany them having refused to abandon her privilege of constantly remaining with her charge." See *Bouillé*, pp. 307 and 334. Thus, when Louis was recognised at the window of the carriage by Drouet, he was lost by the very danger that had been foreseen, and this wretched piece of etiquette led to his death.

camp, had this woman's portrait placed at the foot of the staircase which led to the Queen's apartments, in order that the sentinel should not permit any other women to make their way in. As soon as the Queen was informed of this contemptible precaution she told the King of it, who sent to ascertain the fact. His Majesty then called for M. de La Fayette, claimed freedom in his household, and particularly in that of the Queen, and ordered him to send a woman in whom no one but himself could confide out of the palace. M. de La Fayette was obliged to comply.[1]

The measures adopted for guarding the King were rigorous with respect to the entrance into the Palace, and insulting as to his private apartments.

[1] On the day when the return of the royal family was expected, there were no carriages in motion in the streets of Paris. Five or six of the Queen's women, after being refused admittance at all the other gates, went with one of my sisters to that of the Feuillans, insisting that the sentinel should admit them. The *poissardes* attacked them for their boldness in resisting the order excluding them. One of them seized my sister by the arm, calling her the slave of the Austrian. "Hear me," said my sister to her, "I have been attached to the Queen ever since I was fifteen years of age; she gave me my marriage portion; I served her when she was powerful and happy. She is now unfortunate. Ought I to abandon her?"—"She is right," cried the *poissardes;* "she ought not to abandon her mistress; let us make an entry for them." They instantly surrounded the sentinel, forced the passage, and introduced the Queen's women, accompanying them to the terrace of the Feuillans. One of these furies, whom the slightest impulse would have driven to tear my sister to pieces, taking her under her protection, gave her advice by which she might reach the palace in safety. "But of all things, my dear friend," said she to her, "pull off that green ribbon sash; it is the colour of that d'Artois, whom we will never forgive."—*Madame Campan.*

The commandants of battalion, stationed in the saloon called the *grand cabinet*, and which led to the Queen's bed-chamber, were ordered to keep the door of it always open, in order that they might have their eyes upon the royal family. The King shut this door one day; the officer of the guard opened it, and told him such were his orders, and that he would always open it; so that his Majesty in shutting it gave himself useless trouble. It remained open even during the night, when the Queen was in bed; and the officer placed himself in an arm-chair between the two doors, with his head turned towards her Majesty. They only obtained permission to have the inner door shut when the Queen was rising. The Queen had the bed of her first *femme de chambre* placed very near her own; this bed, which ran on castors, and was furnished with curtains, hid her from the officer's sight.

Madame de Jarjaye, my companion, who continued her functions during the whole period of my absence, told me that one night the commandant of battalion, who slept between the two doors, seeing that she was sleeping soundly, and that the Queen was awake, quitted his post and went close to her Majesty, to advise her as to the line of conduct she should pursue. Although she had the kindness to desire him to speak lower in order that he might not disturb Madame de Jarjaye's rest, the latter awoke, and nearly died with fright at seeing a man in the uniform of the Parisian guard so near the Queen's bed. Her Majesty comforted her, and told her not

to rise ; that the person she saw was a good Frenchman, who was deceived respecting the intentions and situation of his sovereign and herself, but whose conversation showed sincere attachment to the King. There was a sentinel in the corridor which runs behind the apartments in question, where there is a staircase, which was at that time an inner one, and enabled the King and Queen to communicate freely. This post, which was very onerous, because it was to be kept four and twenty hours, was often claimed by Saint Prix, an actor belonging to the Théâtre Française. He took it upon himself in some measure to favour short interviews between the King and Queen in this corridor. He left them at a distance, and gave them notice if he heard the slightest noise. M. Collot, commandant of battalion of the national guard, who was charged with the military duty of the Queen's household, in like manner softened down, so far as he could with prudence, all the revolting orders he received ; for instance, one to follow the Queen to the very door of her wardrobe was never executed. An officer of the Parisian guard dared to speak insolently of the Queen in her own apartment. M. Collot wished to make a complaint to M. de La Fayette against him, and have him dismissed. The Queen opposed it, and condescended to say a few words of explanation and kindness to the man ; he instantly became one of her most devoted partisans.

The first time I saw her Majesty after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I

found her getting out of bed; her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me she took off her cap and desired me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It had become, in one single night, as white as that of a woman of seventy. Her Majesty showed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princesse de Lamballe; it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, "*Blanched by sorrow.*" At the period of the acceptance of the constitution the Princess wished to return to France. The Queen, who had no expectation that tranquillity would be restored, opposed this; but the attachment of Madame de Lamballe to the royal family impelled her to come and seek death.

When I returned to Paris most of the harsh precautions were abandoned; the doors were not kept open; greater respect was paid to the sovereign; it was known that the constitution soon to be completed would be accepted, and a better order of things was hoped for.

CHAPTER VIII.

Acceptance of the constitution—Opinion of Barnave and his friends approved by the Court of Vienna—Secret policy of the Court —The Legislative Assembly deliberates upon the ceremony to be observed on receiving the King—Offensive motion—Louis XVI. is received by the Assembly with transport—He gives way to profound grief when with his family—Public *fêtes* and rejoicings—M. de Montmorin's conversation with Madame Campan upon the continual indiscretions of the people about the Court—The royal family go to the Théâtre Français—Play changed —Personal conflicts in the pit of the Italiens—Double correspondence of the Court with foreign powers—Maison Civile—The Queen's misfortunes do not alter the sweetness of her disposition—Method adopted by the Queen respecting her secret correspondence—Madame Campan's conduct when attacked by both parties—Particulars respecting M. Genet, her brother, *chargé d'affaires* from France to Russia—Written testimony of the Queen in favour of Madame Campan's zeal and fidelity—The King comes to see her, and confirms these marks of confidence and satisfaction—Projected interview between Louis XVI. and Barnave—Attempts to poison Louis XVI.—Precautions taken—The Queen consults Pitt about the Revolution—His reply—The *émigrés* oppose all alliance with the constitutionals—Letter from Barnave to the Queen.

On my arrival at Paris on the 25th of August I found the state of feeling there much more temperate than I had dared to hope. The conversation generally ran upon the acceptance of the constitution, and the *fêtes* which would be given in consequence. The struggle between the Jacobins and

the constitutionals on the 17th of July 1791 nevertheless had thrown the Queen into great terror for some moments; and the firing of the cannon from the Champ de Mars upon a party which called for a trial of the King, and the leaders of which were in the very bosom of the Assembly, left the most gloomy impressions upon her mind.

The constitutionals, the Queen's connection with whom was not slackened by the intervention of the three members already mentioned, had faithfully served the royal family during their detention.

"We still hold the wire by which this popular mass is moved," said Barnave to M. de J—— one day, at the same time showing him a large volume, in which the names of all those who were influenced by the power of gold alone were registered. It was at that time proposed to hire a considerable number of persons in order to secure loud acclamations when the King and his family should make their appearance at the play upon the acceptance of the constitution. That day, which afforded a glimmering hope of tranquillity, was the 14th of September; the *fêtes* were brilliant; but already new anxieties forbade the royal family to encourage hope.

The Legislative Assembly, which had just succeeded the Constituent Assembly (October 1791), founded its conduct upon the wildest republican principles; created from the midst of popular assemblies, it was wholly inspired by the spirit which animated them. The constitution, as I have said, was presented to the King on the 3d of September

1791. The ministers, with the exception of M. de Montmorin, insisted upon the necessity of accepting the constitutional act in its entirety. The Prince de Kaunitz[1] was of the same opinion. Malouet wished the King to express himself candidly respecting any errors or dangers that he might observe in the constitution. But Duport and Barnave, alarmed at the spirit prevailing in the Jacobin Club,[2] and even in the Assembly, where Robespierre had already denounced them as traitors to the country, and dreading still greater evils, added their opinions to those of the majority of the ministers and M. de Kaunitz; those who really desired that the constitution should be maintained advised that it should not be accepted thus literally; and of this number, as I have already said, were M. Montmorin and M. Malouet. The King seemed inclined to this advice; and this is one of the strongest proofs of his sincerity.[3]

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[1] Chief minister of Austria.

[2] The extreme revolutionary party, so called from the club, originally "Breton," then "Amis de la Constitution," sitting at the convent of the Dominicans (called in France Jacobins) of the Rue Saint Honoré.

[3] The first time I ever had the honour of being *tête-à-tête* with the King, diffidence so completely overcame me, that if it had been my duty to speak first it would have been impossible for me to have framed a single phrase; but I took courage when I saw the King still more embarrassed than myself, and, with difficulty, stammering out a few unconnected words; he, in his turn, grew composed on seeing me at ease, and our conversation soon became highly interesting. After a few general observations upon the perplexities of the existing state of things, the King said to me, "Well! have you any objection remaining?" —"No, Sire; a desire to obey and gratify your Majesty is the only feeling I am sensible of; but, in order that I may be able

Alexandre Lameth, Duport, and Barnave, still relying on the resources of their party, hoped to have credit for directing the King through the influence they believed they had acquired over the mind of the Queen. They also consulted people of acknowledged talent, but belonging to no council

really to serve you, it is necessary that your Majesty should have the goodness to inform me what is your intention with regard to the constitution, and what is the line of conduct you would wish your ministers to adopt."—"That is true," replied the King; "this is my opinion: I do not consider the constitution by any means a masterpiece; I think there are very great errors in it, and if I had been at liberty to comment upon it, advantageous alterations would have been made. But the time is now gone by: such as it is, I have sworn to maintain it; I ought to be, and I will be, strictly true to my oath, and the rather, as I think the utmost exactness in executing the mandates of the constitution is the most certain way to draw the attention of the nation to the alterations that ought to be made in it. I neither can, nor ought to have, any other plan than this; I certainly will not abandon it, and I wish my ministers to conform to it."—"Your scheme appears infinitely judicious, Sire; I feel myself in a condition to accomplish it, and I engage to do so. I have not sufficiently studied the constitution as a whole, and in all its parts, to form a decided opinion, and I will refrain from forming one, until the operation of the constitution shall have enabled the nation to estimate it by its effects. But may I venture to ask your Majesty whether the Queen's opinion upon this point is in accordance with your own?"—"Yes, certainly it is; she will tell you so herself." Immediately afterwards I went to the Queen, who, after assuring me with the greatest kindness how truly she felt the obligation under which the King lay to me for having accepted the administration at so perplexing a juncture, added, "The King has informed you of his views with regard to the constitution; do you not think the only way is to be faithful to the oath?"—"Yes, certainly, Madame."—"Well, then, be assured that we shall not be induced to swerve. Come, come, M. Bertrand, courage; I hope that, with patience, firmness, and consistency, all is not yet lost.' —*Private Memoirs of the Latter End of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, by M. Bertrand de Molleville, Minister and Secretary of State, vol. i. pp. 101-103.

nor to any assembly. Among these was M. Dubucq, formerly intendant of the marine and of the colonies. He answered in one phrase: "*Prevent disorder from organising itself.*"

Opinions such as those of the sententious and laconic M. Dubucq emanated from the aristocratic party, who preferred anything, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of the constitutional laws; and who, in fact, believed that any acceptance which should have any other appearance than that of compulsion would amount to a sanction sufficient to uphold the new government. The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they gave hope of a total change; and twenty times over, upon occasions when persons but little acquainted with the secret policy of the Court, expressed the apprehensions they entertained of the popular societies, the initiated answered that a sincere royalist ought to favour the Jacobins. My avowal of the terror with which they inspired me often brought this answer upon me, and often procured me the epithet of "constitutional;" while all the time I was intent only upon diligently serving the unfortunate Princess with whom my destiny was united.

The letter written by the King to the Assembly, claiming to accept the constitution in the very place where it had been created, and where he announced he would be on the 14th September at mid-day, was received with transport, and the reading was repeatedly interrupted by plaudits. The sitting terminated amidst the greatest enthusiasm, and M. de

La Fayette obtained the release of all those who were detained on account of the King's journey [to Varennes], the abandonment of all proceedings relative to the events of the Revolution, and the discontinuance of the use of passports and of temporary restraints upon free travelling, as well in the interior as without. The whole was conceded by acclamation. Sixty members were deputed to go to the King and express to him fully the satisfaction his Majesty's letter had given. The Keeper of the Seals quitted the chamber, in the midst of applause, to precede the deputation to the King.

The King answered the speech addressed to him, and concluded by saying to the Assembly that a decree of that morning, which had abolished the order of the Holy Ghost, had left him and his son alone permission to be decorated with it; but that an order having no value in his eyes, save for the power of conferring it, he would not use it.

The Queen, her son, and Madame, were at the door of the chamber into which the deputation was admitted. The King said to the deputies, "You see there my wife and children, who participate in my sentiments;" and the Queen herself confirmed the King's assurance. These apparent marks of confidence were very inconsistent with the agitated state of her mind. "These people want no sovereigns," said she. "We shall fall before their treacherous though well-planned tactics; they are demolishing the monarchy stone by stone."

Next day the particulars of the reception of the

deputies by the King were reported to the Assembly, and excited warm approbation. But the President having put the question whether the Assembly ought not to remain seated while the King took the oath—"Certainly," was repeated by many voices; "*and the King, standing, uncovered.*" M. Malouet observed that there was no occasion on which the nation, assembled in the presence of the King, did not acknowledge him as its head; that the omission to treat the head of the State with the respect due to him would be an offence to the nation, as well as to the monarch. He moved that the King should take the oath standing, and that the Assembly should also stand while he was doing so. M. Malouet's observations would have carried the decree, but a deputy from Brittany exclaimed, with a shrill voice, "that he had an amendment to propose which would render all unanimous. Let us decree," said he, "that M. Malouet, and whoever else shall so please, may have leave to receive the King upon their knees; but let us stick to the decree."

The King repaired to the chamber at mid-day. His speech was followed by plaudits which lasted several minutes. After the signing of the constitutional act all sat down. The President rose to deliver his speech; but after he had begun, perceiving that the King did not rise to hear him, he sat down again. His speech made a powerful impression; the sentence with which it concluded excited fresh acclamations, cries of "*Bravo!*" and "*Vive le Roi!*" "Sire," said he, "how important in our eyes,

and how dear to our hearts—how sublime a feature in our history—must be the epoch of that regeneration which gives citizens to France, and a country to Frenchmen—to you, as a King, a new title of greatness and glory, and, as a man, a source of new enjoyment." The whole Assembly accompanied the King on his return, amidst the people's cries of happiness, military music, and salvoes of artillery.

At length I hoped to see a return of that tranquillity which had so long vanished from the countenances of my august master and mistress. Their suite left them in the *salon;* the Queen hastily saluted the ladies, and returned much affected; the King followed her, and, throwing himself into an armchair, put his handkerchief to his eyes. "Ah! Madame," cried he, his voice choked by tears, "why were you present at this sitting? to witness——" I heard these words, and no more, respecting their affliction. I withdrew, struck with the contrast between the shouts of joy without the Palace, and the profound grief which oppressed the sovereigns within.[1] Half an hour afterwards the Queen sent for me.

[1] Madame Campan, in one of her manuscripts, relates this anecdote in a somewhat different manner:—

"The Queen attended the sitting in a private box. I remarked her total silence, and the deep grief which was depicted in her countenance on her return. The King came to her apartment the private way: he was pale, his features were much changed. The Queen uttered an exclamation of surprise at his appearance. I thought he was ill; but what was my affliction when I heard the unfortunate monarch say, as he threw himself into a chair and put his handkerchief to his eyes, 'All is lost! Ah! Madame, and you are witness to this humiliation! What!

She desired to see M. de Goguelat, to announce to him his departure on that very night for Vienna. The new attacks upon the dignity of the throne which had been made during the sitting; the spirit of an Assembly worse than the former; the monarch put upon a level with the President, without any deference to the throne—all this proclaimed but too loudly that the sovereignty itself was aimed at. The Queen no longer saw any ground for hope from the interior of the country. The King wrote to the Emperor; she told me that she would herself, at midnight, bring the letter which M. de Goguelat was to bear to the Emperor, to my room. During all the remainder of the day the Château and the Tuileries were crowded; the illuminations were magnificent. The King and Queen were requested to take an airing in their carriage in the Champs-Elysées, escorted by the aides-de-camp and leaders of the Parisian army, the constitutional guard not being at that time organised. Many shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" were heard; but as often as they ceased, one of the mob, who never quitted the door of the King's carriage for a single instant, exclaimed with a stentorian voice, "*No, don't believe them; vive la Nation!*" This ill-omened cry struck terror into the Queen.

you are come into France to see ——" these words were interrupted by sobs. The Queen threw herself upon her knees before him, and pressed him in her arms. I remained with them, not from any blamable curiosity, but from a stupefaction which rendered me incapable of determining what I ought to do. The Queen said to me, '*Oh! go, go!*' with an accent which expressed, 'Do not remain to see the dejection and despair of your sovereign!'"—*Note by the Editor.*

A few days afterwards M. de Montmorin sent to say he wanted to speak to me; that he would come to me, if he were not apprehensive his doing so would attract observation; and that he thought it would appear less particular if he should see me in the Queen's great closet at a time which he specified, and when nobody would be there. I went. After having made some polite observations upon the services I had already performed, and those I might yet perform, for my master and mistress, he spoke to me of the King's imminent danger, of the plots which were hatching, and of the lamentable composition of the Legislative Assembly; but he particularly dwelt upon the necessity of appearing, by prudent remarks, determined as much as possible to abide by the act the King had just recognised. I told him that could not be done without committing ourselves in the eyes of the royalist party, with which moderation was a crime; that it was painful to hear ourselves taxed with being constitutionals, at the same time that it was our opinion that the only constitution which was consistent with the King's honour, and the happiness and tranquillity of his people, was the entire power of the sovereign; that this was my creed, and it would pain me to give any room for suspicion that I was wavering in it. "Could you ever believe," said he, "that I should desire any other order of things? Have you any doubt of my attachment to the King's person, and the maintenance of his rights?"—"I know it, Count," replied I; "but you are not ignorant that you lie under the

imputation of having adopted revolutionary ideas."—"Well, madame, have resolution enough to dissemble and to conceal your real sentiments; dissimulation was never more necessary. Endeavours are being made to paralyse the evil intentions of the factious as much as possible; but we must not be counteracted here by certain dangerous expressions which are circulated in Paris as coming from the King and Queen." I told him that I had been already struck with apprehension of the evil which might be done by the intemperate observations of persons who had no power to act; and that I had felt ill consequences from having repeatedly enjoined silence on those in the Queen's service. "I know that," said the Count; "the Queen informed me of it, and that determined me to come and request you to cherish, as much as you can, that spirit of discretion which is so necessary."

While the household of the King and Queen were a prey to all these fears, the festivities in celebration of the acceptance of the constitution proceeded. Their Majesties went to the opera; the audience consisted entirely of persons who sided with the King, and on that day the happiness of seeing him for a short time surrounded by faithful subjects might be enjoyed. The acclamations were then sincere.

La Coquette corrigée had been selected for representation at the Théâtre Français solely because it was the piece in which Mademoiselle Contat shone most. Yet the notions propagated by the Queen's

enemies coinciding in my mind with the name of the play, I thought the choice very ill-judged. I was at a loss, however, how to tell her Majesty so; but sincere attachment gives courage. I explained myself; she was obliged to me, and desired that another play might be performed. They accordingly acted *La Gouvernante.*

The Queen, Madame the King's daughter, and Madame Elizabeth, were all well received on this occasion. It is true that the opinions and feelings of the spectators in the boxes could not be otherwise than favourable, and great pains had been taken, previously to these two performances, to fill the pit with proper persons. But, on the other hand, the Jacobins took the same precautions on their side at the Théâtre Italien, and the tumult was excessive there. The play was Grétry's *Les Événemens imprévus.* Unfortunately, Madame Dugazon thought proper to bow to the Queen as she sung the words, "*Ah, how I love my mistress!*" in a duet. Above twenty voices immediately exclaimed from the pit, "*No mistress! no master! liberty!*" A few replied from the boxes and slips, "*Vive le Roi! vive la Reine!*" Those in the pit answered, "*No master! no Queen!*" The quarrel increased; the pit formed into parties; they began fighting, and the Jacobins were beaten; tufts of their black hair flew about the theatre.[1] A strong guard arrived. The Faubourg Saint Antoine, hear-

[1] At this time none but the Jacobins had discontinued the use of hair-powder.—*Madame Campan.*

ing of what was going forward at the Théâtre Italien, flocked together, and began to talk of marching towards the scene of action. The Queen preserved the calmest demeanour; the commandants of the guard surrounded and encouraged her; they conducted themselves promptly and discreetly. No accident happened. The Queen was highly applauded as she quitted the theatre: it was the last time she was ever in one.

While couriers were bearing confidential letters from the King to the Princes, his brothers, and to the foreign sovereigns, the Assembly invited him to write to the Princes in order to induce them to return to France. The King desired the Abbé de Montesquiou to write the letter he was to send; this letter, which was admirably composed in a simple and affecting style, suited to the character of Louis XVI., and filled with very powerful arguments in favour of the advantages to be derived from adopting the principles of the constitution, was confided to me by the King, who desired me to make him a copy of it.

At this period M. M——, one of the intendants of Monsieur's household, obtained a passport from the Assembly to join that Prince on business relative to his domestic concerns. The Queen selected him to be the bearer of this letter. She determined to give it to him herself, and to inform him of its object. I was astonished at her choice of this courier. The Queen assured me he was exactly the man for her purpose, that she relied even upon his indiscretion,

and that it was merely necessary that the letter from the King to his brothers should be known to exist. The Princes were doubtless informed beforehand on the subject by the private correspondence. Monsieur nevertheless manifested some degree of surprise, and the messenger returned more grieved than pleased at this mark of confidence, which nearly cost him his life during the Reign of Terror.

Among the causes of uneasiness to the Queen there was one which was but too well founded—the thoughtlessness of the French whom she sent to foreign Courts. She used to say that they had no sooner passed the frontiers than they disclosed the most secret matters relative to the King's private sentiments, and that the leaders of the Revolution were informed of them through their agents, many of whom were Frenchmen who passed themselves off as emigrants in the cause of their King.

After the acceptance of the constitution the formation of the King's household, as well military as civil, formed a subject of attention. The Duc de Brissac had the command of the constitutional guard, which was composed of officers and men selected from the regiments, and of several officers drawn from the national guard of Paris. The King was satisfied with the feelings and conduct of this band, which, as is well known, existed but a very short time.

The new constitution abolished what were called honours, and the prerogatives belonging to them. The Duchesse de Duras resigned her place of lady of the bed-chamber, not choosing to lose her right

to the tabouret at Court. This step hurt the Queen, who saw herself forsaken for lost privileges at a time when her own rights were so hotly attacked. Many ladies of rank left the Court for the same reason. However, the King and Queen did not dare to form the civil part of their household, lest by giving the new names of the posts they should acknowledge the abolition of the old ones, and also lest they should admit into the highest positions persons not calculated to fill them well. Some time was spent in discussing the question, *whether the household should be formed without chevaliers and without ladies of honour.* The Queen's constitutional advisers were of opinion that the Assembly, having decreed a civil list adequate to uphold the splendour of the throne, would be dissatisfied at seeing the King adopting only a military household, and not forming his civil household upon the new constitutional plan. "How is it, Madame," wrote Barnave to the Queen, "that you will persist in giving these people even the smallest doubt as to your sentiments? When they decree you a civil and a military household, you, like young Achilles among the daughters of Lycomedes, eagerly seize the sword and scorn the mere ornaments." The Queen persisted in her determination to have no civil household. "If," said she, "this constitutional household be formed, not a single person of rank will remain with us, and upon a change of affairs we should be obliged to discharge the persons received into their place."

"Perhaps," added she, "perhaps I might find one day that I had saved the nobility, if I now had resolution enough to afflict them for a time: I have it not. When any measure which injures them is wrested from us they sulk with me; nobody comes to my card party; the King goes unattended to bed. No allowance is made for political necessity; we are punished for our very misfortunes."

The Queen wrote almost all day, and spent part of the night in reading: her courage supported her physical strength; her disposition was not at all soured by misfortune, and she was never seen in an ill-humour for a moment. She was, however, held up to the people as a woman absolutely furious and mad whenever the rights of the Crown were in any way attacked.

I was with her one day at one of her windows. We saw a man plainly dressed, like an ecclesiastic, surrounded by an immense crowd. The Queen imagined it was some abbé whom they were about to throw into the basin of the Tuileries; she hastily opened her window and sent a *valet de chambre* to know what was going forward in the garden. It was Abbé Grégoire, whom the men and women of the tribunes were bringing back in triumph, on account of a motion he had just made in the National Assembly against the royal authority. On the following day the democratic journalists described the Queen as witnessing this triumph, and showing, by expressive gestures at her window, how highly she was exasperated by the honours conferred upon the patriot.

The correspondence between the Queen and the foreign powers was carried on in cipher. That to which she gave the preference can never be detected; but the greatest patience is requisite for its use. Each correspondent must have a copy of the same edition of some work. She selected *Paul and Virginia.* The page and line in which the letters required, and occasionally a monosyllable, are to be found are pointed out in ciphers agreed upon. I assisted her in finding the letters, and frequently I made an exact copy for her of all that she had ciphered, without knowing a single word of its meaning.

There were always several secret committees in Paris occupied in collecting information for the King respecting the measures of the factions, and in influencing some of the committees of the Assembly.

M. Bertrand de Molleville was in close correspondence with the Queen. The King employed M. Talon and others; much money was expended through the latter channel for the secret measures. The Queen had no confidence in them. M. de Laporte, minister of the civil list and of the household, also attempted to give a bias to public opinion by means of hireling publications; but these papers influenced none but the royalist party, which did not need influencing. M. de Laporte had a private police, which gave him some useful information.

I determined to sacrifice myself to my duty, but by no means to any intrigue, and I thought that,

circumstanced as I was, I ought to confine myself to obeying the Queen's orders. I frequently sent off couriers to foreign countries, and they were never discovered, so many precautions did I take. I am indebted for the preservation of my own existence to the care I took never to admit any deputy to my abode, and to refuse all interviews which even people of the highest importance often requested of me; but this line of conduct exposed me to every species of ill-will, and on the same day I saw myself denounced by Prud'homme, in his *Gazette Révolutionnaire*, as capable of making an aristocrat of the mother of the Gracchi, if a person so dangerous as myself could have got into her household; and by Gauthier's *Gazette Royaliste*, as a *monarchist*, a *constitutionalist*, more dangerous to the Queen's interests than a Jacobin.

At this period an event with which I had nothing to do placed me in a still more critical situation. My brother, M. Genet, began his diplomatic career successfully. At eighteen he was attached to the embassy to Vienna; at twenty he was appointed chief secretary of Legation in England, on occasion of the peace of 1783. A memorial which he presented to M. de Vergennes upon the dangers of the treaty of commerce then entered into with England gave offence to M. de Calonne, a patron of that treaty, and particularly to M. Gérard de Rayneval, chief clerk for foreign affairs. So long as M. de Vergennes lived, having upon my father's death declared himself the protector of my brother, he

supported him against the enemies his memorial had raised up. But on his death M. de Montmorin, being much in need of the long experience in business which he found in M. de Rayneval, was guided solely by the latter. The office of which my brother was the head was suppressed. He then went to St. Petersburg, strongly recommended to the Comte de Ségur, minister from France to that Court, who appointed him secretary of Legation. Some time afterwards the Comte de Ségur left him at St. Petersburg, charged with the affairs of France.[1]

When my brother quitted Versailles he was much hurt at being deprived of a considerable income for having penned a memorial which his zeal alone had dictated, and the importance of which was afterwards but too well understood. I perceived from his correspondence that he inclined to some of the new notions. He told me it was right he should no longer conceal from me that he sided with the constitutional party; that the King had in fact commanded it, having himself accepted the constitution; that he would proceed firmly in that course, because in this case disingenuousness would be fatal, and that he took that side of the question because

[1] After his return from Russia M. Genet was appointed ambassador to the United States by the party called Girondists, the deputies who headed it being from the department of the Gironde. He was recalled by the Robespierre party, which overthrew the former faction, on the 31st of May 1793, and condemned to appear before the Convention. Vice-President Clinton, at that time Governor of New York, offered him an asylum in his house and the hand of his daughter, and M. Genet established himself prosperously in America.—*Madame Campan.*

he had had it proved to him that the foreign powers would not serve the King's cause without advancing pretensions prompted by long-standing interests, which always would influence their councils; that he saw no salvation for the King and Queen but from within France, and that he would serve the constitutional King as he served him before the Revolution. And lastly, he requested me to impart to the Queen the real sentiments of one of his Majesty's agents at a foreign Court. I immediately went to the Queen and gave her my brother's letter, she read it attentively, and said, "This is the letter of a young man led astray by discontent and ambition; I know you do not think as he does; do not fear that you will lose the confidence of the King and myself." I offered to discontinue all correspondence with my brother; she opposed that, saying it would be dangerous. I then entreated she would permit me in future to show her my own and my brother's letters, to which she consented. I wrote warmly to my brother against the course he had adopted. I sent my letters by sure channels; he answered me by the post, and no longer touched upon anything but family affairs. Once only he informed me that if I should write to him respecting the affairs of the day he would give me no answer. "Serve your august mistress with the unbounded devotion which is due from you," said he, "and let us each do our duty. I will only observe to you that at Paris the fogs of the Seine often prevent people from seeing that immense capital, even from

the Pavilion of Flora, and I see it more clearly from St. Petersburg." The Queen said, as she read this letter, "Perhaps he speaks but too truly; who can decide upon so disastrous a position as ours has become?"

The day on which I gave the Queen my brother's first letter to read she had several audiences to give to ladies and other persons belonging to the Court, who came on purpose to inform her that my brother was an avowed constitutional and revolutionist. The Queen replied, "I know it; Madame Campan has been to tell me so." Persons jealous of my situation having subjected me to mortifications, and these unpleasant circumstances recurring daily, I requested the Queen's permission to withdraw from Court. She exclaimed against the very idea, represented it to me as extremely dangerous for my own reputation, and had the kindness to add that, for my sake as well as for her own, she never would consent to it. After this conversation I retired to my apartment. A few minutes later a footman brought me this note from the Queen:—"I have never ceased to give you and yours proofs of my attachment; I wish to tell you in writing that I have full faith in your honour and fidelity, as well as in your other good qualities; and that I ever rely on the zeal and address you exert to serve me."[1]

[1] I had just received this letter from the Queen when M. de la Chapelle, commissary general of the King's household, and head of the offices of M. de Laporte, minister of the civil list,

LE CHÂTEAU DU GRAND TRIANON.

Paris: Richard Bentley and Son: 1884

At the moment that I was going to express my gratitude to the Queen I heard a tapping at the door of my room, which opened upon the Queen's inner corridor; I opened it: it was the King. I was confused; he perceived it, and said to me kindly, "I alarm you, Madame Campan; I come, however, to comfort you; the Queen has told me how much she is hurt at the injustice of several persons towards you. But how is it that you complain of injustice and calumny when you see that we are victims of them? In some of your companions it is jealousy; in the people belonging to the Court it is anxiety. Our situation is so disastrous, and we

came to see me. The Palace having been already forced by the brigands on the 20th of June 1792, he proposed that I should entrust the paper to him, that he might place it in a safer situation than the apartments of the Queen. When he returned into his offices he placed the letter she had condescended to write to me behind a large picture in his closet; but on the 10th of August M. de la Chapelle was thrown into the prisons of the Abbaye, and the committee of public safety established themselves in his offices, whence they issued all their decrees of death. There it was that a villanous servant belonging to M. de Laporte went to declare that in the minister's apartment, under a board in the floor, a number of papers would be found. They were brought forth, and M. de Laporte was sent to the scaffold, where he suffered *for having betrayed the State by serving his master and sovereign.* M. de la Chapelle was saved, as if by a miracle, from the massacres of the 2d of September. The committee of public safety having removed to the King's apartments at the Tuileries, M. de la Chapelle had permission to return to his closet to take away some property belonging to him. Turning round the picture, behind which he had hidden the Queen's letter, he found it in the place into which he had slipped it, and, delighted to see that I was safe from the ill consequences the discovery of this paper might have brought upon me, he burnt it instantly. In times of danger a mere nothing may save life or destroy it.—*Madame Campan.*

have met with so much ingratitude and treachery, that the apprehensions of those who love us are excusable! I could quiet them by telling them all the secret services you perform for us daily; but I will not do it. Out of good-will to you they would repeat all I should say, and you would be lost with the Assembly. It is much better, both for you and for us, that you should be thought a constitutional. It has been mentioned to me a hundred times already; I have never contradicted it; but I come to give you my word that if we are fortunate enough to see an end of all this, I will, at the Queen's residence, and in the presence of my brothers, relate the important services you have rendered us, and I will recompense you and your son for them." I threw myself at the King's feet and kissed his hand. He raised me up, saying, "Come, come, do not grieve; the Queen, who loves you, confides in you as I do."

Down to the day of the acceptance it was impossible to introduce Barnave into the interior of the Palace; but when the Queen was free from the inner guard she said she would see him. The very great precautions which it was necessary for the deputy to take in order to conceal his connection with the King and Queen compelled them to spend two hours waiting for him in one of the corridors of the Tuileries, and all in vain. The first day that he was to be admitted a man whom Barnave knew to be dangerous having met him in the courtyard of the Palace he determined to cross it without stopping,

and walked in the gardens in order to lull suspicion. I was desired to wait for Barnave at a little door belonging to the *entresols* of the Palace, with my hand upon the open lock. I was in that position for an hour. The King came to me frequently, and always to speak to me of the uneasiness which a servant belonging to the Château, who was a patriot, gave him. He came again to ask me whether I had heard the door called *de Decret* opened. I assured him nobody had been in the corridor, and he became easy. He was dreadfully apprehensive that his connection with Barnave would be discovered. "It would," said the King, "be a ground for grave accusations, and the unfortunate man would be lost." I then ventured to remind his Majesty that as Barnave was not the only one in the secret of the business which brought him in contact with their Majesties, one of his colleagues might be induced to speak of the association with which they were honoured, and that in letting them know by my presence that I also was informed of it, a risk was incurred of removing from those gentlemen part of the responsibility of the secret. Upon this observation the King quitted me hastily and returned a moment afterwards with the Queen. "Give me your place," said she, "I will wait for him in my turn. You have convinced the King. We must not increase in their eyes the number of persons informed of their communications with us."

The police of M. de Laporte, intendant of the civil list, apprised him, as early as the latter end

of 1791, that a man belonging to the King's offices who had set up as a pastry-cook at the Palais Royal was about to resume the duties of his situation, which had devolved upon him again on the death of one who held it for life; that he was so furious a Jacobin that he had dared to say it would be a good thing for France if the King's days were shortened. His duty was confined to making the pastry; he was closely watched by the head officers of the kitchen, who were devoted to his Majesty; but it is so easy to introduce a subtle poison into made dishes that it was determined the King and Queen should eat only plain roast meat in future; that their bread should be brought to them by M. Thierry de Ville-d'Avray, intendant of the smaller apartments, and that he should likewise take upon himself to supply the wine. The King was fond of pastry; I was directed to order some, as if for myself, sometimes of one pastry-cook, and sometimes of another. The pounded sugar, too, was kept in my room. The King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth ate together, and nobody remained to wait on them. Each had a dumb waiter and a little bell to call the servants when they were wanted. M. Thierry used himself to bring me their Majesties' bread and wine, and I locked them up in a private cupboard in the King's closet on the ground floor. As soon as the King sat down to table I took in the pastry and bread. All was hidden under the table lest it might be necessary to have the servants in. The King thought it dangerous as well as dis-

tressing to show any apprehension of attempts against his person, or any mistrust of his officers of the kitchen. As he never drank a whole bottle of wine at his meals (the Princesses drank nothing but water), he filled up that out of which he had drunk about half from the bottle served up by the officers of his butlery. I took it away after dinner. Although he never ate any other pastry than that which I brought, he took care in the same manner that it should seem that he had eaten of that served at table. The lady who succeeded me found this duty all regulated, and she executed it in the same manner; the public never was in possession of these particulars, nor of the apprehensions which gave rise to them. At the end of three or four months the police of M. de Laporte gave notice that nothing more was to be dreaded from that sort of plot against the King's life; that the plan was entirely changed; and that all the blows now to be struck would be directed as much against the throne as against the person of the sovereign.

There are others besides myself who know that at this time one of the things about which the Queen most desired to be satisfied was the opinion of the famous Pitt. She would sometimes say to me, "I never pronounce the name of *Pitt* without feeling a chill like that of death" (I repeat here her very expressions). "That man is the mortal enemy of France; and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes by our

destruction to guarantee the maritime power of his country for ever against the efforts made by the King to improve his marine power and their happy results during the last war. He knows that it is not only the King's policy but his private inclination to be solicitous about his fleets, and that the most active step he has taken during his whole reign was to visit the port of Cherbourg. Pitt has served the cause of the French Revolution from the first disturbances; he will perhaps serve it until its annihilation. I will endeavour to learn to what point he intends to lead us, and I am sending M. —— to London for that purpose. He has been intimately connected with Pitt, and they have often had political conversations respecting the French Government. I will get him to make him speak out, at least so far as such a man can speak out."

Some time afterwards the Queen told me that her secret envoy was returned from London, and that all he had been able to wring from Pitt, whom he found alarmingly reserved, was that *he would not suffer the French monarchy to perish;* that to suffer the revolutionary spirit to erect an organised republic in France would be a great error, affecting the tranquillity of Europe. "Whenever," said she, "Pitt expressed himself upon the necessity of supporting *monarchy* in France, he maintained the most profound silence upon what concerns the monarch. The result of these conversations is anything but encouraging; but, even as to that monarchy which he

wishes to save, will he have means and strength to save it if he suffers us to fall?"

The death of the Emperor Leopold took place on the 1st of March 1792. When the news of this event reached the Tuileries the Queen was gone out. Upon her return I put the letter containing it into her hands. She exclaimed that the Emperor had been poisoned; that she had remarked and preserved a newspaper, in which, in an article upon the sitting of the Jacobins, at the time when the Emperor Leopold declared for the coalition, it was said, speaking of him, that a *piecrust* would settle that matter. The Queen lamented her brother. However, the education of Francis II., which had been superintended by the Emperor Joseph, inspired her with new hopes: she thought he must have inherited sentiments of affection for her, and did not doubt that he had, under the care of his uncle, imbibed that valiant spirit so necessary for the support of a crown. At this period Barnave obtained the Queen's consent that he should read all the letters she should write. He was fearful of private correspondences that might hamper the plan marked out for her; he mistrusted her Majesty's sincerity on this point; and the diversity of counsels, and the necessity of yielding, on the one hand, to some of the views of the constitutionalists, and on the other, to those of the French Princes, and even of foreign Courts, were unfortunately the circumstances which most rapidly impelled the Court towards its ruin.

The Queen wished she could have shown Bar-

nave the letter of condolence she wrote to Francis II. This letter was to be shown to her *triumvirate* (as she sometimes designated the three deputies whom I have named). She would not use a single word which, by clashing with their plans, might prevent its going; she was also fearful of introducing anything not in accordance with her private sentiments which the Emperor might learn by other means. "Sit down at that table," said she to me, "and sketch me out a letter: dwell upon the idea that I see in my nephew the pupil of Joseph. If yours be better than mine you shall dictate it to me." I wrote a letter; she read it and said, "It is the very thing, the matter concerned me too nearly to admit of my keeping the true line as you have done."

The party of the Princes was much alarmed on being informed of the communication between the remnant of the constitutional party and the Queen, who, on her part, always dreaded the party of the Princes. She did justice to the Comte d'Artois, and often said that his party would act in contradiction to his feelings towards the King, his brother, and herself; but that he would be led away by people over whom Calonne had a most lamentable ascendency. She reproached Count Esterhazy, whom she had loaded with favours, for having sided with Calonne so entirely that she had reason to consider him an enemy.

However, the emigrants showed great apprehensions of the consequences which might follow in

the interior from a connection with the constitutionalists, whom they described as a party existing only in idea, and totally without means of repairing their errors. The Jacobins were preferred to them, because, said they, there would be no treaty to be made with any one at the moment of extricating the King and his family from the abyss in which they were plunged.

I frequently read to the Queen the letters written to her by Barnave. One struck me forcibly, and I think I have retained the substance of it sufficiently well to enable me to give a faithful account of it. He told the Queen she did not rely enough upon the strength remaining in the constitutional party; that their flag was indeed torn, but the word *constitution* was still legible upon it; that this word would recover its virtue if the King and his friends would rally round it sincerely; that the authors of the constitution, enlightened with respect to their own errors, might yet amend it, and restore to the throne all its splendour; that the Queen must not believe the public mind was favourably disposed towards the Jacobins; that the weak joined them because there was no strength elsewhere, but the general opinion was for the constitution; that the party of the French Princes, unfortunately shackled by the policy of foreign Courts, ought not to be depended on; that the majority of the emigrants had already destroyed by misconduct much of the interest excited by their misfortunes; that entire confidence ought not to be reposed in the foreign powers,

guided, as they were, by the policy of their cabinets, and not by the ties of blood; and that the interior alone was capable of supporting the integrity of the kingdom. He concluded the letter by saying that he laid at her Majesty's feet the only national party still in existence; that he feared to name it; but that she ought not to forget that Henri IV. was not assisted by foreign Princes in regaining his dominions, and that he ascended a Catholic throne after having fought at the head of a Protestant party.

Barnave and his friends presumed too far upon their strength; it was exhausted in the contest with the Court. The Queen was aware of this, and if she seemed to have any confidence in them, she was probably prompted by a policy which, it must be confessed, could only prove injurious to her.

ANNEX TO CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME CAMPAN refers in the preceding chapter to "secret measures" and "expenditure." Bertrand de Molleville, in the second volume of his *Memoirs*, thus explains this systematic and extensive mode of bribery.

HOW THE TRIBUNES WERE INFLUENCED.

M. de Laporte, to whom I had some time previously communicated my opinion on the subject of the tribunes, or galleries, told me that in the course of eight or nine months the King had been induced to spend more than two millions five hundred thousand livres upon the tribunes alone; and that they had, all along, been for the Jacobins; that the persons to whom the operation had been entrusted were strongly suspected of having diverted a considerable part of the money, perhaps the whole of it, to their own purposes; but that this inconvenience was unavoidable in an expenditure of that sort, which, from its nature, was not susceptible of any control or check whatever; and that this consideration had determined the King to discontinue it.

I will not insist, as a certain fact, that the two chief agents in this service (MM. T—— and S——) did really apply the fund committed to them to their own use, although it was a matter of public notoriety that since their being entrusted with it one of them made purchases to the extent of from twelve to fifteen hundred thousand livres, and the other to the extent of from seven to eight hundred thousand livres; but I have no hesitation in asserting that they can rebut the reproach of signal

knavery only by proving that they managed the operation with a want of skill and a degree of negligence almost equally culpable; for nothing was more easy than to secure the tribunes by paying them. I had made the experiment once only during my administration, but then I was completely successful; it was on the day on which I was to make, in the Assembly, my full reply to the denunciations which had been made against me. I was informed two days beforehand by my spies that the secret committee of the Jacobins had determined on that day to augment the number of their hirelings in the tribunes, to ensure my being hooted; I immediately sent for one of the victors of the Bastille, to whom I had before the Revolution rendered some important services, who was entirely devoted to me, and who was a man of great weight in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Him I directed to select from among the working men of the faubourg two hundred staunch and sturdy men on whom he could rely, and to take them next day to the Assembly, at six o'clock in the morning, in order that they might be the first there before the opening of the chamber, and so fill the front places in the tribunes at the two ends of the chamber; and to give them no other order than merely to applaud or hoot according to a signal which was agreed on.

This manœuvre was as successful as I could wish; my speech was repeatedly interrupted by applause, which was doubled when I ceased speaking; the Jacobins were thunderstruck at this and could not at all understand it. A quarter of an hour afterwards I was still in the Assembly, as well as all the ministers who had made it their duty to attend me on the emergency in question, when the Abbé Fauchet rose to notice a fact which he declared to be of great importance. "I have this moment," said he, "received a letter informing me that a considerable proportion of the citizens in the tribunes have been paid to applaud the Minister of Marine."

Although this was true enough, my unaltered countenance and the reputation of the Abbé Fauchet, who was known to be an unblushing liar, caused his denunciation to be ridiculed; and it was considered a calumny the more stupid inasmuch as it was nothing unusual to hear my speeches applauded by the tribunes. True, I had always taken care to introduce into them

some of those phrases which the people never failed to applaud mechanically, when they were uttered with a certain emphasis, without troubling themselves to examine the sense in which they were used. This victory, gained in the tribunes over the Jacobins, cost me no more than two hundred and seventy livres in assignats, because a considerable number of my champions, out of regard for their leader, would receive nothing more from him than a glass of brandy.

I gave the King all these particulars in my reply to his Majesty's latter notes, and I again entreated him to permit me to make a second experiment upon the tribunes for one single week only, upon a plan which I annexed to my letter, and the expense of which did not exceed eight hundred livres *per diem*. This plan consisted in filling the front rows of the two tribunes with two hundred and sixty-two trusty fellows, whose pay was fixed at the following rates :—

		Liv. per diem.
1*st.*	To a leader, who alone was in the secret .	50
2*dly.*	To a sub-leader, chosen by the former . .	25
3*dly.*	To ten assistants, selected by the leader and sub-leader, having no knowledge of each other, and each deputed to recruit twenty-five men, and take them daily to the Assembly, ten livres a piece; total	100
4*thly.*	To two hundred and fifty men, each fifty sous a day; total	625
	Total . . .	800 livres.

The leader and sub-leader were to be placed, one in the middle of the front row of one tribune, and the other in the same situation in the other tribune; each of them was known only to the five assistants whom he had under his orders in the tribune in which he took his seat; the sub-leader received his directions by a signal concerted between themselves alone; they had a second signal for the purpose of passing the order to the adjutants, each of whom again transmitted it to his twenty-five men by a third signal. All of them, with the exception of the leader and sub-leader, were to be engaged in the name of Pétion, for

the support of the constitution against the aristocrats and republicans. Each assistant was to pay his own recruits, and was to receive the funds from the leader or the sub-leader, in proportion to the number of men he brought with him.

The leader alone was to correspond with a friend of a captain of the King's constitutional guard, named Piquet, a man of courage, and entirely devoted to his Majesty's service. This captain was to receive from me daily the funds necessary for the expenditure of the day following, with directions for the conduct of the tribunes according to what had passed on the day preceding; he was to communicate the whole to his friend, who, in his turn, was to transmit to the leader of the operation. By means of these various subdivisions this manœuvre might get wind by treachery or otherwise without any serious inconvenience resulting from it, because it cut off the possibility of all ultimate discovery, and prevented inquiries from being directed to me; nothing more was necessary than to remove any one of the intermediaries. Besides, in order so far as possible to watch the fidelity of the agents of this enterprise, and in some measure to keep a check upon the expense, I had agreed with Buob, a *juge de la paix*, that he should daily send five of his runners, whose salary I was to pay him, into each of the tribunes to see what was going forward there, especially in the front rows; to calculate as exactly as they could the number of persons shouting or applauding, and give him an account accordingly. We had not neglected to apprise the assistants that this inspection was regularly made by agents of Pétion.

The King returned me this plan after reflecting upon it for four-and-twenty hours, and authorised me to try it in the course of the following week; this was the result:—The first and second days our people contented themselves with silencing all marks of disapprobation and applause under pretence of hearing better, and that was one great point gained. On the third day, they began slightly to applaud constitutional motions and opinions, and continued to prevent contrary motions and opinions from being heard. On the fourth day, the same line of conduct was continued, only the applauses were warmer, and longer persevered in. The Assembly could not make it out; several of the members looked towards the tribunes frequently and with

attention, and made themselves easy on seeing them filled with individuals whose appearance and dress were as usual. On the fifth day, the marks of applause became stronger, and they began to murmur a little against anti-constitutional motions and remarks. At this the Assembly appeared somewhat disconcerted; but one of the assistants, on being interrogated by a deputy, replying that he was for the constitution and for Pétion, it was supposed that the disapprobation which had been heard was the effect of some mistake. On the sixth day, the sounds of approbation and disapprobation were still conducted in the same way, but with a degree of violence considerable enough to give offence to the Assembly; a motion was made against the tribunes, who repelled it by violent clamours, insults, and threats. Some of the men employed carried their audacity so far as to raise their sticks, as if to strike the deputies who were near them, and repeated, over and over again, that the Assembly consisted of a pack of beggars, who ought to be knocked on the head. The President, no doubt thinking that it was not quite prudent to wait till the majority of those who filled the tribunes should declare themselves of that opinion, broke up the sitting.

As the members of the Assembly quitted the hall, several of the deputies accosted a considerable number of individuals coming down from the tribunes, and, by dint of questions and cajolery, drew from them that they were employed by Pétion. They immediately went to complain to him on the subject, under a conviction that he had been deceived in the choice of his men and would dismiss them. Pétion, who as yet knew nothing of what had been going forward in the Assembly, swore truly that he had no hand in it. He insisted that it was a manœuvre of his enemies, and promised to leave no stone unturned to find out its authors. I was informed that in the evening several of his emissaries had been all over the faubourgs, and had questioned a great many working men; but, fortunately, all these inquiries ended in nothing.

The letter which I addressed to the King every morning informed him of the orders I had issued for the next day with regard to the management of the tribunes; and as he had always some confidential person at the Assembly, in order that he might be accurately informed of what was going forward there, he was

enabled to judge with what success the directions I gave were executed; and consequently his Majesty in almost all his answers to the letters of that week observed: "The tribunes go on well —better and better—admirable." But the scene of violence on Saturday gave him some uneasiness. On the following day, when I made my appearance at the *levée*, their Majesties and Madame Elizabeth looked at me in the most gracious manner. After mass the King, passing close by me, said without turning, and low enough to be heard by nobody but myself—"Very well, only too rapidly. I will write to you." In fact, in the letter which the King returned to me the same day, he observed: "That the experiment had succeeded beyond his hopes, but that it would be dangerous, especially to myself, to pursue it. That this resource ought to be reserved for a time of need, and that he would apprise me when that time arrived."

CHAPTER IX.

Fresh libel by Madame de Lamotte—The Queen refuses to purchase the manuscript—The King buys it—The Queen performs her Easter devotions secretly in 1792—She dares not confide in General Dumouriez—Barnave's last advice—Insults offered to the royal family by the mob—The King's dejection—20th of June—The King's kindness to Madame Campan—Iron closet—Louis XVI. entrusts a portfolio to Madame Campan—Importance of the documents it contained—Procedure of M. de La Fayette—Why it was unsuccessful—An assassin conceals himself in the Queen's apartments.

In the beginning of the year 1792 a worthy priest requested a private interview with me. He had learned the existence of a new libel by Madame de Lamotte. He told me that the people who came from London to get it printed in Paris only desired gain, and that they were ready to deliver the manuscript to him for a thousand louis, if he could find any friend of the Queen disposed to make that sacrifice for her peace; that he had thought of me, and if her Majesty would give him the twenty-four thousand francs, he would hand the manuscript to me.

I communicated this proposal to the Queen, who rejected it, and desired me to answer that at the time when she had power to punish the hawkers of these libels she deemed them so atrocious and in-

credible that she despised them too much to stop them; that if she were imprudent and weak enough to buy a single one of them, the Jacobins might possibly discover the circumstance through their espionage; that were this libel bought up, it would be printed nevertheless, and would be much more dangerous when they apprised the public of the means she had used to suppress it.

Baron d'Aubier, gentleman-in-ordinary to the King, and my particular friend, had a good memory and a clear way of communicating the substance of the debates and decrees of the National Assembly. I went daily to the Queen's apartments to repeat all this to the King, who used to say, on seeing me, "Ah! here's the *Postillon par Calais*"—a newspaper of the time.

M. d'Aubier one day said to me, "The Assembly has been much occupied with an information laid by the workmen of the Sèvres manufactory. They brought to the President's office a bundle of pamphlets which they said were the life of Marie Antoinette. The director of the manufactory was ordered up to the bar, and declared he had received orders to burn the printed sheets in question in the furnaces used for baking his china."

While I was relating this business to the Queen the King coloured and held his head down over his plate. The Queen said to him, "Do you know anything about this, Sire?" The King made no answer. Madame Elizabeth requested him to explain what all this meant. Still silent. I withdrew.

hastily. A few minutes afterwards the Queen came to my room and informed me that the King, out of regard for her, had purchased the whole edition struck off from the manuscript which I had mentioned to her; and that M. de Laporte had not been able to devise any more secret way of destroying the work than that of having it burnt at Sèvres among two hundred workmen, one hundred and eighty of whom must, in all probability, be Jacobins! She told me she had concealed her vexation from the King; that he was in consternation, and that she could say nothing, since his good intentions and his affection for her had been the cause of the mistake.[1]

[1] M. de Laporte had by order of the King bought up the whole edition of the *Memoirs* of the notorious Madame de Lamotte against the Queen. Instead of destroying them immediately, he shut them up in one of the closets in his house. The alarming and rapid growth of the rebellion, the arrogance of the crowd of brigands, who in great measure composed the populace of Paris, and the fresh excesses daily resulting from it, rendered the intendant of the civil list apprehensive that some mob might break into his house, carry off these *Memoirs*, and spread them among the public. In order to prevent this he gave orders to have the *Memoirs* burnt with every necessary precaution; and the clerk who received the order entrusted the execution of it to a man named Riston, a dangerous intriguer, formerly an advocate of Nancy, who had a twelvemonth before escaped the gallows by favour of the new principles and the patriotism of the new tribunals, although convicted of forging the great seal, and fabricating decrees of the council, in a proceeding instituted at the instance of the tribunal of the King's palace, in which I examined and confronted the parties, at the risk of attempts at assassination not only by the accused, who during one of the sittings was so enraged that he rushed at me with a knife in his hand, but also by the brigands in his pay, who filled the court. This Riston, finding himself entrusted with a commission which concerned her Majesty, and the mystery attending which bespoke something of importance, was far less anxious to execute it faithfully than to

Some time afterwards the Assembly received a denunciation against M. de Montmorin. The ex-minister was accused of having neglected forty despatches from M. Genet, the *chargé d'affaires* from France in Russia, not having even unsealed them, because M. Genet acted on constitutional principles. M. de Montmorin appeared at the bar to answer this accusation. Whatever distress I might feel in obeying the order I had received from the King to go and give him an account of the sitting, I thought I ought not to fail in doing so. But instead of giving my brother his family name, I merely said *your Majesty's chargé d'affaires at St. Petersburg.*

The King did me the favour to say that he noticed a reserve in my account of which he approved. The Queen condescended to add a few obliging remarks to those of the King. However, my office of journalist gave me in this instance so

make a parade of this mark of confidence. On the 30th of May, at ten in the morning, he had the sheets carried to the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, in a cart which he himself accompanied, and made a large fire of them before all the workmen, who were expressly forbidden to approach it. All these precautions, and the suspicions to which they gave rise, under such critical circumstances, gave so much publicity to this affair that it was denounced to the Assembly that very night. Brissot, and the whole Jacobin party, with equal effrontery and vehemence, insisted that the papers thus secretly burnt could be no other than the registers and documents of the correspondence of the Austrian committee. M. de Laporte was ordered to the bar, and there gave the most exact account of the circumstances. Riston was also called up, and confirmed M. de Laporte's deposition. But these explanations, however satisfactory, did not calm the violent ferment raised in the Assembly by this affair.—*Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville.*

much pain that I took an opportunity, when the King was expressing his satisfaction to me at the manner in which I gave him this daily account, to tell him that its merit belonged wholly to M. d'Aubier; and I ventured to request the King to suffer that excellent man to give him an account of the sittings himself. I assured the King that if he would permit it, that gentleman might proceed to the Queen's apartments through mine unseen; the King consented to the arrangement. Thenceforward M. d'Aubier gave the King repeated proofs of zeal and attachment.

The Curé of Saint Eustache ceased to be the Queen's confessor when he took the constitutional oath. I do not remember the name of the ecclesiastic who succeeded him; I only know that he was conducted into her apartments with the greatest mystery. Their Majesties did not perform their Easter devotions in public, because they could neither declare for the constitutional clergy, nor act so as to show that they were against them.

The Queen did perform her Easter devotions in 1792; but she went to the chapel attended only by myself. She desired me beforehand to request one of my relations, who was her chaplain, to celebrate a mass for her at five o'clock in the morning. It was still dark; she gave me her arm, and I lighted her with a taper. I left her alone at the chapel door. She did not return to her room until the dawn of day.

Dangers increased daily. The Assembly were

strengthened in the eyes of the people by the hostilities of the foreign armies and the army of the Princes. The communication with the latter party became more active; the Queen wrote almost every day. M. de Goguelat possessed her confidence for all correspondence with the foreign parties, and I was obliged to have him in my apartments; the Queen asked for him very frequently, and at times which she could not previously appoint.

All parties were exerting themselves either to ruin or to save the King. One day I found the Queen extremely agitated; she told me she no longer knew where she was; that the leaders of the Jacobins offered themselves to her through the medium of Dumouriez; or that Dumouriez, abandoning the Jacobins, had come and offered himself to her; that she had granted him an audience; that when alone with her, he had thrown himself at her feet, and told her that he had drawn the *bonnet rouge* over his head to the very ears; but that he neither was nor could be a Jacobin; that the Revolution had been suffered to extend even to that rabble of destroyers who, thinking of nothing but pillage, were ripe for anything, and might furnish the Assembly with a formidable army, ready to undermine the remains of a throne already but too much shaken. Whilst speaking with the utmost ardour he seized the Queen's hand and kissed it with transport, exclaiming, "*Suffer yourself to be saved.*" The Queen told me that the protestations of a traitor were not to be relied on; that the whole of his conduct was

so well known, that undoubtedly the wisest course was not to trust to it;[1] that moreover, the Princes particularly recommended that no confidence should be placed in any proposition emanating from within the kingdom; that the force without became imposing; and that it was better to rely upon their success, and upon the protection due from Heaven to a sovereign so virtuous as Louis XVI. and to so just a cause.

The constitutionalists, on their part, saw that there had been nothing more than a pretence of listening to them. Barnave's last advice was as to the means of continuing, a few weeks longer, the constitutional guard, which had been denounced to the Assembly, and was to be disbanded. The denunciation against the constitutional guard affected only *its staff, and the Duc de Brissac.* Barnave wrote to the Queen that the staff of the guard was already attacked; that the Assembly was about to pass a decree to reduce it; and he entreated her to prevail on the King, the very instant the decree should appear, to form the staff afresh of persons whose names he sent her. Barnave said that all who were set down in it passed for decided Jacobins, but were

[1] The sincerity of General Dumouriez cannot be doubted in this instance. The second volume of his Memoirs shows how unjust the mistrust and reproaches of the Queen were. By rejecting his services, Marie Antoinette deprived herself of her only remaining support. He who saved France in the defiles of Argonne would perhaps have saved France before the 20th of June had he obtained the full confidence of Louis XVI. and the Queen.—*Note by the Editor.*

not so in fact; that they, as well as himself, were in despair at seeing the monarchical government attacked; that they had learned to dissemble their sentiments, and that it would be at least a fortnight before the Assembly could know them well, and certainly before it could succeed in making them unpopular; that it would be necessary to take advantage of that short space of time to get away from Paris, immediately after their nomination. The Queen was of opinion that she ought not to yield to this advice. The Duc de Brissac was sent to Orleans, and the guard was disbanded.

Barnave, seeing that the Queen did not follow his counsel in anything, and convinced that she placed all her reliance on assistance from abroad, determined to quit Paris. He obtained a last audience. "Your misfortunes, Madame," said he, "and those which I anticipate for France, determine me to sacrifice myself to serve you. I see that my advice does not agree with the views of your Majesties. I augur but little advantage from the plan you are induced to pursue—you are too remote from your succours; you will be lost before they reach you. Most ardently do I wish I may be mistaken in so lamentable a prediction; but I am sure to pay with my head for the interest your misfortunes have raised in me, and the services I have sought to render you. I request, for my sole reward, the honour of kissing your hand." The Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, granted him that favour, and remained impressed with a favourable idea of his

sentiments. Madame Elizabeth participated in this opinion, and the two Princesses frequently spoke of Barnave. The Queen also received M. Duport several times, but with less mystery. Her connection with the constitutional deputies transpired. Alexandre de Lameth was the only one of the three who survived the vengeance of the Jacobins.[1]

[1] When, after the revolution of the 10th of August 1792, the iron closet of the Château of the Tuileries had been discovered and forced, a considerable number of documents, which had been imprudently preserved in it, and which were communicated to the Convention by Gohier, who had just succeeded Danton in the ministry of justice, proved that the Court had established and maintained during the latter months of the session of the Constituent Assembly, and from the time of the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, constant communication with the most powerful members of those Assemblies. Being decreed as accused, on the 15th of August 1792, with Alexandre de Lameth, ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, Bertrand de Molleville, Duport du Tertre, Duportail, Montmorin, and Tarbé, ex-ministers of the marine, of justice, of war, of foreign affairs, and of public contributions, Barnave was arrested at Grenoble. He remained in prison in that town fifteen months, and his friends began to hope that he would be forgotten, when an order arrived that he should be removed to Paris. At first he was imprisoned in the Abbaye, but transferred to the Conciergerie, and almost immediately taken before the revolutionary tribunal. He appeared there with wonderful firmness, summed up the services he had rendered to the cause of liberty with his usual eloquence, and made such an impression upon the numerous auditors that, although accustomed to behold only conspirators worthy of death in all those who appeared before the tribunal, they themselves considered his acquittal certain. The decree of death was read amidst the deepest silence; but Barnave's firmness was immovable. When he left the court, he cast upon the judges, the jurors, and the public looks expressive of contempt and indignation. He was led to his fate with the respected Duport du Tertre, one of the last ministers of Louis XVI. When he had ascended the scaffold, Barnave stamped, raised his eyes to heaven, and said—"This, then, is the reward of all that I have done for liberty!" He fell on the 29th of

The national guard, which succeeded the King's guard, having occupied the gates of the Tuileries, all who came to see the Queen were insulted with impunity. Menacing cries were uttered aloud even in the Tuileries; they called for the destruction of the throne, and the murder of the sovereign; the grossest insults were offered by the very lowest of the mob.

About this time the King fell into a despondent state, which amounted almost to physical helplessness. He passed ten successive days without uttering a single word, even in the bosom of his family; except, indeed, when playing at backgammon after dinner with Madame Elizabeth. The Queen roused him from this state, so fatal at a critical period, by throwing herself at his feet, urging every alarming idea, and employing every affectionate expression. She represented also what he owed to his family; and told him that if they were doomed to fall they ought to fall honourably, and not wait to be smothered upon the floor of their apartment.

About the 15th of June 1792 the King refused his sanction to the two decrees ordaining the deportation of priests, and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. He himself wished to sanction them, and said that the general insurrection only waited for a pretence to

October 1793, in the thirty-second year of his age; his bust was placed in the Grenoble Museum. The Consular Government placed his statue next to that of Vergniaud, on the great staircase of the palace of the Senate.—*Biographie de Bruxelles.*

burst forth.[1] The Queen insisted upon the *veto*, and reproached herself bitterly when this last act of the constitutional authority had occasioned the day of the 20th of June.

[1] This assertion contradicts the almost unanimous testimony of historians. To say nothing of Dumouriez, who tells us precisely the contrary, Bertrand de Molleville enters into particulars upon the subject which leave no room for doubt. "The Assembly," he says, "which kept up its credit by acts of violence, passed a decree against non-constitutional priests, to oblige them to take a fresh oath, or quit the kingdom. The bishops then in Paris met to draw up a petition against this decree, under a conviction that the King, who had already shown the deepest regret at having sanctioned the decrees relating to the clergy, would rejoice at having grounds pointed out to him for refusing his sanction to this. When the petition was drawn up they asked leave to put it into his Majesty's hands, and the Bishop of Uzês had a private correspondence with me on this occasion; for at this period no minister could have received a bishop publicly without becoming an object of suspicion *to the nation.* The King appeared much moved on reading the petition, and said to me, with the energy which always warmed him when religion was under discussion,—'They may be very sure I will never sanction it. But the question is, whether I ought to assign a reason for my refusal, or give it plainly and simply according to the usual formula; or whether, under all circumstances, it is not more prudent to temporise. Try to find out what your colleagues think about it before it is discussed in council.' I observed that the constitution dispensed with any reason for the King's refusal to sanction, and that although the Assembly ought to be pleased at seeing his Majesty waive so important a prerogative, they were capable of carrying their insolence so far as to refuse to hear his reasons, and would even reproach him for this departure from the constitution as a violation of his oath; that, as to temporising, it would be showing weakness, and inviting the Assembly to become still more audacious; and therefore that a plain unexplained refusal of the sanction was the safest course. This matter was discussed next day at the council of the ministers. They all saw the necessity for refusing the sanction; and at the following council they unanimously recommended that course to the King, who determined upon it with the greatest satisfaction. But this gleam of happiness was clouded by a proposal made to him by the minister of the interior immediately to

A few days previously above twenty thousand men had gone to the Commune to announce that, on the 20th, they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the National Assembly, and present a petition to the King respecting the *veto* which he had placed upon the decree for the deportation of the priests. This dreadful army crossed the garden of the Tuileries, and marched under the Queen's windows; it consisted of people who called themselves the citizens of the Faubourgs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau. Covered with filthy clothes, they bore a most terrifying appearance, and even infected the air. People asked each other where such an army could come from; nothing so disgusting had ever before appeared in Paris.

On the 20th of June this mob thronged about the Tuileries in still greater numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets, and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colours, shouting, "*The nation for ever! Down with the veto!*" The King was without guards. Some of these desperadoes rushed up to his apartment; the door was about to be forced in, when the King commanded that it should be opened. Messieurs de

form his chapel, and that of the Queen, of constitutional priests, as the most certain way to convince the people of his sincere attachment to the constitution. "No, sir, no," replied the King in the firmest tone; "do not speak of that to me; let me be left at rest upon that point. When liberty of worship was established, it was established for all; I ought, therefore, to enjoy it." 'The warmth with which the King spoke surprised us all, and silenced M. Cahier de Gerville."—*Note by the Editor.*

Bougainville, d'Hervilly, de Parois, d'Aubier, Acloque,[1] Gentil, and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. de Septeuil, the King's first *valet de chambre*, instantly ran to his Majesty's apartment. M. de Bougainville, seeing the torrent furiously advancing, cried out, "Put the King in the recess of the window, and place benches before him." Six royalist grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles Saint Thomas made their way by an inner staircase, and ranged themselves before the benches. The order given by M. de Bougainville saved the King from the blades of the assassins, among whom was a Pole named Lazousky, who was to strike the first blow. The King's brave defenders said, "Sire, fear nothing." The King's reply is well known—"Put your hand upon my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid." M. Vanot, commandant of battalion, warded off a blow aimed by a wretch against the King; a grenadier of the Filles Saint Thomas parried a sword-thrust made in the same direction. Madame Elizabeth ran to her brother's apartments; when she reached the door she heard loud threats of death against the Queen: they called for the head of the Austrian. "Ah! let them think I am the Queen," she said to those around her, "that she may have time to escape."

The Queen could not join the King; she was in the council chamber, where she had been placed

[1] A citizen of Paris, commandant of battalion, who during the whole of the Revolution was in direct opposition to the regicide Santerre.—*Madame Campan.*

behind the great table to protect her, as much as possible, against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanour in this dreadful situation, she held the Dauphin before her, seated upon the table. Madame was at her side; the Princesse de Lamballe, the Princesse de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Aymon, Madame de Tourzel, and Madame de Mackau, surrounded her. She had fixed a tri-coloured cockade, which one of the national guard had given her, upon her head. The poor little Dauphin was, like the King, shrouded in an enormous red cap.[1] The horde passed in files before the table; the sort of stan-

[1] One of the circumstances of the 20th of June which most vexed the King's friends being that of his wearing the *bonnet rouge* nearly three hours, I ventured to ask him for some explanation of a fact so strikingly in contrast with the extraordinary intrepidity shown by his Majesty during that horrible day. This was his answer: "The cries of '*The nation for ever!*' violently increasing around me, and seeming to be addressed to me, I replied that the nation had not a warmer friend than myself. Upon this an ill-looking man, making his way through the crowd, came up to me and said, rather roughly, '*Well, if you speak the truth, prove it by putting on this red cap.*' 'I consent,' replied I. One or two of them immediately came forward and placed the cap upon my hair, for it was too small for my head. I was convinced, I knew not why, that his intention was merely to place the cap upon my head for a moment, and then to take it off again; and I was so completely taken up with what was passing before me that I did not feel whether the cap did or did not remain upon my hair. I was so little aware of it that when I returned to my room I knew only from being told so that it was still there. I was very much surprised to find it upon my head, and was the more vexed at it because I might have taken it off immediately without the smallest difficulty. But I am satisfied that if I had hesitated to consent to its being placed upon my head the drunken fellow who offered it to me would have thrust his pike into my stomach."—*Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville.*

dards which they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words "*Marie Antoinette à la lanterne*" were written beneath it. Another was a board, to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with "*Heart of Louis XVI.*" written round it. And a third showed the horn of an ox, with an obscene inscription.

One of the most furious Jacobin women who marched with these wretches stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the Queen. Her Majesty asked whether she had ever seen her. She replied that she had not. Whether she had done her any personal wrong. Her answer was the same; but she added, "It is you who have caused the misery of the nation." "You have been told so," answered the Queen; "you are deceived. As the wife of the King of France, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman; I shall never see my own country again—I can be happy or unhappy only in France; I was happy when you loved me." The fury began to weep, asked her pardon, and said, "It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good."

Santerre, the monarch of the faubourgs, made his subjects file off as quickly as he could; and it was thought at the time that he was ignorant of the object of this insurrection, which was the murder of the royal family. However, it was eight o'clock in the evening before the Palace was completely cleared. Twelve deputies, impelled by attachment to the

King's person, ranged themselves near him at the commencement of the insurrection; but the deputation from the Assembly did not reach the Tuileries until six in the evening; all the doors of the apartments were broken. The Queen pointed out to the deputies the state of the King's Palace, and the disgraceful manner in which his asylum had been violated under the very eyes of the Assembly: she saw that Merlin de Thionville was so much affected as to shed tears while she spoke. "You weep, M. Merlin," said she to him, "at seeing the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he always wished to make happy." "True, Madame," replied Merlin; "I weep for the misfortunes of a beautiful and feeling woman, the mother of a family; but do not mistake, not one of my tears falls for either King or Queen; I hate kings and queens: it is my religion." The Queen could not understand this madness, and saw all that was to be apprehended from persons who evinced it.

All hope was gone, and nothing was thought of but succour from abroad. The Queen appealed to her family and the King's brothers; her letters probably became more pressing, and expressed apprehensions upon the tardiness of relief. Her Majesty read me one to herself from the Archduchess Christina, Gouvernante of the Low Countries: she reproached the Queen for some of her expressions, and told her that those out of France were at least as much alarmed as herself at the King's situation and her own; but that the manner of attempting to

assist her might either save her or endanger her safety; and that the members of the coalition were bound to act prudently, entrusted as they were with interests so dear to them.

The 14th of July 1792, fixed by the constitution as the anniversary of the independence of the nation, drew near. The King and Queen were compelled to make their appearance on the occasion; aware that the plot of the 20th of June had their assassination for its object, they had no doubt but that their death was determined on for the day of this national festival. The Queen was recommended, in order to give the King's friends time to defend him if the attack should be made, to guard him against the first stroke of a dagger by making him wear a breastplate. I was directed to get one made in my apartments: it was composed of fifteen folds of Italian taffety, and formed into an under-waistcoat and a wide belt. This breastplate was tried; it resisted all thrusts of the dagger, and several balls were turned aside by it. When it was completed the difficulty was to let the King try it on without running the risk of being surprised. I wore the immense heavy waistcoat as an under-petticoat for three days without being able to find a favourable moment. At length the King found an opportunity one morning to pull off his coat in the Queen's chamber and try on the breastplate.

The Queen was in bed; the King pulled me gently by the gown, and drew me as far as he could from the Queen's bed, and said to me, in a

very low tone of voice: "It is to satisfy her that I submit to this inconvenience: they will not assassinate me; their scheme is changed; they will put me to death another way." The Queen heard the King whispering to me, and when he was gone out she asked me what he had said. I hesitated to answer; she insisted that I should, saying that nothing must be concealed from her, and that she was resigned upon every point. When she was informed of the King's remark she told me she had guessed it, that he had long since observed to her that all which was going forward in France was an imitation of the revolution in England in the time of Charles I., and that he was incessantly reading the history of that unfortunate monarch in order that he might act better than Charles had done at a similar crisis.[1] "I begin to be fearful of the

[1] The King's usual book was the History of Charles I., and his principal attention was directed to avoiding, in all his actions, everything that might serve as a pretence for a judicial accusation. He would readily have sacrificed his life, but not the glory of France, which an assassination, that would have been only the crime of a few individuals, would not have tarnished. To all my congratulations upon his good fortune in escaping the dangers of the 20th June his Majesty answered with the utmost indifference: "All my uneasiness was about the Queen and my sister; for as to myself——" "But it appears to me," said I, "this insurrection was directed chiefly against your Majesty." "I know it well; I saw that they wished to assassinate me, and I cannot tell how it was they did not do so. But I shall not escape them another time, so that I am no better off: there is but little difference in being assassinated two months earlier or later." "Good heavens! Sire," exclaimed I, "can your Majesty, then, so steadfastly believe that you will be assassinated?" "Yes, I am certain of it; I have long expected it, and have made up my mind. Do you think I fear death?" "No, surely; but I should be glad to see your

King's being brought to trial," continued the Queen; "as to me, I am a foreigner; they will assassinate me. What will become of my poor children?" These sad ejaculations were followed by a torrent of tears.[1] I wished to give her an antispasmodic;

Majesty less determined to expect that event, and more disposed to adopt vigorous measures, which are now become the only means by which the King can look to be rescued." "I believe that, but still there would be many chances against me, and I am not fortunate. I should be at no loss if I had not my family with me. It would soon be seen that I am not so weak as they think me; but what will become of my wife and children if I do not succeed?" "But does your Majesty think that if you were assassinated your family would be more secure?" "Yes, I do think so, at least I hope so; and if it happened otherwise I should not have to reproach myself with being the cause of their misfortunes. Besides, what could I do?" "I think your Majesty might at this moment leave Paris with greater ease than ever, because the events of yesterday but too clearly prove that your life is not safe in the capital." "Oh! I will not fly a second time: I suffered too much before." "I am of opinion, too, that your Majesty should not think of it, at least at this moment: but it seems to me that existing circumstances, and the general indignation which the affair of yesterday appears to have excited, present the King with the most favourable opportunity that can possibly offer for leaving Paris publicly, not only with the consent of the great majority of the citizens, but with their approbation. I ask your Majesty's permission to reflect upon this step, and to give you my ideas upon the mode and means of executing it." "Do so, but it is a more difficult matter than you imagine."—*Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville.*

[1] These distressing scenes were often renewed. There is nothing in history to which the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette can be compared but those of Henriette de France, the daughter of Henri IV., wife of Charles I., and mother of Charles II. Like Henriette, she was accused of having exercised too much control over the King's mind; like her, she was haunted by continual fears for the lives of her husband and her children: but she had not, like Henriette, the consolation, after protracted misfortunes, of seeing her family re-ascend the throne. The tragic and deplorable end of Mary Stuart awaited her who had experienced all the griefs of Henriette de France.—*Note by the Editor.*

she refused it, saying that only happy women could feel nervous; that the cruel situation to which she was reduced rendered these remedies useless. In fact the Queen, who during her happier days was frequently attacked by hysterical disorders, enjoyed more uniform health when all the faculties of her soul were called forth to support her physical strength.

I had prepared a corset for her, for the same purpose as the King's under-waistcoat, without her knowledge; but she would not make use of; all my entreaties, all my tears, were in vain. "If the factions assassinate me," she replied, "it will be a fortunate event for me; they will deliver me from a most painful existence." A few days after the King had tried on his breastplate I met him on a back staircase. I drew back to let him pass. He stopped and took my hand; I wished to kiss his; he would not suffer it, but drew me towards him by the hand, and kissed both my cheeks without saying a single word.

The fear of another attack upon the Tuileries occasioned scrupulous search among the King's papers: I burnt almost all those belonging to the Queen. She put her family letters, a great deal of correspondence which she thought it necessary to preserve for the history of the era of the Revolution, and particularly Barnave's letters and her answers, of which she had copies, into a portfolio, which she entrusted to M. de J——. That gentleman was unable to save this deposit, and it was burnt. The

Queen left a few papers in her *secrétaire*. Among them were instructions to Madame de Tourzel, respecting the dispositions of her children and the characters and abilities of the sub-governesses under that lady's orders. This paper, which the Queen drew up at the time of Madame de Tourzel's appointment, with several letters from Maria Theresa, filled with the best advice and instructions, were printed after the 10th of August by order of the Assembly in the collection of papers found in the *secrétaires* of the King and Queen.

Her Majesty had still, without reckoning the income of the month, one hundred and forty thousand francs in gold. She was desirous of depositing the whole of it with me; but I advised her to retain fifteen hundred louis, as a sum of rather considerable amount might be suddenly necessary for her. The King had an immense quantity of papers, and unfortunately conceived the idea of privately making, with the assistance of a locksmith, who had worked with him above ten years, a place of concealment in an inner corridor of his apartments. The place of concealment, but for the man's information, would have been long undiscovered.[1] The wall in which it was made was painted to imitate large stones, and the opening was entirely concealed among the brown grooves which formed the shaded part of these painted stones. But even before this locksmith had denounced what was after-

[1] See vol. i. p. 164.

wards called *the iron closet* to the Assembly, the Queen was aware that he had talked of it to some of his friends; and that this man, in whom the King from long habit placed too much confidence, was a Jacobin. She warned the King of it, and prevailed on him to fill a very large portfolio with all the papers he was most interested in preserving, and entrust it to me. She entreated him in my presence to leave nothing in this closet; and the King, in order to quiet her, told her that he had left nothing there. I would have taken the portfolio and carried it to my apartment, but it was too heavy for me to lift. The King said he would carry it himself; I went before to open the doors for him. When he placed the portfolio in my inner closet he merely said, "The Queen will tell you what it contains." Upon my return to the Queen I put the question to her, deeming, from what the King had said, that it was necessary I should know. "They are," the Queen answered me, "such documents as would be most dangerous to the King should they go so far as to proceed to a trial against him. But what he wishes me to tell you is, that the portfolio contains a *procès-verbal* of a cabinet council, in which the King gave his opinion against the war. He had it signed by all the ministers, and, in case of a trial, he trusts that this document will be very useful to him." I asked the Queen to whom she thought I ought to commit the portfolio. "To whom you please," answered she, "*you alone are answerable for it.* Do not quit the Palace even

during your vacation months: there may be circumstances under which it would be very desirable that we should be able to have it instantly."

At this period M. de La Fayette, who had probably given up the idea of establishing a republic in France similar to that of the United States, and was desirous to support the first constitution which he had sworn to defend, quitted his army and came to the Assembly for the purpose of supporting by his presence and by an energetic speech a petition signed by twenty thousand citizens against the late violation of the residence of the King and his family. The General found the constitutional party powerless, and saw that he himself had lost his popularity. The Assembly disapproved of the step he had taken; the King, for whom it was taken, showed no satisfaction at it, and he saw himself compelled to return to his army as quickly as he could. He thought he could rely on the national guard; but on the day of his arrival those officers who were in the King's interest inquired of his Majesty whether they were to forward the views of General de La Fayette by joining him in such measures as he should pursue during his stay at Paris. The King enjoined them not to do so. From this answer M. de La Fayette perceived that he was abandoned by the remainder of his party in the Paris guard.

On his arrival a plan was presented to the Queen, in which it was proposed by a junction between La Fayette's army and the King's party to rescue the royal family and convey them to Rouen.

I did not learn the particulars of this plan; the Queen only said to me upon the subject that M. de La Fayette was offered to them as a resource; but that it would be better for them to perish than to owe their safety to the man who had done them the most mischief, or to place themselves under the necessity of treating with him.

I passed the whole month of July without going to bed; I was fearful of some attack by night. There was one plot against the Queen's life which has never been made known. I was alone by her bedside at one o'clock in the morning; we heard somebody walking softly down the corridor, which passes along the whole line of her apartments, and which was then locked at each end. I went out to fetch the *valet de chambre;* he entered the corridor, and the Queen and myself soon heard the noise of two men fighting. The unfortunate Princess held me locked in her arms, and said to me, "What a situation! insults by day and assassins by night!" The *valet de chambre* cried out to her from the corridor, "Madame, it is a wretch that I know; I have him!" "Let him go," said the Queen; "open the door to him; he came to murder me; the Jacobins would carry him about in triumph to-morrow." The man was a servant of the King's toilette, who had taken the key of the corridor out of his Majesty's pocket after he was in bed, no doubt with the intention of committing the crime suspected. The *valet de chambre*, who was a very strong man, held him by the wrists, and thrust him

out at the door. The wretch did not speak a word. The *valet de chambre* said, in answer to the Queen, who spoke to him gratefully of the danger to which he had exposed himself, that he feared nothing; and that he had always a pair of excellent pistols about him for no other purpose than to defend her Majesty.

Next day M. de Septeuil had all the locks of the King's inner apartments changed. I did the same by those of the Queen.

We were every moment told that the Faubourg Saint Antoine was preparing to march against the Palace. At four o'clock one morning towards the latter end of July a person came to give me information to that effect. I instantly sent off two men, on whom I could rely, with orders to proceed to the usual places for assembling, and to come back speedily and give me an account of the state of the city. We knew that at least an hour must elapse before the populace of the faubourgs assembled on the site of the Bastile could reach the Tuileries. It seemed to me sufficient for the Queen's safety that all about her should be awakened. I went softly into her room; she was asleep; I did not awaken her. I found General de W—— in the great closet; he told me the meeting was, for this once, dispersing. The General had endeavoured to please the populace by the same means as M. de La Fayette had employed. He saluted the lowest *poissarde*, and lowered his hat down to his very stirrup. But the populace, who had been flattered for three years,

required far different homage to its power, and the poor man was unnoticed. The King had been awakened, and so had Madame Elizabeth, who had gone to him. The Queen, yielding to the weight of her griefs, slept till nine o'clock on that day, which was very unusual with her. The King had already been to know whether she was awake: I told him what I had done, and the care I had taken not to disturb her. He thanked me and said, "I was awake, and so was the whole Palace; she ran no risk. I am very glad to see her take a little rest—Alas! her griefs double mine!" What was my chagrin when upon awaking and learning what had passed the Queen burst into tears, from regret at not having been called, and to upbraid me, on whose friendship she ought to have been able to rely, for having served her so ill under such circumstances! In vain did I reiterate that it had been only a false alarm, and that she required to have her strength recruited. "It is not diminished," said she: "misfortune gives us additional strength. Elizabeth was with the King, and I was asleep—I who am determined to perish by his side! I am his wife; I will not suffer him to incur the smallest risk without my sharing it."

CHAPTER X.

Madame Campan's communications with M. Bertrand de Molleville for the King's service—Hope of a speedy deliverance—The Queen's reflections upon the character of Louis XVI.—Insults—Inquiry set on foot by the Princesse de Lamballe respecting the persons of the Queen's household—The 10th of August—Curious particulars—Battle—Scenes of carnage—The royal family at the Feuillans.

DURING July the correspondence of M. Bertrand de Molleville with the King and Queen was most active. M. de Marsilly, formerly a lieutenant of the *Cent Suisses* of the guard, was the bearer of the letters.[1] He came to me the first time with a note from the Queen directed to M. Bertrand himself. In this note the Queen said: "Address yourself with

[1] I received by night only the King's answer, written with his own hand, in the margin of my letter. I always sent him back with the day's letter that to which he had replied the day before, so that my letters and his answers, of which I contented myself with taking notes only, never remained with me twenty-four hours. I proposed this arrangement to his Majesty to remove all uneasiness from his mind; my letters were generally delivered to the King or the Queen by M. de Marsilly, captain of the King's Guard, whose attachment and fidelity were known to their Majesties. I also sometimes employed M. Bernard de Marigny, who had left Brest for the purpose of facing the dangers which threatened the King, and sharing with all his Majesty's faithful servants the honour of forming a rampart round him with their bodies.—*Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville*, vol. ii. p. 12.

full confidence to Madame Campan; the conduct of her brother in Russia has not at all influenced her sentiments; she is wholly devoted to us; and if, hereafter, you should have anything to say to us verbally, you may rely entirely upon her devotion and discretion."

The mobs which gathered almost nightly in the faubourgs alarmed the Queen's friends; they entreated her not to sleep in her room on the ground-floor of the Tuileries. She removed to the first floor, to a room which was between the King's apartments and those of the Dauphin. Being awake always from daybreak, she ordered that neither the shutters nor the window blinds should be closed, that her long sleepless nights might be the less weary. About the middle of one of these nights, when the moon was shining into her bed-chamber, she gazed at it, and told me that in a month she should not see that moon unless freed from her chains, and beholding the King at liberty. She then imparted to me all that was concurring to deliver them; but said that the opinions of their intimate advisers were alarmingly at variance; that some vouched for complete success, while others pointed out insurmountable dangers. She added that she possessed the itinerary of the march of the Princes and the King of Prussia: that on such a day they would be at Verdun, on another day at such a place, that Lille was about to be besieged, but that M. de J——, whose prudence and intelligence the King, as well as herself, highly valued, alarmed them

much respecting the success of that siege, and made them apprehensive that, even were the commandant devoted to them, the civil authority, which by the constitution gave great power to the mayors of towns, would overrule the military commandant. She was also very uneasy as to what would take place at Paris during the interval, and spoke to me of the King's want of energy, but always in terms expressive of her veneration for his virtues and her attachment to himself. "The King," said she, "is not a coward; he possesses abundance of passive courage, but he is overwhelmed by an awkward shyness, a mistrust of himself, which proceeds from his education as much as from his disposition. He is afraid to command, and, above all things, dreads speaking to assembled numbers. He lived like a child, and always ill at ease under the eyes of Louis XV., until the age of twenty-one. This constraint confirmed his timidity.[1] Circumstanced as we are,

[1] One of the most remarkable features of the King's character and the nature of his mind was that his natural timidity and the difficulty which he generally felt in expressing himself were never perceptible when religion, the relief of the people, or the welfare of the French were the subjects in question; he would then speak with a facility and an energy which astonished new ministers in particular, who almost invariably came at first to the council possessed with the generally received opinion that the King had a very limited intellect. I do not mean to say that Louis XVI. was a genius; but I am convinced that if he had received a different education, and his abilities had been cultivated and exercised, he would have shown as much talent as those princes who have had the reputation of possessing the most. We saw him daily, and with the greatest ease, read a letter, a newspaper, or a memorial, and at the same time listen to the relation of some affair, and yet understand both perfectly well.

a few well-delivered words addressed to the Parisians, who are devoted to him, would multiply the strength of our party a hundredfold: he will not utter them. What can we expect from those addresses to the people which he has been advised to post up? Nothing but fresh outrages. As for myself, I could do anything, and would appear on horseback if necessary. But if I were really to begin to act, that would be furnishing arms to the King's enemies; the cry against the Austrian, and against the sway of a female, would become general in France; and, moreover, by showing myself, I should render the King a mere nothing. A Queen who is not regent ought, under these circumstances, to remain passive and prepare to die."

The King's constant practice was to come to the council with the evening paper, and the letters or memorials which had been presented to him during the day, in his hand. He spent the first half hour of each sitting in reading them, handed the memorials which required attention to the proper ministers, lit the others and the newspaper at the taper next to him, and threw them on the floor. All this time the ministers reported the business of their respective departments, and the King understood them so well that in an affair of some delicacy, reported while he was reading by M. Cahier de Gerville, and adjourned for a week for consideration, his Majesty astonished us upon the second report of the same affair by the exactness with which he fixed upon the omission of a fact extremely important to the decision, and which M. Cahier de Gerville no longer remembered. None of us could cope with the King in point of memory. His judgment was not less sound, not only in business, but in the composition of proclamations, or of letters, or speeches addressed to the Assembly. All the important documents of that nature which appeared during my administration were submitted to the King's examination in particular, after having been discussed and frequently settled at the committee of the ministers, and there are few of them in which his Majesty did not make some valuable corrections.—*Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville*, vol. i.

The garden of the Tuileries was full of maddened men, who insulted all who seemed to side with the court. *The Life of Marie Antoinette* was cried under the Queen's windows, infamous plates were annexed to the book, the hawkers showed them to the passers-by. On all sides were heard the jubilant outcries of a people in a state of delirium almost as frightful as the explosion of their rage. The Queen and her children were unable to breathe the open air any longer. It was determined that the garden of the Tuileries should be closed: as soon as this step was taken the Assembly decreed that the whole length of the Terrace des Feuillans belonged to it, and fixed the boundary between what was called the *national ground* and the *Coblentz ground* by a tri-coloured ribbon stretched from one end of the terrace to the other. All good citizens were ordered, by notices affixed to it, not to go down into the garden, under pain of being treated in the same manner as Foulon and Berthier.[1] The shutting up of the Tuileries did not enable the Queen and her children to walk in the garden. The people on the terrace sent forth dreadful howls, and she was twice compelled to return to her apartments.

[1] A young man who did not observe this written order went down into the garden; furious outcries, threats of *la lanterne*, and the crowd of people which collected upon the terrace warned him of his imprudence, and the danger which he ran. He immediately pulled off his shoes, took out his handkerchief, and wiped the dust from their soles. The people cried out, "*Bravo! the good citizen for ever!*" He was carried off in triumph. —*Madame Campan.*

In the early part of August many zealous persons offered the King money; he refused considerable sums, being unwilling to injure the fortunes of individuals. M. de la Ferté, intendant of the *menus plaisirs*, brought me a thousand louis, requesting me to lay them at the feet of the Queen. He thought she could not have too much money at so perilous a time, and that every good Frenchman should hasten to place all his ready money in her hands. She refused this sum, and others of much greater amount which were offered to her.[1] However, a few days afterwards, she told me she would accept M. de la Ferté's twenty-four thousand francs, because they would make up a sum which the King had to expend. She therefore directed me to go and receive those twenty-four thousand francs, to add them to the one hundred thousand francs she had placed in my hands, and to change the whole into assignats to increase their amount. Her orders were executed, and the assignats were delivered to the King. The Queen informed me that Madame Elizabeth had found a well-meaning man who had engaged to gain over Pétion by the bribe of a large sum of money, and that deputy would, by a preconcerted signal, inform the King of the success of the

[1] M. Auguié, my brother-in-law, receiver-general of the finances, offered her, through his wife, a portfolio containing one hundred thousand crowns in paper money. On this occasion the Queen said the most affecting things to my sister, expressive of her happiness at having contributed to the fortunes of such faithful subjects as herself and her husband, but declined her offer.—*Madame Campan.*

project. His Majesty soon had an opportunity of seeing Pétion, and on the Queen asking him before me if he was satisfied with him, the King replied, "Neither more nor less satisfied than usual; he did not make the concerted signal, and I believe I have been cheated." The Queen then condescended to explain the whole of the enigma to me. "Pétion," said she, "was, while talking to the King, to have kept his finger fixed upon his right eye for at least two seconds." "He did not even put his hand up to his chin," said the King; "after all, it is but so much money stolen: the thief will not boast of it, and the affair will remain a secret. Let us talk of something else." He turned to me and said, "Your father was an intimate friend of Mandat, who now commands the national guard; describe him to me; what ought I to expect from him?" I answered that he was one of his Majesty's most faithful subjects, but that with a great deal of loyalty he possessed very little sense, and that he was involved in the constitutional vortex. "I understand," said the King; "he is a man who would defend my palace and my person, because that is enjoined by the constitution which he has sworn to support, but who would fight against the party in favour of sovereign authority: it is well to know this with certainty."

On the next day the Princesse de Lamballe sent for me very early in the morning. I found her on a sofa facing a window that looked upon the Pont Royal. She then occupied that apartment of the Pavilion of Flora, which was on a level with that of

the Queen. She desired me to sit down by her. Her Highness had a writing-desk upon her knees. "You have had many enemies," said she; "attempts have been made to deprive you of the Queen's favour; they have been far from successful. Do you know that even I myself, not being so well acquainted with you as the Queen, was rendered suspicious of you; and that upon the arrival of the Court at the Tuileries I gave you a companion to be a spy upon you; and that I had another belonging to the police placed at your door! I was assured that you received five or six of the most virulent deputies of the *tiers-état*; but it was that wardrobe woman whose rooms were above you." "In short," said the Princess, "persons of integrity have nothing to fear from the evil-disposed when they belong to so upright a prince as the King. As to the Queen, she knows you, and has loved you ever since she came into France. You shall judge of the King's opinion of you: it was yesterday evening decided in the family circle that at a time when the Tuileries is likely to be attacked it was necessary to have the most faithful account of the opinions and conduct of all the individuals composing the Queen's service. The King takes the same precaution on his part respecting all who are about him. He said there was with him a person of great integrity, to whom he would commit this inquiry; and that, with regard to the Queen's household, you must be spoken to; that he had long studied your character, and that he esteemed your veracity."

THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.

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1884

The Princess had a list of the names of all who belonged to the Queen's chamber on her desk. She asked me for information respecting each individual. I was fortunate in having none but the most favourable information to give. I had to speak of my avowed enemy in the Queen's chamber; of her who most wished that I should be responsible for my brother's political opinions. The Princess, as the head of the chamber, could not be ignorant of this circumstance; but as the female in question, who idolised the King and Queen, would not have hesitated to sacrifice her life in order to save theirs, and as possibly her attachment to them, united to considerable narrowness of intellect and a limited education, contributed to her jealousy of me, I spoke of her in the highest terms.

The Princess wrote as I dictated, and occasionally looked at me with astonishment. When I had done I entreated her to write in the margin that the lady alluded to was my declared enemy. She embraced me, saying, "Ah! do not write it! we should not record an unhappy circumstance which ought to be forgotten." We came to a man of genius who was much attached to the Queen, and I described him as a man born solely to contradict, showing himself an aristocrat with democrats, and a democrat among aristocrats; but still a man of probity, and well disposed to his sovereign. The Princess said she knew many persons of that disposition, and that she was delighted I had nothing to say against this man, because she herself had placed him about the Queen.

The whole of her Majesty's chamber, which consisted entirely of persons of fidelity, gave throughout all the dreadful convulsions of the Revolution proofs of the greatest prudence and self-devotion. The same cannot be said of the antechambers. With the exception of three or four, all the servants of that class were outrageous Jacobins; and I saw on those occasions the necessity of composing the private household of princes of persons completely separated from the class of the people.

The situation of the royal family was so unbearable during the months which immediately preceded the 10th of August that the Queen longed for the crisis whatever might be its issue. She frequently said that a long confinement in a tower by the seaside would seem to her less intolerable than those feuds in which the weakness of her party daily threatened an inevitable catastrophe.[1]

[1] A few days before the 10th of August the squabbles between the royalists and the Jacobins, and between the Jacobins and the constitutionalists, increased in warmth; among the latter those men who defended the principles they professed with the greatest talent, courage, and constancy were at the same time the most exposed to danger. Montjoie says: "The question of dethronement was discussed with a degree of frenzy in the Assembly. Such of the deputies as voted against it were abused, ill-treated, and surrounded by assassins. They had a battle to fight at every step they took; and at length they did not dare to sleep in their own houses. Of this number were Regnault de Beaucaron, Froudiere, Girardin, and Vaublanc. Girardin complained of having been struck in one of the lobbies of the Assembly. A voice cried out to him, '*Say where you were struck.*' —'*Where?*' replied Girardin, '*what a question! Behind. Do assassins ever strike otherwise?*'" (*History of Marie Antoinette*).—*Note by the Editor.*

Not only were their Majesties prevented from breathing the open air, but they were also insulted at the very foot of the altar. The Sunday before the last day of the monarchy, while the royal family went through the gallery to the chapel, half the soldiers of the national guard exclaimed, "*Long live the King!*" and the other half, "*No; no King! down with the veto!*" and on that day at vespers the choristers preconcerted to use loud and threatening emphasis when chanting the words "*Deposuit potentes de sede,*" in the *Magnificat.* Incensed at such an irreverent proceeding, the royalists in their turn thrice exclaimed, "*Et reginam,*" after the "*Domine salvum fac regem.*" The tumult during the whole time of divine service was excessive.

At length the terrible night of the 10th of August 1792 arrived. On the preceding evening Pétion went to the Assembly and informed it that preparations were making for an insurrection on the following day; that the tocsin would sound at midnight; and that he feared he had not sufficient means for resisting the attack which was about to take place. Upon this information the Assembly passed to the order of the day. Pétion, however, gave an order for repelling force by force.[1] M. Mandat was armed with this order; and finding his fidelity to the King's person supported by what he considered the law of the State, he conducted himself in all his

[1] Pétion was the Mayor of Paris, and Mandat on this day was commandant of the national guard. Mandat was assassinated that night.—*Thiers*, vol. i. p. 260.

operations with the greatest energy. On the evening of the 9th I was present at the King's supper. While his Majesty was giving me various orders we heard a great noise at the door of the apartment. I went to see what was the cause of it, and found the two sentinels fighting. One said, speaking of the King, that he was hearty in the cause of the constitution, and would defend it at the peril of his life; the other maintained that he was an encumbrance to the only constitution suitable to a free people. They were almost ready to cut one another's throats. I returned with a countenance which betrayed my emotion. The King desired to know what was going forward at his door; I could not conceal it from him. The Queen said she was not at all surprised at it, and that more than half the Guard belonged to the Jacobin party.

The tocsin sounded at midnight. The Swiss were drawn up like walls; and in the midst of their soldier-like silence, which formed a striking contrast with the perpetual din of the town guard, the King informed M. de J——, an officer of the staff, of the plan of defence laid down by General Vioménil. M. de J—— said to me, after this private conference, "Put your jewels and money into your pockets; our dangers are unavoidable; the means of defence are null; safety might be obtained by some degree of energy in the King, but that is the only virtue in which he is deficient."

An hour after midnight the Queen and Madame Elizabeth said they would lie down on a sofa in a

closet in the *entresols*, the windows of which commanded the courtyard of the Tuileries.

The Queen told me the King had just refused to put on his quilted under-waistcoat; that he had consented to wear it on the 14th of July because he was merely going to a ceremony where the blade of an assassin was to be apprehended, but that on a day on which his party might fight against the revolutionists he thought there was something cowardly in preserving his life by such means.

During this time Madame Elizabeth disengaged herself from some of her clothing which encumbered her in order to lie down on the sofa: she took a cornelian pin out of her cape, and before she laid it down on the table she showed it to me, and desired me to read a motto engraved upon it round a stalk of lilies. The words were, "*Oblivion of injuries —pardon for offences.*" "I much fear," added that virtuous Princess, "this maxim has but little influence among our enemies; but it ought not to be less dear to us on that account."[1]

[1] The exalted piety of Madame Elizabeth gave to all she said and did a noble character, descriptive of that of her soul. On the day on which this worthy descendant of Saint Louis was sacrificed the executioner, in tying her hands behind her, raised up one of the ends of her handkerchief. Madame Elizabeth, with calmness, and in a voice which seemed not to belong to earth, said to him, "In the name of modesty, cover my bosom." I learned this from Madame de Serilly, who was condemned the same day as the Princess, but who obtained a respite at the moment of the execution, Madame de Montmorin, her relation, declaring that her cousin was *enceinte.—Madame Campan.*

The Queen desired me to sit down by her; the two Princesses could not sleep; they were conversing mournfully upon their situation when a musket was discharged in the courtyard. They both quitted the sofa, saying, "There is the first shot, unfortunately it will not be the last; let us go up to the King." The Queen desired me to follow her; several of her women went with me.

At four o'clock the Queen came out of the King's chamber and told us she had no longer any hope; that M. Mandat, who had gone to the Hôtel de Ville to receive further orders, had just been assassinated, and that the people were at that time carrying his head about the streets. Day came. The King, the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame, and the Dauphin went down to pass through the ranks of the sections of the national guard; the cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" was heard from a few places. I was at a window on the garden side; I saw some of the gunners quit their posts, go up to the King, and thrust their fists in his face, insulting him by the most brutal language. Messieurs de Salvert and de Bridges drove them off in a spirited manner. The King was as pale as a corpse. The royal family came in again. The Queen told me that all was lost; that the King had shown no energy; and that this sort of review had done more harm than good.

I was in the billiard-room with my companions; we placed ourselves upon some high benches. I then saw M. d'Hervilly with a drawn sword in his

hand, ordering the usher to open the door to the French *noblesse.* Two hundred persons entered the room nearest to that in which the family were; others drew up in two lines in the preceding rooms. I saw a few people belonging to the Court, many others whose features were unknown to me, and a few who figured groundlessly enough among what was called the *noblesse,* but whose self-devotion ennobled them at once. They were all so badly armed that even in that situation the indomitable French liveliness indulged in jests. M. de Saint Souplet, one of the King's equerries, and a page, carried on their shoulders instead of muskets the tongs belonging to the King's antechamber, which they had broken and divided between them. Another page, who had a pocket-pistol in his hand, stuck the end of it against the back of the person who stood before him, and who begged he would be good enough to rest it elsewhere. A sword and a pair of pistols were the only arms of those who had had the precaution to provide themselves with arms at all. Meanwhile, the numerous bands from the faubourgs, armed with pikes and cutlasses, filled the Carrousel and the streets adjacent to the Tuileries. The sanguinary Marseillais were at their head, with cannon pointed against the Château. In this emergency the King's council sent M. Dejoly, the Minister of Justice, to the Assembly to request they would send the King a deputation which might serve as a safeguard to the executive power. His ruin was resolved on; they passed to the order of the day. At

eight o'clock the department repaired to the Château. The *procureur-syndic*, seeing that the guard within was ready to join the assailants, went into the King's closet and requested to speak to him in private. The King received him in his chamber; the Queen was with him. There M. Rœderer told him that the King, all his family, and the people about them would inevitably perish unless his Majesty immediately determined to go to the National Assembly. The Queen at first opposed this advice, but the *procureur-syndic* told her that she rendered herself responsible for the deaths of the King, her children, and all who were in the Palace. She no longer objected. The King then consented to go to the Assembly. As he set out he said to the minister and persons who surrounded him, "*Come, gentlemen, there is nothing more to be done here.*"[1] The Queen

[1] The informant, cited by Montjoie, thus relates the efforts made by M. Rœderer with the people and the national guard, and the conversation he afterwards had with the King in his closet: "M. Rœderer, it must be said to his praise, tried all means. At last, being unable to subdue the fury of the people, he calmed it for a few minutes; they granted him half an hour, and the depositaries of the law instantly returned into the court of the Château. Here they met with obstacles of another kind; the national guard seemed perfectly resolute and well disposed. M. Rœderer called their attention to the extent of the danger; he made them promise to remain firm at their posts; he exhorted them not to attack their fellow-citizens, their brethren, as long as they should remain inactive; but he foresaw the approaching moment when the Château would be attacked. He explained to them the principles of lawful defence, and made the requisition prescribed by the law of the month of May 1791 relative to the public safety. The national guard, however, remained silent, and the gunners unloaded their cannon. What

said to me as she left the King's chamber, "Wait in my apartments; I will come to you, or I will send

could the authorities of the department then do? They joined the King's ministers, and all with one consent conjured him to save himself with his family, and take refuge in the bosom of the National Assembly. 'There, only, Sire,' said M. Rœderer, 'in the midst of the representatives of the people, can your Majesty, the Queen, and the royal family be in safety. Come, let us fly; in another quarter of an hour, perhaps, we shall not be able to command a retreat.'

"The King hesitated, the Queen manifested the highest dissatisfaction. 'What!' said she, 'are we alone; is there nobody who can act?' 'Yes, Madame, alone; action is useless—resistance is impossible.' One of the members of the department, M. Gerdrot, insisted on the prompt execution of the proposed measure. 'Silence, sir,' said the Queen to him; 'silence; you are the only person who ought to be silent here; when the mischief is done, those who did it should not pretend to wish to remedy it.'" . . . .

"Before my return to the Château I visited the hall of the department. The authorities of the department were to remain assembled the whole night. The *procureur-général* offered to pass it himself in the Château if the King thought it necessary. The King wished it should be so; I informed M. Rœderer, who instantly proceeded to the King; it was then near midnight. About one in the morning, the tocsin having only begun to sound after the mayor had quitted the King, his Majesty desired me to inform M. Pétion of it, and to communicate to him his wish that the gates of the terrace called Des Feuillans should be closed. . . . He went to the National Assembly, gave the explanations required of him, but said nothing about the Terrace des Feuillans. The terrace had been declared part of the area of the National Assembly; that body alone could dispose of it; therefore I pressed M. Pétion to demand what the King required of the National Assembly. The mayor could do this with the more propriety because the tocsin had sounded, and the *générale* had been beaten; it was certain the meeting was assembling, and that the National Assembly had recalled the mayor to their bar fully three quarters of an hour.

"M. Pétion heard the King's observations. He felt the force of them. Even before he went to the National Assembly he caused the gate which commands the riding-house yard to be

for you to go I know not whither." She took with her only the Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de

shut; the Swiss received a verbal order for it in the presence of all the municipal officers, and of several grenadiers who were with the mayor. The moment afterwards M. Pétion returned to the garden, and proceeded to the terrace. I saw him walking there in the midst of the same group, accompanied by the same municipal officers, and by a still greater number of national guards. I am a witness that the *commandant de bataillon* accosted the mayor opposite the principal gate of the Château, and said to him that everything was quiet, and that there was nothing to fear; that the commissioners of the sections, who had met at the Faubourg Saint Antoine, had separated and adjourned to Friday morning early, at the Hôtel de Ville, with the intention of coming to a final resolution; but that until that time there was no ground for apprehension. This intelligence was too agreeable not to be readily believed. The mayor announced that he should soon retire. However, several persons pointed out to him that the account of the *commandant de bataillon* might be true, and still the danger might be pressing.

"It has been observed that the commandant came from the section of the Croix Rouge; that the commissioners spoken of had separated at eleven o'clock; that since, and notwithstanding their pretended resolution, the tocsin had been sounded, the alarm-gun had been fired, the assemblage had taken place, and everything seemed to announce that the people would put themselves in motion about five o'clock in the morning.

"The Queen resumed her watch; the King remained mute; nobody spoke. It was reserved for me to give the last piece of advice. I had the firmness to say, 'Let us go, and not deliberate; honour commands it, the good of the State requires it. Let us go to the National Assembly; this step ought to have been taken long ago.'—'Let us go,' said the King, raising his right hand; 'let us start; let us give this last mark of self-devotion, since it is necessary.' The Queen was persuaded. Her first anxiety was for the King, the second for her son; the King had none. 'M. Rœderer—gentlemen,' said the Queen, 'you answer for the person of the King; you answer for that of my son.'—'Madame,' replied M. Rœderer, 'we pledge ourselves to die at your side; that is all we can engage for.'"—"Historical narrative of the transactions at the Château of the Tuileries during the night of the 9th and 10th August 1792, and the morning of the 10th;" from Montjoie's *History of Marie Antoinette.*

Tourzel. The Princesse de Tarente and Madame de La Roche-Aymon were inconsolable at being left at the Tuileries; they, and all who belonged to the chamber, went down into the Queen's apartments.

We saw the royal family pass between two lines formed by the Swiss grenadiers and those of the battalions of the Petits-Pères and the Filles Saint Thomas. They were so pressed upon by the crowd that during that short passage the Queen was robbed of her watch and purse. A man of great height and horrible appearance, one of such as were to be seen at the head of all the insurrections, drew near the Dauphin, whom the Queen was leading by the hand, and took him up in his arms. The Queen uttered a scream of terror, and was ready to faint. The man said to her, "Don't be frightened, I will do him no harm;" and he gave him back to her at the entrance of the chamber.

I leave to history all the details of that too memorable day, confining myself to retracing a few of the frightful scenes acted in the interior of the Tuileries after the King had quitted the Palace.

The assailants did not know that the King and his family had betaken themselves to the Assembly; and those who defended the Palace from the side of the courts were equally ignorant of it. It is supposed that if they had been aware of the fact the siege would never have taken place.

The Marseillais began by driving from their

posts several Swiss, who yielded without resistance; a few of the assailants fired upon them; some of the Swiss officers seeing their men fall, and perhaps thinking the King was still at the Tuileries, gave the word to a whole battalion to fire. The aggressors were thrown into disorder, and the Carrousel was cleared in a moment; but they soon returned, spurred on by rage and revenge. The Swiss were but eight hundred strong; they fell back into the interior of the Château; some of the doors were battered in by the guns, others broken through with hatchets; the populace rushed from all quarters into the interior of the Palace; almost all the Swiss were massacred; the nobles, flying through the gallery which leads to the Louvre, were either stabbed or shot, and the bodies thrown out of the windows. M. Pallas and M. de Marchais, ushers of the King's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber; many others of the King's servants fell victims to their fidelity. I mention these two persons in particular because, with their hats pulled over their brows and their swords in their hands, they exclaimed, as they defended themselves with unavailing courage, "We will not survive—this is our post; our duty is to die at it." M. Diet behaved in the same manner at the door of the Queen's bed-chamber; he experienced the same fate. The Princesse de Tarente had fortunately opened the door of the apartments; otherwise, the dreadful band seeing several women collected in the Queen's *salon* would have fancied she was among

us, and would have immediately massacred us had we resisted them. We were, indeed, all about to perish, when a man with a long beard came up, exclaiming, in the name of Pétion, "*Spare the women; don't dishonour the nation!*" A particular circumstance placed me in greater danger than the others. In my confusion I imagined, a moment before the assailants entered the Queen's apartments, that my sister was not among the group of women collected there; and I went up into an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, to induce her to come down, fancying it safer that we should not be separated. I did not find her in the room in question; I saw there only our two *femmes de chambre* and one of the Queen's two *heyducs*, a man of great height, and military aspect. I saw that he was pale, and sitting on a bed. I cried out to him, "Fly! the footmen and our people are already safe." "I cannot," said the man to me; "I am dying of fear." As he spoke I heard a number of men rushing hastily up the staircase; they threw themselves upon him, and I saw him assassinated. I ran towards the staircase, followed by our women. The murderers left the *heyduc* to come to me. The women threw themselves at their feet, and held their sabres. The narrowness of the staircase impeded the assassins; but I had already felt a horrid hand thrust into my back to seize me by my clothes, when some one called out from the bottom of the staircase, "*What are you doing above there? We don't kill women.*"

I was on my knees; my executioner quitted his

hold of me, and said, "*Get up, you jade; the nation pardons you.*"

The brutality of these words did not prevent my suddenly experiencing an indescribable feeling which partook almost equally of the love of life and the idea that I was going to see my son, and all that was dear to me, again. A moment before I had thought less of death than of the pain which the steel, suspended over my head, would occasion me. Death is seldom seen so close without striking his blow. I heard every syllable uttered by the assassins, just as if I had been calm.

Five or six men seized me and my women, and having made us get up on benches placed before the windows, ordered us to call out, "*The nation for ever!*"

I passed over several corpses; I recognised that of the old Vicomte de Broves, to whom the Queen had sent me at the beginning of the night to desire him and another old man in her name to go home. These brave men desired I would tell her Majesty that they had but too strictly obeyed the King's orders in all circumstances under which they ought to have exposed their own lives in order to preserve his; and that for this once they would not obey, though they would cherish the recollection of the Queen's goodness.

Near the *grille*, on the side next the bridge, the men who conducted me asked whither I wished to go. Upon my inquiring, in my turn, whether they were at liberty to take me wherever I might wish to

go, one of them, a Marseillais, asked me, giving me at the same time a push with the butt end of his musket, whether I still doubted the power of the people? I answered "*No,*" and I mentioned the number of my brother-in-law's house. I saw my sister ascending the steps of the parapet of the bridge, surrounded by members of the national guard. I called to her, and she turned round. "Would you have her go with you?" said my guardian to me. I told him I did wish it. They called the people who were leading my sister to prison; she joined me.

Madame de La Roche-Aymon and her daughter, Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel, Madame de Ginestoux, lady to the Princesse de Lamballe, the other women of the Queen, and the old Comte d'Affry, were led off together to the Abbaye.

Our progress from the Tuileries to my sister's house was most distressing. We saw several Swiss pursued and killed and musket-shots were crossing each other in all directions. We passed under the walls of the Louvre; they were firing from the parapet into the windows of the gallery, to hit the *knights of the dagger;* for thus did the populace designate those faithful subjects who had assembled at the Tuileries to defend the King.

The brigands broke some vessels of water in the Queen's first antechamber; the mixture of blood and water stained the skirts of our white gowns. The *poissardes* screamed after us in the streets that we were attached to the *Austrian.* Our protectors

then showed some consideration for us, and made us go up a gateway to pull off our gowns; but our petticoats being too short, and making us look like persons in disguise, other *poissardes* began to bawl out that we were young Swiss dressed up like women. We then saw a tribe of female cannibals enter the street, carrying the head of poor Mandat. Our guards made us hastily enter a little public-house, called for wine, and desired us to drink with them. They assured the landlady that we were their sisters, and good patriots. Happily the Marseillais had quitted us to return to the Tuileries. One of the men who remained with us said to me in a low voice—"I am a gauze-worker in the faubourg. I was forced to march; I am not for all this; I have not killed anybody, and have rescued you. You ran a great risk when we met the mad women who are carrying Mandat's head. These horrible women said yesterday at midnight, upon the site of the Bastille, that they must have their revenge for the 6th of October, at Versailles, and that they had sworn to kill the Queen and all the women attached to her; the danger of the action saved you all."

As I crossed the Carrousel, I saw my house in flames; but as soon as the first moment of affright was over, I thought no more of my personal misfortunes. My ideas turned solely upon the dreadful situation of the Queen.

On reaching my sister's we found all our family in despair, believing they should never see us again. I could not remain in her house; some of the mob,

collected round the door, exclaimed that Marie Antoinette's confidante was in the house, and that they must have her head. I disguised myself, and was concealed in the house of M. Morel, secretary for the lotteries. On the morrow I was inquired for there, in the name of the Queen. A deputy, whose sentiments were known to her, took upon himself to find me out.

I borrowed clothes, and went with my sister to the Feuillans.[1] We got there at the same time with M. Thierry de Ville-d'Avray, the King's first *valet de chambre.* We were taken into an office, where we wrote down our names and places of abode, and we received tickets for admission into the rooms belonging to Camus, the keeper of the Archives, where the King was with his family.

As we entered the first room, a person who was there said to me, "Ah! you are a brave woman; but where is that Thierry,[2] that man loaded with his master's bounties?" "He is here," said I; "he is following me. I perceive that even scenes of death do not banish jealousy from among you."

Having belonged to the Court from my earliest youth, I was known to many persons whom I did not know. As I traversed a corridor above the cloisters which led to the cells inhabited by the un-

[1] A former monastery near the Tuileries, so called from the Bernardines, one of the Cistercian orders; later, a revolutionary club.

[2] M. Thierry, who never ceased to give his sovereign proofs of unalterable attachment, was one of the victims of the 2d of September.—*Madame Campan.*

fortunate Louis XVI. and his family, several of the grenadiers called me by name. One of them said to me, "Well, the poor King is lost! The Comte d'Artois would have managed it better." "Not at all," said another.

The royal family occupied a small suite of apartments consisting of four cells, formerly belonging to the ancient monastery of the Feuillans. In the first were the men who had accompanied the King: the Prince de Poix, the Baron d'Aubier, M. de Saint Pardou, equerry to Madame Elizabeth, MM. de Goguelat, de Chamilly, and de Huë. In the second we found the King; he was having his hair dressed; he took two locks of it, and gave one to my sister and one to me. We offered to kiss his hand; he opposed it, and embraced us without saying anything. In the third was the Queen, in bed, and in indescribable affliction. We found her accompanied only by a stout woman, who appeared tolerably civil; she was the keeper of the apartments. She waited upon the Queen, who as yet had none of her own people about her. Her Majesty stretched out her arms to us, saying, "Come, unfortunate women, come, and see one still more unhappy than yourselves, since she has been the cause of all your misfortunes. We are ruined," continued she; "we have arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years, through all possible outrages; we shall fall in this dreadful revolution, and many others will perish after us. All have contributed to our downfall; the reformers have urged it like mad people, and others

MADAME ELIZABETH.

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through ambition, for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and office, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of his country among all this infamous horde. The emigrant party had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions of France; every one had a share in our misfortunes."

The Dauphin came in with Madame and the Marquise de Tourzel. On seeing them the Queen said to me, "Poor children! how heartrending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us!" She afterwards conversed with me about the Tuileries and the persons who had fallen; she condescended also to mention the burning of my house. I looked upon that loss as a mischance which ought not to dwell upon her mind, and I told her so. She spoke of the Princesse de Tarente, whom she greatly loved and valued, of Madame de La Roche-Aymon and her daughter, of the other persons whom she had left at the Palace, and of the Duchesse de Luynes, who was to have passed the night at the Tuileries. Respecting her she said, "Hers was one of the first heads turned by the rage for that mischievous philosophy; but her heart brought her back, and I again found a friend in her."[1] I asked the Queen what the ambassadors from foreign powers had done under

[1] During the Reign of Terror I withdrew to the Château de Coubertin, near that of Dampierre. The Duchesse de Luynes frequently came to ask me to tell her what the Queen had said about her at the Feuillans. She would say as she went away, "*I have often need to request you to repeat those words of the Queen.*" —*Madame Campan.*

existing circumstances? She told me that they could do nothing; and that the wife of the English ambassador had just given her a proof of the personal interest she took in her welfare by sending her linen for her son.

I informed her that, in the pillaging of my house, all my accounts with her had been thrown into the Carrousel, and that every sheet of my month's expenditure was signed by her, sometimes leaving four or five inches of blank paper above her signature, a circumstance which rendered me very uneasy, from an apprehension that an improper use might be made of those signatures. She desired me to demand admission to the committee of general safety, and to make this declaration there. I repaired thither instantly and found a deputy, with whose name I have never become acquainted. After hearing me he said that he would not receive my deposition; that Marie Antoinette was now nothing more than any other Frenchwoman; and that if any of those detached papers bearing her signature should be misapplied she would have, at a future period, a right to make a complaint, and to support her declaration by the facts which I had just related. The Queen regretted having sent me, and feared that she had, by her very caution, pointed out a method of fabricating forgeries which might be dangerous to her; then again she exclaimed, "My apprehensions are as absurd as the step I made you take. They need nothing more for our ruin; all has been told." She gave us details

of what had taken place subsequently to the King's arrival at the Assembly. They are all well known, and I have no occasion to record them; I will merely mention that she told us, though with much delicacy, that she was not a little hurt at the King's conduct since he had been at the Tuileries; that his habit of laying no restraint upon his great appetite had prompted him to eat as if he had been at his palace; that those who did not know him as she did, did not feel the piety and the magnanimity of his resignation, all which produced so bad an effect that deputies who were devoted to him had warned him of it; but that no change could be effected.

I still see in imagination, and shall always see, that narrow cell at the Feuillans, hung with green paper, that wretched couch whence the dethroned Queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, increased her own. There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs of her whom high birth, natural endowments, and, above all, goodness of heart, had seemed to destine to adorn any throne, and be the happiness of any people! It is impossible for those who lived with Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette not to be fully convinced, while doing full justice to the King's virtues, that if the Queen had been from the moment of her arrival in France the object of the care and affection of a Prince of decision and authority she would have only added to the glory of his reign.

What affecting things I have heard the Queen

say in the affliction caused her by the belief of part of the Court and the whole of the people that she did not love France! How did that opinion shock those who knew her heart and her sentiments! Twice did I see her on the point of going from her apartments in the Tuileries into the gardens, to address the immense throng constantly assembled there to insult her. "Yes," exclaimed she, as she paced her chamber with hurried steps; "I will say to them—Frenchmen, they have had the cruelty to persuade you that I do not love France!—I! the mother of a Dauphin who will reign over this noble country!—I! whom Providence has seated upon the most powerful throne of Europe! Of all the daughters of Maria Theresa am I not that one whom fortune has most highly favoured? And ought I not to feel all these advantages? What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! what should I lose in France? Everything which can confer glory!"

I protest I only repeat her own words; the soundness of her judgment soon pointed out to her the dangers of such a proceeding. "I should descend from the throne," said she, "merely, perhaps, to excite a momentary sympathy, which the factious would soon render more injurious than beneficial to me."

Yes, not only did Marie Antoinette love France, but few women took greater pride in the courage of Frenchmen. I could adduce a multitude of proofs of this; I will relate two traits which de-

monstrate the noblest enthusiasm: The Queen was telling me that at the coronation of the Emperor Francis II., that Prince, bespeaking the admiration of a French general officer, who was then an emigrant, for the fine appearance of his troops, said to him, "*There are the men to beat your sans culottes!*"—"*That remains to be seen, Sire,*" instantly replied the officer. The Queen added, "I don't know the name of that brave Frenchman, but I will learn it; the King ought to be in possession of it." As she was reading the public papers a few days before the 10th of August she observed that mention was made of the courage of a young man who died in defending the flag he carried, and shouting, "*Vive la Nation!*" "Ah! the fine lad!" said the Queen; "what a happiness it would have been for us if such men had never left off crying, '*Vive le Roi!*'"[1]

In all that I have hitherto said of this most un-

[1] In reading this account of the 10th August 1792 the reader must remember that there was hardly any armed force to resist the mob. The regiments that had showed signs of being loyal to the King had been removed from Paris by the Assembly. The Swiss had been deprived of their own artillery, and the Court had sent one of their battalions into Normandy at a time when there was an idea of taking refuge there. The national guard were either disloyal or disheartened, and the gunners, especially, of that force at the Tuileries sympathised with the mob. Thus the King had about 800 or 900 Swiss and little more than one battalion of the national guard. Mandat, one of the six heads of the legions of the national guard, to whose turn the command fell on that day, was true to his duty, but was sent for to the Hôtel de Ville and assassinated. Still the small force, even after the departure of the King, would have probably beaten off the mob had not the King given the fatal order to the Swiss to

fortunate of women and of Queens, those who did not live with her, those who knew her but partially, and especially the majority of foreigners, prejudiced by infamous libels, may imagine I have thought it my duty to sacrifice truth on the altar of gratitude. Fortunately I can invoke unexceptionable witnesses; they will declare whether what I assert that I have seen and heard appears to them either untrue or improbable.

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cease firing.—See Thiers' *Révolution Française*, vol. i. chap. xi. Bonaparte's opinion of the mob may be judged by his remarks on the 20th June 1792, when, disgusted at seeing the King appear with the red cap on his head, he exclaimed, "Che coglione! Why have they let in all that rabble? why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon? the rest would then set off."—*Bourrienne*, vol. i. p. 13 (Bentley, London, 1836). Bonaparte carried out his own plan against a far stronger force of assailants on the Jour des Sections, 4th October 1795.

CHAPTER XI.

Pétion refuses Madame Campan permission to be imprisoned in the Temple with the Queen—She excites the suspicions of Robespierre—Domiciliary visits—Madame Campan opens the portfolio she had received from the King—Papers in it, with the seals of State—Mirabeau's secret correspondence with the Court—Destroyed as well as the other papers—The only document preserved—It is delivered to M. de Malesherbes on the trial of the unfortunate Louis XVI.—End of the Memoirs.

THE Queen having lost her watch and purse as she was passing from the Tuileries to the Feuillans, requested my sister to lend her twenty-five louis.[1]

I spent part of the day at the Feuillans, and her Majesty told me she would ask Pétion to let me be with her in the place which the Assembly should decree for her prison. I then returned home to prepare everything that might be necessary for me to accompany her.

On the same day (11th August) at nine in the evening I returned to the Feuillans. I found there were orders at all the gates forbidding my being admitted. I claimed a right to enter by virtue of the

[1] On being interrogated the Queen declared that these five-and-twenty louis had been lent to her by my sister; this formed a pretence for arresting her and me, and led to her death.—*Madame Campan.*

first permission which had been given to me; I was again refused. I was told that the Queen had as many people as were requisite about her. My sister was with her as well as one of my companions, who came out of the prisons of the Abbaye on the 11th. I renewed my solicitations on the 12th; my tears and entreaties moved neither the keepers of the gates, nor even a deputy, to whom I addressed myself.

I soon heard of the transfer of Louis XVI. and his family to the Temple. I went to Pétion accompanied by M. Valadon, for whom I had procured a place in the post-office, and who was devoted to me. He determined to go up to Pétion alone; he told him that those who requested to be confined could not be suspected of evil designs, and that no political opinion could afford a ground of objection to these solicitations. Seeing that the well-meaning man did not succeed I thought to do more in person; but Pétion persisted in his refusal, and threatened to send me to La Force. Thinking to give me a kind of consolation, he added I might be certain that all those who were then with Louis XVI. and his family would not stay with them long. And in fact two or three days afterwards the Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, her daughter, the Queen's first woman, the first woman of the Dauphin and of Madame, M. de Chamilly and M. de Huë were carried off during the night and transferred to La Force. After the departure of the King and Queen for the Temple my sister

was detained a prisoner in the apartments their Majesties had quitted for twenty-four hours.

From this time I was reduced to the misery of having no further intelligence of my august and unfortunate mistress but through the medium of the newspapers or the national guard, who did duty at the Temple.

The King and Queen said nothing to me at the Feuillans about the portfolio which had been deposited with me; no doubt they expected to see me again. The minister Roland and the deputies composing the provisional government were very intent on a search for papers belonging to their Majesties. They had the whole of the Tuileries ransacked. The infamous Robespierre bethought himself of M. Campan, the Queen's private secretary, and said that his death was feigned, that he was living unknown in some obscure part of France, and was doubtless the depositary of all the important papers. In a great portfolio belonging to the King there had been found a solitary letter from the Comte d'Artois, which, by its date, and the subjects of which it treated, indicated the existence of a continued correspondence. (This letter appears among the documents used on the trial of Louis XVI.) A former preceptor of my son's had studied with Robespierre; the latter meeting him in the street, and knowing the connection which had subsisted between him and the family of M. Campan, required him to say, upon his honour, whether he was certain of the death of the latter. The man

replied that M. Campan had died at La Briche in 1791, and that he had seen him interred in the cemetery of Epinay. "Well, then!" resumed Robespierre, "bring me the certificate of his burial at twelve to-morrow; it is a document for which I have pressing occasion." Upon hearing the deputy's demand I instantly sent for a certificate of M. Campan's burial, and Robespierre received it at nine o'clock the next morning. But I considered that, in thinking of my father-in-law, they were coming very near me, the real depositary of these important papers. I passed days and nights in considering what I could do for the best under such circumstances.

I was thus situated when the order to inform against those who had been denounced as suspected on the 10th of August led to domiciliary visits. My servants were told that the people of the quarter in which I lived were talking much of the search that would be made in my house, and came to apprise me of it. I heard that fifty armed men would make themselves masters of M. Auguié's house, where I then was. I had just received this intelligence when M. Gougenot, the King's *màître d'hôtel* and receiver-general of the taxes, a man much attached to his sovereign, came into my room wrapped in a riding-cloak, under which, with great difficulty, he carried the King's portfolio, which I had entrusted to him. He threw it down at my feet, and said to me, "There is your deposit; I did not receive it from our unfortunate King's own hands; in deliver-

ing it to you I have executed my trust." After saying this he was about to withdraw. I stopped him, praying him to consult with me what I ought to do in such a trying emergency. He would not listen to my entreaties, or even hear me describe the course I intended to pursue. I told him my abode was about to be surrounded; I imparted to him what the Queen had said to me about the contents of the portfolio. To all this he answered, "There it is; decide for yourself; I will have no hand in it." Upon that I remained a few seconds thinking, and my conduct was founded upon the following reasons. I spoke aloud, although to myself; I walked about the room with agitated steps; M. Gougenot was thunderstruck. "Yes," said I, "when we can no longer communicate with our King and receive his orders, however attached we may be to him, we can only serve him according to the best of our own judgment. The Queen said to me, 'This portfolio contains scarcely anything but documents of a most dangerous description in the event of a trial taking place, if it should fall into the hands of revolutionary persons.' She mentioned, too, a single document which would, under the same circumstances, be useful. It is my duty to interpret her words, and consider them as orders. She meant to say, 'You will save such a paper, you will destroy the rest if they are likely to be taken from you.' If it were not so, was there any occasion for her to enter into any detail as to what the portfolio contained? The order to keep it was sufficient. Prob-

ably it contains, moreover, the letters of that part of the family which has emigrated; there is nothing which may have been foreseen or decided upon that can be useful now; and there can be no political thread which has not been cut by the events of the 10th of August and the imprisonment of the King. My house is about to be surrounded, I cannot conceal anything of such bulk; I might then, through want of foresight, give up that which would cause the condemnation of the King. Let us open the portfolio, save the document alluded to, and destroy the rest." I took a knife and cut open one side of the portfolio. I saw a great number of envelopes endorsed by the King's own hand. M. Gougenot found there the former seals of the King,[1] such as they were before the Assembly had changed the inscription. At this moment we heard a great noise; he agreed to tie up the portfolio, take it again under his cloak, and go to a safe place to execute what I had taken upon me to determine. He made me swear, by all I held most sacred, that I would affirm, under every possible emergency, that the course I was pursuing had not been dictated to me by anybody; and that whatever might be the result, I would take all the credit or all the blame upon myself. I lifted up my hand and took the

[1] No doubt it was in order to have the ancient seals ready at a moment's notice, in case of a counter-revolution, that the Queen desired me not to quit the Tuileries. M. Gougenot threw the seals into the river, one from above the Pont Neuf, and the other from near the Pont Royal.—*Madame Campan.*

oath he required; he went out. Half an hour afterwards a great number of armed men came to my house; they placed sentinels at all the outlets; they broke open *secrétaires* and closets, of which they had not the keys; they searched the flower-pots and boxes; they examined the cellars; and the commandant repeatedly said, "Look particularly for papers." In the afternoon M. Gougenot returned. He had still the seals of France about him, and he brought me a statement of all that he had burnt.

The portfolio contained twenty letters from Monsieur, eighteen or nineteen from the Comte d'Artois, seventeen from Madame Adelaide, eighteen from Madame Victoire, a great many letters from Comte Alexandre de Lameth, and many from M. de Malesherbes, with documents annexed to them. There were also some from M. de Montmorin and other ex-ministers or ambassadors. Each correspondence had its title written in the King's own hand upon the blank paper which contained it. The most voluminous was that from Mirabeau. It was tied up with a scheme for an escape, which he thought necessary. M. Gougenot, who had skimmed over these letters with more attention than the rest, told me they were of so interesting a nature that the King had no doubt kept them as documents exceedingly valuable for a history of his reign, and that the correspondence with the Princes, which was entirely relative to what was going forward abroad, in concert with the King, would have been fatal to

him if it had been seized. After he had finished he placed in my hands the *procès-verbal*, signed by all the ministers, to which the King attached so much importance, because he had given his opinion against the declaration of war; a copy of the letter written by the King to the Princes, his brothers, inviting them to return to France; an account of the diamonds which the Queen had sent to Brussels (these two documents were in my handwriting); and a receipt for four hundred thousand francs, under the hand of a celebrated banker. This sum was part of the eight hundred thousand francs which the Queen had gradually saved during her reign out of her pension of three hundred thousand francs per annum, and out of the one hundred thousand francs given by way of present on the birth of the Dauphin. This receipt, written on a very small piece of paper, was in the cover of an almanac. I agreed with M. Gougenot, who was obliged by his office to reside in Paris, that he should retain the *procès-verbal* of the council and the receipt for the four hundred thousand francs, and that we should wait either for orders or for the means of transmitting these documents to the King or Queen; and I set out for Versailles.

The strictness of the precautions taken to guard the illustrious prisoners was daily increased. The idea that I could not inform the King of the course I had adopted of burning his papers, and the fear that I should not be able to transmit to him that which he had pointed out as necessary, tormented

me to such a degree that it is wonderful my health endured the strain.

The dreadful trial drew near. Official advocates were granted to the King; the heroic virtue of M. de Malesherbes induced him to brave the most imminent dangers, either to save his master or to perish with him. I hoped also to be able to find some means of informing his Majesty of what I had thought it right to do. I sent a man, on whom I could rely, to Paris, to request M. Gougenot to come to me at Versailles: he came immediately. We agreed that he should see M. de Malesherbes without availing himself of any intermediate person for that purpose.

M. Gougenot awaited his return from the Temple at the door of his hôtel, and made a sign that he wished to speak to him. A moment afterwards a servant came to introduce him into the magistrates' room. He imparted to M. de Malesherbes what I had thought it right to do with respect to the King's papers, and placed in his hands the *procès-verbal* of the council, which his Majesty had preserved in order to serve, if occasion required it, for a ground of his defence. However, that paper is not mentioned in either of the speeches of his advocate; probably it was determined not to make use of it.

I stop at that terrible period which is marked by the assassination of a King whose virtues are well known; but I cannot refrain from relating what he deigned to say in my favour to M. de Malesherbes:

"Let Madame Campan know that she did what I should myself have ordered her to do; I thank her for it; she is one of those whom I regret I have it not in my power to recompense for their fidelity to my person, and for their good services." I did not hear of this until the morning after he had suffered, and I think I should have sunk under my despair if this honourable testimony had not given me some consolation.

* * * * *

[Madame Campan's narrative suddenly ceases with the end of her personal attendance on Marie Antoinette, probably in pursuance of the rule she laid down for herself in writing her *Memoirs*, not to relate anything concerning the royal family which she had not either witnessed, or been informed of by eye-witnesses. Madame Campan's share in the horrors of the Revolution through the violent death of her sister, Madame Auguié, and her own life after parting from the Queen, are detailed in the Prefatory Memoir.]

ANNEX TO CHAPTER XI.

MADAME CAMPAN'S narrative breaking off abruptly at the time of the painful end met with by her sister, we have supplemented it by abridged accounts of the chief incidents in the tragedy which overwhelmed the royal house she so faithfully served, taken from contemporary records and the best historical authorities.

THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TEMPLE.

The Assembly having, at the instance of the Commune of Paris, decreed that the royal family should be immured in the Temple, they were removed thither from the Feuillans on the 13th of August 1792, in the charge of Pétion, mayor of Paris, and Santerre, the commandant-general. Twelve commissioners of the general council were to keep constant watch at the Temple, which had been fortified by earthworks and garrisoned by detachments of the national guard, no person being allowed to enter without permission from the municipality.[1]

The Temple, formerly the headquarters of the Knight Templars in Paris, consisted of two buildings—the Palace, facing the Rue de Temple, usually occupied by one of the Princes of the blood;[2] and the Tower, standing behind the Palace.[3] The

[1] See Thiers' *French Revolution*, translated by Frederick Shoberl. Edit. 1854, vol. ii. p. 13.

[2] The Comte d'Artois had been the last royal resident.

[3] Clery gives a more minute description of this singular building: "The small tower of the Temple in which the King was then confined stood with its

Tower was a square building, with a round tower at each corner and a small turret on one side, usually called the Tourelle. In the narrative of the Duchesse d'Angoulême she says that the soldiers who escorted the royal prisoners wished to take the King alone to the Tower, and his family to the Palace of the Temple, but that on the way Manuel[1] received an order to imprison them all in the Tower, where so little provision had been made for their reception that Madame Elizabeth slept in the kitchen. The royal family were accompanied by the Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, Mesdames de Navarre, de Saint Brice, Thibaut, and Bazire, MM. de Huë and de Chamilly, and three men-servants.[2] An order from the Commune soon removed these devoted attendants, and M. de Huë alone was permitted to return. In spite of the frightful ordeal so recently passed through at the Tuileries and in the Assembly, and the distracting uncertainty as to the fate awaiting them, the royal family at once adopted a quiet and studious routine. "We all passed the day together," says Madame Royale. "My father taught my brother geography; my mother history, and to learn verses by heart; and my aunt gave him

back against the great tower, without any interior communication, and formed a long square, flanked by two turrets. In one of these turrets there was a narrow staircase that led from the first floor to a gallery on the platform; in the other were small rooms, answering to each story of the tower. The body of the building was four stories high. The first consisted of an antechamber, a dining-room, and a small room in the turret, where there was a library containing from twelve to fifteen hundred volumes. The second story was divided nearly in the same manner. The largest room was the Queen's bedchamber, in which the Dauphin also slept; the second, which was separated from the Queen's by a small antechamber almost without light, was occupied by Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. The King's apartments were on the third story. He slept in the great room, and made a study of the turret closet. There was a kitchen separated from the King's chamber by a small dark room, which had been successively occupied by M. de Chamilly and M. de Huë. The fourth story was shut up; and on the ground floor there were kitchens of which no use was made."—*Journal*, p. 96.

[1] *Procureur* of the Commune. He moved that the King should be sent to the Temple, and volunteered to be his gaoler; but his intercourse with the royal family modified his feelings towards them: he voted against the King's death, paid a high tribute to the Queen at her trial, and was himself executed by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal in November 1793.—See *Thiers*, vol. i., edit. 1854.

[2] *Royal Memoirs of the French Revolution:* Murray, 1823, p. 159.

little lessons in arithmetic. My father had fortunately found a library which amused him, and my mother worked tapestry. . . . We went every day to walk in the garden, for the sake of my brother's health, though the King was always insulted by the guard. On the Feast of Saint Louis *Ça Ira* was sung under the walls of the Temple. Manuel that evening brought my aunt a letter from her aunts at Rome.[1] It was the last the family received from without. My father was no longer called King. He was treated with no kind of respect; the officers always sat in his presence and never took off their hats. They deprived him of his sword and searched his pockets. . . . Pétion sent as turnkey and gaoler the horrible man [2] who had broken open my father's door on the 20th June 1792, and who had been near assassinating him. This man never left the Tower, and was indefatigable in endeavouring to torment him. One time he would sing the *Carmagnole*, and a thousand other horrors, before us; again, knowing that my mother disliked the smoke of tobacco, he would puff it in her face, as well as in that of my father, as they happened to pass him. He took care always to be in bed before we went to supper, because he knew that we must pass through his room. Sometimes, even, he would be in bed as we went to dinner; in short, there was no species of torment or insult that he did not practise. My father suffered it all with gentleness, forgiving the man from the bottom of his heart. My mother bore it with a dignity that frequently repressed his insolence." [3] The only occasion, Madame Royale says, on which the Queen showed any impatience at the conduct of the officials, was when a municipal officer woke the Dauphin suddenly in the night to make certain that he was safe, as though the sight of the peacefully sleeping child would not have been in itself the best assurance.

Clery, the *valet de chambre* of the Dauphin,[4] having with difficulty obtained permission to resume his duties, entered the

[1] Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire. [2] Rocher, a saddler by trade.

[3] *Royal Memoirs*, pp. 166-170.

[4] Clery we have seen and known, and the form and manners of that model of pristine faith and loyalty can never be forgotten. Gentleman-like and complaisant in his manners, his deep gravity and melancholy features announced that the sad scenes in which he had acted a part so honourable were never for a moment out of his memory.—Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, edit. 1827, vol. ii. p. 148.

Temple on 24th August, and for eight days shared with M. de Huë the personal attendance; but on the 2d September De Huë was arrested, seals were placed on the little room he had occupied, and Clery passed the night in that of the King. On the following morning Manuel arrived, charged by the Commune to inform the King that De Huë would not be permitted to return, and to offer to send another person. "I thank you," answered the King. "I will manage with the *valet de chambre* of my son; and if the council refuse I will serve myself. I am determined to do it."[1] On the 3d September Manuel visited the Temple and assured the King that Madame de Lamballe and all the other prisoners who had been removed to La Force were well, and safely guarded. "But at three o'clock," says Madame Royale, "just after dinner, and as the King was sitting down to tric-trac with my mother (which he played for the purpose of having an opportunity of saying a few words to her unheard by the keepers), the most horrid shouts were heard. The officer who happened to be on guard in the room behaved well. He shut the door and the window, and even drew the curtains to prevent their seeing anything; but outside the workmen and the gaoler Rocher joined the assassins and increased the tumult. Several officers of the guard and the municipality now arrived, and on my father's asking what was the matter, a young officer replied, 'Well, since you will know, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they want to show you.' At these words my mother was overcome with horror; it was the only occasion on which her firmness abandoned her. The municipal officers were very angry with the young man; but the King, with his usual goodness, excused him, saying that it was his own fault since he had questioned the officer. The noise lasted till five o'clock. We learned that the people had wished to force the door, and that the municipal officers had been enabled to prevent it only by putting a tri-coloured scarf[2] across it, and allowing six of the murderers to march round our prison with the head of the Princess, leaving at the door her body, which they would have dragged in also."

[1] Clery's *Journal.*

[2] Madame Royale says later in her narrative: "The municipal officer who had given his scarf to tie across the door took care to make my father pay him its value." Clery says that he himself "paid the forty-five sous."

Clery was not so fortunate as to escape the frightful spectacle. He had gone down to dine with Tison and his wife, employed as servants in the Temple, and says: "We were hardly seated when a head, on the end of a pike, was presented at the windqw. Tison's wife gave a great cry; the assassins fancied they recognised the Queen's voice, and responded by savage laughter. Under the idea that his Majesty was still at table, they placed their dreadful trophy where it must be seen. It was the head of the Princesse de Lamballe; although bleeding, it was not disfigured, and her light hair, still in curls, hung about the pike."

The republicans were at this time infuriated by reports of the rapid approach of the Prussians. Rocher drew his sabre and threatened the King with it, crying, "If they come, I shall kill you!" For some hours it seemed impossible that the prisoners of the Temple should escape the fate of those slaughtered at La Force, the Conciergerie, and the other prisons, for the commissioners of the Commune addressed a letter to the Assembly beginning with these ominous words: "The sanctuary of Louis XVI. is threatened. *Resistance would be impolitic and dangerous, perhaps unjust.* Harmony between the representatives of the people and the Commissioners of the Commune might prevent excess."[1] At length, however, the immense mob that surrounded the Temple gradually withdrew, "to follow the head of the Princesse de Lamballe to the Palais Royal."[2] Meanwhile the royal family could scarcely believe that for the time their lives were saved. "My aunt and I heard the drums beating to arms all night," says Madame Royale; "my unhappy mother did not even attempt to sleep. We heard her sobs."

In the comparative tranquillity which followed the September massacres, the royal family resumed the regular habits they had adopted on entering the Temple. "The King usually rose at six in the morning," says Clery. "He shaved himself, and I dressed his hair; he then went to his reading-room, which

[1] De Molleville's *Annals of the French Revolution*, vol. vii. p. 377.

[2] The pike that bore the head was fixed before the Duc d'Orléans' window as he was going to dinner. It is said that he looked at this horrid sight without horror, went into the dining-room, sat down to table, and helped his guests without saying a word. His silence and coolness left it doubtful whether the assassins, in presenting him this bloody trophy, intended to offer him an insult or to pay him homage.—*Ibid.* p. 388.

being very small, the municipal officer on duty remained in the bed-chamber with the door open, that he might always keep the King in sight. His Majesty continued praying on his knees for some time, and then read till nine. During that interval, after putting his chamber to rights and preparing the breakfast, I went down to the Queen, who never opened her door till I arrived, in order to prevent the municipal officer from going into her apartment. At nine o'clock the Queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth went up to the King's chamber to breakfast. At ten the King and his family went down to the Queen's chamber, and there passed the day. He employed himself in educating his son, made him recite passages from Corneille and Racine, gave him lessons in geography, and exercised him in colouring the maps. The Queen, on her part, was employed in the education of her daughter, and these different lessons lasted till eleven o'clock. The remaining time till noon was passed in needlework, knitting, or making tapestry. At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family were conducted to the garden by four municipal officers and the commander of a legion of the national guard. As there were a number of workmen in the Temple employed in pulling down houses and building new walls, they only allowed a part of the chestnut-tree walk for the promenade, in which I was allowed to share, and where I also played with the young Prince at ball, quoits, or races. At two we returned to the Tower, where I served the dinner, at which time Santerre regularly came to the Temple, attended by two aides-de-camp. The King sometimes spoke to him—the Queen never.

"After the meal the royal family came down into the Queen's room, and their Majesties generally played a game of picquet or tric-trac. At four o'clock the King took a little repose, the Princesses round him, each with a book. . . . When the King woke the conversation was resumed, and I gave writing lessons to his son, taking the copies, according to his instructions, from the works of Montesquieu and other celebrated authors. After the lesson I took the young Prince into Madame Elizabeth's room, where we played at ball, and battledore and shuttlecock. In the evening the family sat round a table, while the Queen read to them from books of history, or other works proper to instruct and amuse

the children. Madame Elizabeth took the book in her turn, and in this manner they read till eight o'clock. After that I served the supper of the young Prince, in which the royal family shared, and the King amused the children with charades out of a collection of French papers which he found in the library. After the Dauphin had supped, I undressed him, and the Queen heard him say his prayers. At nine the King went to supper, and afterwards went for a moment to the Queen's chamber, shook hands with her and his sister for the night, kissed his children, and then retired to the turret-room, where he sate reading till midnight. The Queen and the Princesses locked themselves in, and one of the municipal officers remained in the little room which parted their chamber, where he passed the night; the other followed his Majesty. In this manner was the time passed as long as the King remained in the small tower."

But even these harmless pursuits were too often made the means of further insulting and thwarting the unfortunate family. Commissary Le Clerc interrupted the Prince's writing lessons, proposing to substitute Republican works for those from which the King selected his copies. A smith who was present when the Queen was reading the history of France to her children denounced her to the Commune for choosing the period when the Connétable de Bourbon took arms against France, and said she wished to inspire her son with unpatriotic feelings; a municipal officer asserted that the multiplication table the Prince was studying would afford a means of "speaking in cipher," so arithmetic had to be abandoned.[1] Much the same occurred even with the needlework: the Queen and Princess finished some chair-backs, which they wished to send to the Duchesse de Serente; but the officials considered that the patterns were hieroglyphics, intended for carrying on a correspondence, and ordered that none of the Princesses' work should leave the Temple. The short daily walk in the garden was also embittered by the rude and cruel buffoonery of the military and municipal gaolers; sometimes, however, it afforded an opportunity for marks of sympathy to be shown. People would station themselves at the windows

[1] "When I took my lessons," says Madame Royale, "and my mother made extracts from books for me, a municipal officer continually looked over my shoulder, thinking we were engaged in conspiracies."

of houses overlooking the Temple gardens, and evince by gestures their loyal affection, and some of the sentinels showed, even by tears, that their duty was painful to them.

On the 21st September the National Convention was constituted, Pétion being made president and Collot d'Herbois moving the "abolition of royalty" amidst transports of applause. That afternoon a municipal officer, attended by *gendarmes à cheval* and followed by a crowd of people, arrived at the Temple, and, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed the establishment of the French Republic. The man, says Clery, "had the voice of a stentor." The royal family could distinctly hear the announcement of the King's deposition. "Hebert, so well known under the title of Père Duchêne, and Destournelles were on guard. They were sitting near the door, and turned to the King with meaning smiles. He had a book in his hand, and went on reading without changing countenance. The Queen showed the same firmness. The proclamation finished, the trumpets sounded afresh. I went to the window; the people took me for Louis XVI., and I was overwhelmed with insults."

After the new decree the prisoners were treated with increased harshness. Pens, paper, ink, and pencils were taken from them. The King and Madame Elizabeth gave up all, but the Queen and her daughter each concealed a pencil. "In the beginning of October," says Madame Royale, "after my father had supped, he was told to stop, that he was not to return to his former apartments, and that he was to be separated from his family. At this dreadful sentence the Queen lost her usual courage. We parted from him with abundance of tears, though we expected to see him again in the morning.[1] They brought in our breakfast separately from his, however. My mother would take nothing. The officers, alarmed at her silent and concentrated sorrow, allowed us to see the King, but at meal-times only, and on con-

[1] At nine o'clock, says Clery, the King asked to be taken to his family, but the municipal officers replied that they had "no orders for that." Shortly afterwards a boy brought the King some bread and a decanter of lemonade for his breakfast. The King gave half the bread to Clery, saying, "It seems they have forgotten your breakfast; take this, the rest is enough for me." Clery refused, but the King insisted. "I could not contain my tears," he adds; "the King perceived them, and his own fell also."

dition that we should not speak low, nor in any foreign language, but loud and in 'good French.'[1] We went down, therefore, with the greatest joy to dine with my father. In the evening, when my brother was in bed, my mother and my aunt alternately sat with him or went with me to sup with my father. In the morning, after breakfast, we remained in the King's apartments while Clery dressed our hair, as he was no longer allowed to come to my mother's room, and this arrangement gave us the pleasure of spending a few moments more with my father."[2]

The royal prisoners had no comfort except their affection for each other. At that time even common necessaries were denied them. Their small stock of linen had been lent them by persons of the Court during the time they spent at the Feuillans.[3] The Princesses mended their clothes every day, and after the King had gone to bed Madame Elizabeth mended his. "With much trouble," says Clery, "I procured some fresh linen for them. But the workwomen having marked it with crowned letters, the Princesses were ordered to pick them out." The room in the great tower to which the King had been removed contained only one bed, and no other article of furniture. A chair was brought on which Clery spent the first night; painters were still at work on the room, and the smell of the paint, he says, was almost unbearable. This room was afterwards furnished by collecting from various parts of the Temple a chest of drawers, a small bureau, a few odd chairs, a chimney-glass, and a bed hung with green damask, which had been used by the captain of the guard to the Comte d'Artois. A room for the Queen was being prepared over that of the King, and she implored the workmen to finish it quickly, but it was not ready for her occupation for some time, and when she was allowed to remove to it the Dauphin was taken from her and placed with his father. When their Majesties met again in the

[1] Madame Elizabeth was violently rebuked by one of the officers for addressing her brother in a low tone.

[2] When the first deputation from the Council of the Commune visited the Temple, and formally inquired whether the King had any complaint to make, he replied, "No; while he was permitted to remain with his family he was happy."

[3] Madame Campan says the Queen told her while at the Feuillans that the wife of the English Ambassador (the Countess of Sutherland) had provided linen for the use of the Dauphin. (See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 236.)

great Tower, says Clery, there was little change in the hours fixed for meals, reading, walking, and the education of their children. They were not allowed to have mass said in the Temple, and therefore commissioned Clery to get them the breviary in use in the diocese of Paris. Among the books read by the King while in the Tower were Hume's *History of England* (in the original), Tasso, and the *De Imitatione Christi.* The jealous suspicions of the municipal officers led to the most absurd investigations; a draught-board was taken to pieces lest the squares should hide treasonable papers; macaroons were broken in half to see that they did not contain letters; peaches were cut open and the stones cracked; and Clery was compelled to drink the essence of soap prepared for shaving the King, under the pretence that it might contain poison.

In November the King and all the family had feverish colds, and Clery had an attack of rheumatic fever. On the first day of his illness he got up and tried to dress his master, but the King, seeing how ill he was, ordered him to lie down, and himself dressed the Dauphin. The little Prince waited on Clery all day, and in the evening the King contrived to approach his bed, and said in a low voice, "I should like to take care of you myself, but you know how we are watched. Take courage; to-morrow you shall see my doctor."[1] Madame Elizabeth brought the valet cooling draughts, of which she deprived herself; and after Clery was able to get up, the young Prince one night with great difficulty kept awake till eleven o'clock in order to give him a box of lozenges when he went to make the King's bed.

On 7th December a deputation from the Commune brought an order that the royal family should be deprived of "knives, razors, scissors, penknives, and all other cutting instruments." The King gave up a knife, and took from a morocco case a pair of scissors and a penknife; and the officials then searched the room, taking away the little toilette implements of gold and silver, and afterwards removing the Princesses' working materials. Returning to the King's room, they insisted on seeing what remained in his pocket-case. "Are these toys which I have in my

[1] M. Le Monnier, who had been allowed to attend the royal family during their slight illnesses.

hand also cutting instruments?" asked the King, showing them a cork-screw, a turn-screw, and a steel for lighting. These also were taken from him. Shortly afterwards Madame Elizabeth was mending the King's coat, and, having no scissors, was compelled to break the thread with her teeth. "What a contrast!" he exclaimed, looking at her tenderly. "You wanted nothing in your pretty house at Montreuil."—"Ah, brother," she answered, "how can I have any regret when I partake your misfortunes?" [1]

The Queen had frequently to take on herself some of the humble duties of a servant. This was especially painful to Louis XVI. when the anniversary of some State festival brought the contrast between past and present with unusual keenness before him. "Ah, Madame," he once exclaimed, "what an employment for a Queen of France! Could they see that at Vienna! Who would have foreseen that, in uniting your lot to mine, you would have descended so low?"—"And do you esteem as nothing," she replied, "the glory of being the wife of one of the best and most persecuted of men? Are not such misfortunes the noblest honours?" [2]

Meanwhile the Assembly had decided that the King should be brought to trial. Nearly all parties, except the Girondists, no matter how bitterly opposed to each other, could agree in making him the scapegoat; and the first rumour of the approaching ordeal was conveyed to the Temple by Clery's wife,[3]

[1] Clery's *Journal.* [2] Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 299.

[3] The Convention was fatigued by long discussions. Members not interested in them, and the two parties not in the first rank, felt the need of concord, and wished to see men occupy themselves with the Republic. There was an apparent truce, and the attention of the Assembly was directed for a moment to the new constitution, which the Mountain caused it to abandon in order to decide on the fate of the fallen Prince. The leaders of the Extreme Left did not want the Girondists and the moderate members of the Plain to organise the Republic. They would have established the system of the Bourgeoisie, a little more democratic than that of 1791. . . . but they could only accomplish their end by power, and they could only obtain power by protracting the revolutionary state in France. The condemnation of Louis XVI. would arouse all passions, rally round them the violent parties, and, by exposing the desire of the Girondists to save Louis XVI., ruin them in the estimation of the multitude. A dethroned king was dangerous to a young democracy; but the party of the Mountain would have been more clement had it not hoped to ruin the Gironde at the same time.—Mignet's *History of the French Revolution*: Bell and Daldy, 1868, p. 178.

who, with a friend, had permission occasionally to visit him. "I did not know how to announce this horrid news to the King," he says; "but time was pressing, and he had forbidden my concealing anything from him. In the evening, while undressing him, I gave him an account of all I had learnt, and added that there were only four days to concert some plan of corresponding with the Queen. The arrival of the municipal officer would not allow me to say more. Next morning, when the King rose, I could not get a moment for speaking with him. He went up with his son to breakfast with the Princesses, and I followed. After breakfast he talked long with the Queen, who, by a look full of trouble, made me understand that they were discussing what I had told the King. During the day I found an opportunity of describing to Madame Elizabeth how much it had cost me to augment the King's distresses by informing him of his approaching trial. She reassured me, saying that the King felt this as a mark of attachment on my part, and added, 'That which most troubles him is the fear of being separated from us.' In the evening the King told me how satisfied he was at having had warning that he was to appear before the Convention. 'Continue,' he said, 'to endeavour to find out something as to what they want to do with me. Never fear distressing me. I have agreed with my family not to seem pre-informed, in order not to compromise you.'"

Soon after this conversation Clery had to appear before a committee sent to the Temple to audit the expenses of the royal prisoners, and he then learnt from a municipal officer that it had not yet been decided to separate the King from his family; but a newspaper was given him containing the decree which ordered that the King should appear before the Convention.

On the 11th December, at five o'clock in the morning, the prisoners heard the *générale* beaten throughout Paris, and cavalry and cannon entered the Temple gardens. At nine the King and the Dauphin went as usual to breakfast with the Queen. They were allowed to remain together for an hour, but constantly under the eyes of their republican guardians. "Not being able to pour out their hearts freely, or express the many fears agitating them, was," says Clery, "perpetual torture to the royal family." At last they were obliged to part, doubtful whether they would ever see each other again. The little Prince, who remained with his

father, and was ignorant of the new cause for anxiety, begged hard that the King would play at ninepins with him as usual. Twice the Dauphin could not get beyond a certain number. "Each time that I get up to *sixteen*," he said, with some vexation, "I lose the game." The King did not reply, but Clery fancied the words made some impression on him.[1]

At eleven, while the King was giving the Dauphin a reading lesson, two municipal officers entered and said they had come "to take young Louis to his mother." The King inquired why, but was only told that such were the orders of the council. At one o'clock the Mayor of Paris, Chambon, accompanied by Chaumette, *Procureur de la Commune*, Santerre, commandant of the national guard, and others, arrived at the Temple and read a decree to the King, which ordered that "Louis Capet" should be brought before the Convention. "Capet is not my name," he replied, "but that of one of my ancestors. I could have wished," he added, "that you had left my son with me during the last two hours. But this treatment is consistent with all I have experienced here. I follow you, not because I recognise the authority of the Convention, but because I can be compelled to obey it." He then followed the Mayor to a carriage which waited, with a numerous escort, at the gate of the Temple. The family left behind were overwhelmed with grief and apprehension. "It is impossible to describe the anxiety we suffered," says Madame Royale. "My mother used every endeavour with the officer who guarded her to discover what was passing; it was the first time she had condescended to question any of these men. He would tell her nothing."

Madame Elizabeth beckoned to Clery to follow her to her room, while the Queen talked with the municipal officer. "We are prepared for the worst," she said; "we encourage no false hopes about the King's fate. He will die the victim of his goodness and his love for the people, for whose happiness he has laboured ever since he came to the throne. How cruelly are they deceived! The King's religion will support him even in this terrible adversity." For an hour the Princess talked to the faith-

[1] In such crises the royal family naturally saw evil omens in things too trivial for notice at other times. See Madame Campan's story of the Queen's alarm about the candles on her toilette-table.—*Ante*, vol. ii. p. 41.

ful servant, asking after a time, with obvious agitation, "Have you heard them speak of the Queen? Alas! what can they reproach *her* with?"—"No, Madame; but what can they reproach the King with?"—"Oh, with nothing, with nothing! But perhaps they look on the King as a victim necessary for their safety. The Queen and her children could not be an obstacle to their ambition."

This long and sad interview was their last. At six o'clock Clery received the Commune's orders to have no further communication with the Dauphin and the three Princesses, as he was set apart to wait on the King only. By a refinement of cruelty, when the prisoners felt most intense anxiety for tidings of each other, they were to be most strictly guarded from receiving them; and the hours already numbered were no longer to be passed together.

TRIAL OF THE KING—HIS WILL—DEBATE ON THE SENTENCE—PARTING OF THE ROYAL FAMILY—EXECUTION.

The crowd was immense as, on the morning of 11th December 1792, Louis XVI. was driven slowly from the Temple to the Convention, escorted by cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Paris looked like an armed camp: all the posts were doubled; the muster-roll of the national guard was called over every hour; a piquet of two hundred men watched in the court of each of the right sections; a reserve with cannon was stationed at the Tuileries, and strong detachments patrolled the streets and cleared the road of all loiterers. The trees that lined the boulevards, the doors and windows of the houses, were alive with gazers, and all eyes were fixed on the King. He was much changed since his people last beheld him. The beard he had been compelled to grow after his razors were taken from him covered cheeks, lips, and chin with light-coloured hair, which concealed the melancholy expression of his mouth; he had become thin, and his garments hung loosely on him; but his manner was perfectly collected and calm, and he recognised and named to the Mayor the various quarters through which he passed. On arriving at the Feuillans he was taken to a room to await the orders of the Assembly. During this brief interval

the members debated on how their illustrious prisoner should be received. Barère, the President, said, "Citizens of the tribunes, Louis is at the bar. You are about to give a great lesson to kings, a great and useful example to nations. Bethink you of the silence that accompanied Louis from Varennes—a silence that was the precursor of the judgment of kings by the people." "Let the silence of the grave affright the guilty,"[1] exclaimed Légendie. "As the Convention is not condemned to attend to-day to nothing but a King," said Manuel, "I think it would be proper to employ ourselves on some important business, even though we should make Louis wait when he arrives."[2] His motion was adopted, and a discussion began on a law concerning the emigrants.

It was about half-past two when the King appeared at the bar. The Mayor and Generals Santerre and Wittengoff were at his side. Profound silence pervaded the Assembly. All were touched by the King's dignity and the composure of his looks under so great a reverse of fortune. By nature he had been formed rather to endure calamity with patience than to contend against it with energy. The approach of death could not disturb his serenity.

"Louis, you may be seated," said Barère. "Answer the questions that shall be put to you." The King seated himself and listened to the reading of the *acte énonciatif*, article by article.[3] All the faults of the Court were there enumerated and imputed to Louis XVI. personally. He was charged with the interruption of the sittings of the 20th of June 1789, with the Bed of Justice held on the 23d of the same month, the aristocratic conspiracy thwarted by the insurrection of the 14th of July, the entertainment of the life-guards, the insults offered to the national cockade, the refusal to sanction the declaration of rights,

[1] See Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, English edit. 1870, vol. ii. pp. 309, 310.

[2] Bertrand de Molleville's *Annals*, English edit. 1802, vol. viii. p. 243.

[3] The King sat down with an intrepid air; no signs of emotion appeared on his countenance. The dignity and calmness of his presence were such that the Girondists were melted to tears, and the fanaticism of Saint Just, Robespierre, and Marat for a moment yielded to the feelings of humanity.—*Alison.*

as well as several constitutional articles; lastly, all the facts which indicated a new conspiracy in October, and which were followed by the scenes of the 5th and 6th; the speeches of reconciliation which had succeeded all these scenes, and which promised a change that was not sincere; the false oath taken at the Federation of the 14th of July; the secret practices of Talon and Mirabeau to effect a counter-revolution; the money spent in bribing a great number of deputies; the assemblage of the "knights of the dagger" on the 28th of February 1791; the flight to Varennes; the fusillade of the Champ de Mars; the silence observed respecting the treaty of Pilnitz; the delay in the promulgation of the decree which incorporated Avignon with France; the commotions at Nîmes, Montauban, Mende, and Jalès; the continuance of their pay to the emigrant life-guards and to the disbanded constitutional guard; the insufficiency of the armies assembled on the frontiers; the refusal to sanction the decree for the camp of twenty thousand men; the disarming of the fortresses; the organisation of secret societies in the interior of Paris; the review of the Swiss and the garrison of the Palace on the 10th August; the summoning the Mayor to the Tuileries; and lastly, the effusion of blood which had resulted from these military dispositions. After each article the President paused, and said, "What have you to answer?" The King, in a firm voice, denied some of the facts, imputed others to his ministers, and always appealed to the constitution, from which he declared he had never deviated.[1] His answers were very temperate, but on the charge—"You spilt the blood of the people on the 10th of August," he exclaimed with emphasis, "No, sir, no; it was not I."[2]

All the papers on which the act of accusation was founded were then shown to the King, and he disavowed some of them and disputed the existence of the iron chest; this produced a

[1] The King listened unmoved to the act of accusation, only at one or two passages, where it passed the bounds of even injustice and falsehood, and where he was reproached with shedding the blood of the people, which he had so religiously spared during his reign, he could not prevent himself from betraying his indignation by a bitter smile and a shrug of his shoulders. It was evident that he expected everything but to be called a sanguinary Prince. He lifted his eyes to heaven as though invoking God to witness his innocence. —Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, edit. 1870, vol. ii. p. 311.

[2] Thiers' *French Revolution*, edit. 1854, vol. ii. pp. 198-200.

bad impression, and was worse than useless, as the fact had been proved.[1] Throughout the examination the King showed great presence of mind. He was careful in his answers never to implicate any members of the constituent and legislative Assemblies; many who then sat as his judges trembled lest he should betray them. The Jacobins beheld with dismay the profound impression made on the Convention by the firm but mild demeanour of the sovereign. The most violent of the party proposed that he should be hung that very night; a laugh as of demons followed the proposal from the benches of the Mountain, but the majority, composed of the Girondists and the neutrals, decided that he should be formally tried.[2]

After the examination Santerre took the King by the arm and led him back to the waiting-room of the Convention, accompanied by Chambon and Chaumette. Mental agitation and the length of the proceedings had exhausted him, and he staggered from weakness. Chaumette inquired if he wished for refreshment, but the King refused it. A moment after, seeing a grenadier of the escort offer the Procureur de la Commune half a small loaf, Louis XVI. approached and asked him, in a whisper, for a piece. "Ask aloud for what you want," said Chaumette, retreating as though he feared being suspected of pity. "I ask for a piece of your bread," replied the King. "Divide it with me," said Chaumette. "It is a Spartan breakfast. If I had a root I would give you half."[3]

Soon after six in the evening the King returned to the Temple. "He seemed tired," says Clery simply, "and his first wish was to be led to his family. The officers refused, on the plea that

[1] A secret closet which the King had directed to be constructed in a wall in the Tuileries. The door was of iron, whence it was afterwards known by the name of the *iron chest*. The workman employed to construct it gave information to Roland, who, being anxious to ascertain the truth of the statement, had the imprudence to hasten to the spot unaccompanied by witnesses selected from the Assembly, which gave his enemies occasion to assert that he had abstracted some of the papers. One important document the Jacobins turned into an implement against the Girondists. It was an overture from that party to Louis XVI., shortly before the 10th of August, engaging to oppose the motion for his forfeiture, provided he would recall to his councils the three discarded ministers of the Girondist party.—See *Thiers* and *Scott*.

[2] Alison's *History of Europe*, 10th edit., vol. ii. p. 301.

[3] Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, edit. 1870, vol. ii. p. 313.

they had no orders. He insisted that at least they should be informed of his return, and this was promised him. The King ordered me to ask for his supper at half-past eight. The intervening hours he employed in his usual reading, surrounded by four municipals. When I announced that supper was served, the King asked the commissaries if his family could not come down. They made no reply. 'But at least,' the King said, 'my son will pass the night in my room, his bed being here?' The same silence. After supper the King again urged his wish to see his family. They answered that they must await the decision of the Convention. While I was undressing him the King said, 'I was far from expecting all the questions they put to me.' He lay down with perfect calmness. The order for my removal during the night was not executed." On the King's return to the Temple being known, "my mother asked to see him instantly," writes Madame Royale. "She made the same request even to Chambon, but received no answer. My brother passed the night with her; and as he had no bed, she gave him hers, and sat up all the night in such deep affliction that we were afraid to leave her; but she compelled my aunt and me to go to bed. Next day she again asked to see my father, and to read the newspapers, that she might learn the course of the trial. She entreated that if she was to be denied this indulgence, his children, at least, might see him. Her requests were referred to the Commune. The newspapers were refused; but my brother and I were to be allowed to see my father on condition of being *entirely separated from my mother.* My father replied that, great as his happiness was in seeing his children, the important business which then occupied him would not allow of his attending altogether to his son, and that his daughter could not leave her mother."[1]

[1] The substance of the decree as to the King's intercourse with his family was as follows:—"That the Queen and Madame Elizabeth should not communicate with the King at all during the course of the trial; that his children should come to him if he wished, on condition that they should not see their mother nor their aunt again until after the last examination. 'You see,' said the King, 'the cruel alternative in which they have just placed me. I cannot make up my mind to have my children with me. As to my daughter, it is impossible; and as to my son, I know by myself the pain the Queen would feel. I must therefore submit to this fresh sacrifice.' His Majesty ordered me to take away the young Prince's bed; but I kept his linen and clothes, and

The Assembly having, after a violent debate, resolved that Louis XVI. should have the aid of counsel, a deputation was sent to the Temple to ask whom he would choose. The King named MM. Target and Tronchet: the former refused his services on the ground that he had discontinued practice since 1785; the latter complied at once with the King's request; and while the Assembly was considering who to nominate in Target's place, the President received a letter from the venerable Malesherbes,[1] then seventy years old, and "the most respected magistrate in France," in the course of which he said, "I have been twice called to be counsel for him who was my master, in times when that duty was coveted by every one. I owe him the same service now that it is a duty which many people deem dangerous. If I knew any possible means of acquainting him with my desires, I should not take the liberty of addressing myself to you." Other citizens made similar proposals, but the King, being made acquainted with them by a deputation from the Commune, while expressing his gratitude for all the offers, only accepted that of Malesherbes.[2]

On 14th December M. Tronchet was allowed to confer with the King, and later in the same day M. de Malesherbes was admitted to the Tower. "The King ran up to this worthy old man,

every other day sent what was necessary, as I had agreed with Madame Elizabeth."—Clery's *Journal.* During their last interview Madame Elizabeth had given Clery one of her handkerchiefs, saying, "You shall keep it so long as my brother continues well; if he becomes ill, send it to me among my nephew's things."

[1] Christian Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, an eminent French statesman, son of the Chancellor of France, was born at Paris in 1721. In 1750 he succeeded his father as President of the Court of Aids, and was also made superintendent of the press. On the banishment of the Parliaments and the suppression of the Court of Aids, Malesherbes was exiled to his country-seat. In 1775 he was appointed Minister of State. On the decree of the Convention for the King's trial, he emerged from his retreat to become the voluntary advocate of his sovereign. Malesherbes was guillotined in 1794, and almost his whole family were extirpated by their merciless persecutors.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

[2] The Citoyenne Olympia Degouges, calling herself a *free and loyal Republican without spot or blame*, and declaring that the cold and selfish cruelty of Target had inflamed her heroism and roused her sensibility, asked permission to assist M. de Malesherbes in defending the King. The Assembly passed to the order of the day on this request.—Bertrand de Molleville's *Annals*, edit. 1802, vol. viii. p. 254.

whom he clasped in his arms," says Clery, "and the former minister melted into tears at the sight of his master."[1] Another deputation brought the King the Act of Accusation and the documents relating to it, numbering more than a hundred, and taking from four o'clock till midnight to read. During this long process the King had refreshments served to the deputies, taking nothing himself till they had left, but considerately reproving Clery for not having supped. From the 14th to the 26th December the King saw his counsel and their colleague M. de Sèze every day. At this time a means of communication between the royal family and the King was devised; a man named Turgi, who had been in the royal kitchen, and who contrived to obtain employment in the Temple, when conveying the meals of the royal family to their apartments, or articles he had purchased for them, managed to give Madame Elizabeth news of the King. Next day the Princess, when Turgi was removing the dinner, slipped into his hand a bit of paper on which she had pricked with a pin a request for a word from her brother's own hand. Turgi gave this paper to Clery, who conveyed it to the King the same evening; and he, being allowed writing materials while preparing his defence, wrote Madame Elizabeth a short note. An answer was conveyed in a ball of cotton, which Turgi threw under Clery's bed while passing the door of his room. Letters were also passed between the Princess' room and that of Clery, who lodged beneath her, by means of a string let down and drawn up at night. This communication with his family was a great comfort to the King, who nevertheless constantly cautioned his faithful servant. "Take care," he would say kindly, "you expose yourself too much."[2]

During his separation from his family the King refused to go

[1] According to M. de Huë, "The first time M. de Malesherbes entered the Temple the King clasped him in his arms and said, 'Ah, is it you, my friend? You fear not to endanger your own life to save mine; but all will be useless. They will bring me to the scaffold. No matter; I shall gain my cause if I leave an unspotted memory behind me."

[2] The King's natural benevolence was constantly shown while in the Temple. His own dreadful position never prevented him from sympathy with the smaller troubles of others. A servant in the Temple named Marchand, the father of a family, was robbed of two hundred francs—his wages for two months. The King observed his distress, asked its cause, and gave Clery the amount to be handed to Marchand, with a caution not to speak of it to any one, and, above all, not to thank the King, lest it should injure him with his employers.

into the garden. When it was proposed to him he said, "I cannot make up my mind to go out alone; the walk was agreeable to me only when I shared it with my family." But he did not allow himself to dwell on painful reflections. He talked freely to the municipals on guard, and surprised them by his varied and practical knowledge of their trades, and his interest in their domestic affairs. On the 19th December the King's breakfast was served as usual; but, being a fast-day, he refused to take anything. At dinner-time the King said to Clery, "Fourteen years ago you were up earlier than you were to-day; it is the day my daughter was born—to-day, her birthday," he repeated with tears, "and to be prevented from seeing her!" Madame Royale had wished for a calendar; the King ordered Clery to buy her the *Almanac of the Republic*, which had replaced the *Court Almanac*, and ran through it, marking with a pencil many names.

"On Christmas Day," says Clery, "the King wrote his will.[1] I read and copied it at the time, when it was given to the council." It was as follows:—

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: This day, December 25, 1792, I, Louis XVI., King of France, having been for more than four months shut up with my family in the Tower of the Temple at Paris by those who were my subjects, and deprived of every kind of communication with my family since the 11th of this month; and being moreover involved in a trial, of which, from the passions of mankind, it is impossible to foresee the event, and for which neither pretext nor precedent can be found in any existing law; having no witness of my thoughts but God, and no one but Him to whom I can address myself, I here declare in His presence, my last Will and sentiments.

"I leave my soul to God, my Creator: I implore Him to

[1] Madame Royale says: "On the 26th December, St. Stephen's Day, my father made his will, because he expected to be assassinated that day on his way to the bar of the Convention. He went thither, nevertheless, with his usual calmness."—*Royal Memoirs*, p. 195.

receive it in His mercy, and not to judge it according to its merits but according to those of our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered Himself as a sacrifice to God, His Father, for us men, unworthy as we were, and especially myself. I die in the communion of our Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Mother Church, which holds its powers by an uninterrupted succession from St. Peter, to whom Jesus Christ had entrusted them. I firmly believe, and I confess, all that is contained in the commandments of God and the Church—in the sacraments and mysteries which the Church teaches and has always taught. I have never presumed to make myself a judge as to the different manners of explaining the doctrines which divide the Church of Jesus Christ; but I have always referred myself, and shall always refer myself, if God shall grant me life, to the decisions which the superior ecclesiastics give, and shall give conformably to the discipline of the Church followed since Jesus Christ. I lament with my whole heart for our brethren who may be in error, but I do not presume to judge them; and I do not the less love them in Jesus Christ agreeably to what Christian charity teaches us.

"I implore God to pardon me all my sins. I have endeavoured scrupulously to know them, to detest them, and to humble myself in His presence.

"Not having it in my power to avail myself of the ministry of a Catholic Priest, I implore God to receive the confession I have made to Him; and, above all, my profound repentance for having put my name (although it was contrary to my will) to those acts which may be contrary to the discipline and the belief of the Catholic Church, to which I have always remained sincerely united in my heart. I implore God to receive the firm resolution I entertain, should He grant me life, to avail myself, as soon as it shall be in my power, of the ministry of a Catholic Priest, to accuse myself of all my sins, and to receive the sacrament of penitence.

"I beseech all those whom by inadvertence I may have offended (for I do not recollect ever knowingly to have committed an offence against any one), or those to whom I may have given a bad example, or occasion for scandal, to pardon me the evil which they think I may have done them.

"I beseech all those who have charity to unite their prayers to my own, to obtain from God the pardon of my sins.

"I pardon with my whole heart those who have made themselves my enemies, without my having given them any cause; and I pray to God that he will pardon them, as well as those who, by a false zeal, or by a zeal ill understood, have done me much evil.

"I recommend to God my wife, my children, my sister, my aunts, my brother, and all those who are attached to me by the ties of blood, or in any other manner whatsoever.

"I especially implore God to cast the eyes of His mercy upon my wife, my children, and my sister, who have for so long a time suffered with me, to support them by His grace, should they happen to lose me, so long as they shall remain in this perishable world.

"I recommend my children to my wife; I have never doubted of her maternal tenderness for them. I recommend her to make them good Christians and honest; to induce them to consider the grandeurs of this world (should they be condemned to make trial of them) as no other than dangerous and perishable possessions; and to turn their view to the only solid and durable glory of eternity.

"I beseech my sister to be pleased to continue her tenderness to my children, and to supply to them the place of a mother, should they have the misfortune to lose their own.

"I beseech my wife to forgive me all those evils which she suffers for me, and the uneasiness which I may have given her in the course of our union; as she may be assured that I retain nothing in my mind respecting her, should she imagine that she has any reason to reproach herself with respect to me.

"I earnestly recommend to my children, after what they owe to God, which they ought to consider as prior to everything else, to remain always united among themselves, submissive and obedient to their mother, and grateful to her for all the pains she takes for them, and in memory of me.

"I beseech them to consider my sister as a second mother. I recommend to my son, should he have the misfortune to become a King, to reflect that he owes himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow-citizens, that he ought to forget all hatred and resentment, and especially all which has a reference to the misfortunes and miseries which I experience; that he cannot effect

the happiness of his people but by reigning according to the laws; that, at the same time, a king cannot make those respected or do the good which is in his heart unless he possess the necessary authority; and that otherwise being confined in his operations, and commanding no respect, he is more hurtful than useful.

"I recommend to my son to take care of all those persons who have been attached to me, as far as the circumstances in which he may find himself shall give him an opportunity; to reflect that this is a sacred debt which I have contracted towards the children, or the relations of those who have perished for my sake, and towards those who have become miserable on my account.

"I know there are several persons in the number of those who were attached to me who have not behaved towards me as they ought to have done, and who have even shown ingratitude towards me; but I forgive them (for in the moments of trouble and effervescence one is not always master of one's self); and I beseech my son, should he find an opportunity, to reflect only on their misfortunes. I wish I could here testify my thankfulness to those who have manifested towards me a true and disinterested attachment. On the one hand, if I have been sensibly affected by the ingratitude and disloyalty of those to whom I have never acted but with kindness, as well to themselves as to their relations and friends; on the other, I have had the consolation to see the voluntary attachment and interest which many persons have shown me. I beseech them to receive all my thanks for this. In the situation in which things yet are I should fear to commit them were I to speak more explicitly; but I especially recommend to my son to seek opportunity of being able to acknowledge them.

"I should, however, conceive that I calumniated the sentiments of the nation were I not openly to recommend to my son MM. de Chamilly and de Huë, whose sincere attachment to me has induced them to shut themselves up with me in this sorrowful abode, and who have been in danger of becoming the unhappy victims of that attachment. I also recommend to him Clery, with whose attention I have every reason to be satisfied since he has been with me to the end. I beseech MM. de la Commune to deliver to him my effects, my books, my watch, and the other

little articles of my property which have been deposited with the Conseil de Commune.

"I moreover fully pardon those who have imprisoned me, the ill-treatment and harshness which they have thought it their duty to use towards me. I have found some feeling and compassionate souls. May these enjoy in their hearts that tranquillity to which their mode of thinking should entitle them!

"I beseech MM. de Malesherbes, Tronchet, and de Sèze to receive here my utmost thanks, and the expression of my sensibility for all the pains and trouble they have been at on my account. I conclude, by declaring before God, and being ready to appear before Him, that I do not reproach myself with any of those crimes which have been charged against me.

"This instrument made in duplicate at the Tower of the Temple, the 25th of December 1792.

(Signed) LOUIS.

(Inscribed) BAUDRAIS,
Municipal Officer."

On the 26th December 1792 the King appeared a second time before the Convention. M. de Sèze, labouring night and day, had completed his defence. The King insisted on excluding from it all that was too rhetorical, and confining it to the mere discussion of essential points.[1] At half-past nine in the morning the whole armed force was in motion to conduct him from the Temple to the Feuillans, with the same precautions and in the same order as had been observed on the former occasion. Riding in the carriage of the Mayor, he conversed, on the way, with the same composure as usual, and talked of Seneca, of Livy, of the hospitals. Arrived at the Feuillans, he showed great anxiety for his defenders; he seated himself beside them in the Assembly, surveyed with great composure the benches where his accusers and his judges sat, seemed to examine their faces with the view of discovering the impression produced by the pleading of M. de Sèze, and more

[1] When the pathetic peroration of M. de Sèze was read to the King, the evening before it was delivered to the Assembly, "I have to request of you," he said, "to make a painful sacrifice; strike out of your pleading the peroration. It is enough for me to appear before such judges, and show my entire innocence; I will not move their feelings."—*Lacretelle.*

than once conversed smilingly with Tronchet and Malesherbes. The Assembly received his defence in sullen silence, but without any tokens of disapprobation. The advocate concluded with this brief and just tribute to the virtues of the King:—

"Louis ascended the throne at the age of twenty, and at the age of twenty he gave, upon the throne, an example of morality. He carried to it no culpable weakness, no corrupting passion. In that station he was economical, just, and severe, and proved himself the constant friend of the people. The people wished for the abolition of a disastrous impost which oppressed them;—he abolished it. The people demanded the abolition of servitude;—he began by abolishing it himself in his domains. The people solicited reforms in the criminal legislation to alleviate the condition of accused persons;—he made those reforms. The people desired that thousands of Frenchmen, whom the rigour of our customs had till then deprived of the rights belonging to citizens, might either acquire or be restored to those rights;—he extended that benefit to them by his laws. The people wanted liberty; and he conferred it. He even anticipated their wishes by his sacrifices; and yet it is in the name of this very people that men are now demanding——Citizens, I shall not finish——I pause before history. Consider that it will judge your judgment, and that its judgment will be that of ages!"

As soon as his advocate had finished Louis XVI. delivered a few observations which he had written. "My means of defence," said he, "are now before you. I shall not repeat them. In addressing you, perhaps for the last time, I declare that my conscience reproaches me with nothing, and that my defenders have told you the truth.

"I was never afraid that my conduct should be publicly examined; but it wounds me to the heart to find in the act of accusation the imputation that I caused the blood of the people to be spilt, and above all, that the calamitous events of the 10th of August are attributed to me.

"I confess that the multiplied proofs which I have given at all times of my love for the people, and the manner in which I have always conducted myself, ought in my opinion to demonstrate that I was not afraid to expose myself in order to prevent bloodshed, and to clear me for ever from such an imputation."

The President then asked Louis XVI. if he had anything more to say in his defence. Louis having declared that he had not, the President informed him that he might retire.

Being conducted to an adjoining room with his counsel, the King showed great anxiety about M. de Sèze, who seemed fatigued by the long defence. While riding back to the Temple he conversed with his companions with the same serenity as he had shown on leaving it.

No sooner had the King left the hall of the Convention than a violent tumult arose there. Some were for opening the discussion. Others, complaining of the delays which postponed the decision of this process, demanded the vote immediately, remarking that in every court, after the accused had been heard, the judges proceed to give their opinion. Lanjuinais had from the commencement of the proceedings felt an indignation, which his impetuous disposition no longer suffered him to repress. He darted to the tribune, and, amidst the cries excited by his presence, demanded the annulling of the proceedings altogether. He exclaimed that the days of ferocious men were gone by, that the Assembly ought not to be so dishonoured as to be made to sit in judgment on Louis XVI., that no authority in France had that right, and the Assembly in particular had no claim to it; that if it resolved to act as a political body, it could do no more than take measures of safety against the *ci-devant* King; but that if it was acting as a court of justice it was overstepping all principles, for it was subjecting the vanquished to be tried by the conquerors; since most of the present members had declared themselves the conspirators of the 10th of August. At the word *conspirators*, a tremendous uproar arose on all sides. Cries of "*Order!*" "*To the Abbaye!*" "*Down with the Tribune!*" were heard. Lanjuinais strove in vain to justify the word *conspirators*, saying that he meant it to be taken in a favourable sense, and that the 10th of August was a glorious conspiracy. He concluded by declaring that he would rather die a thousand deaths than condemn, contrary to all laws, even the most execrable of tyrants.

A great number of speakers followed, and the confusion kept continually increasing. The members, determined not to hear any more, mingled together, formed groups, abused and threatened one another. After a tempest of an hour's duration tranquillity

was at last restored, and the Assembly, adopting the opinion of those who demanded the discussion on the trial of Louis XVI., declared that it was opened, and that it should be continued, to the exclusion of all other business, till sentence should be passed.

The discussion was accordingly resumed on the 27th, and there was a constant succession of speakers from the 28th to the 31st. Vergniaud at length ascended the tribune for the first time, and an extraordinary eagerness was manifested to hear the Girondists express their sentiments by the lips of their greatest orator, and break that silence of which Robespierre was not the only one to accuse them. Vergniaud asked if, to form a majority suitable to the wishes of certain persons, it was right to employ banishment and death, to change France into a desert, and thus deliver her up to the schemes of a handful of villains? Having avenged the majority and France, he avenged himself and his friends, whom he represented as resisting constantly, and with equal courage, all sorts of despotisms, the despotism of the Court, as well as that of the brigands of September. He represented them during the commotion of the 10th of August, sitting amidst the pealing of the cannon of the Palace, pronouncing the forfeiture of the crown before the victory of the people, while those Brutuses now so eager to take the lives of prostrate tyrants, were hiding their terrors in the bowels of the earth, and thus awaiting the issue of the uncertain battle which liberty was fighting with despotism. He strenuously urged that there was no danger of the appeal to the people, which he claimed as a right, leading to civil war. "Civil war!" he cried, "for having invoked the sovereignty of the people! . . . In July 1791 ye were more modest." Ye had no desire to paralyse it, and to reign in its stead. Ye circulated a petition for consulting the people on the judgment to be passed upon Louis on his return from Varennes! Ye then wished for the sovereignty of the people, and did not think that invoking it was capable of exciting civil war. Was it that then it favoured your secret views, and that now it is hostile to them?"[1]

[1] The Girondists, said Napoleon, condemned the King to death, and yet the majority of them had voted for the appeal to the people, which was intended to save him. This forms the inexplicable part of their conduct. Had they wished to preserve his life, they had the power to do so; nothing more would have been necessary than to adjourn the sentence, or condemn him to exile or

"Who," he concluded, "will guarantee to me that these seditious outcries of anarchical turbulence will not have the effect of rallying the aristocracy eager for revenge, poverty eager for change, and even pity itself, which inveterate prejudices will have excited for the fate of Louis? Who will guarantee to me that, amid this tempest, in which we shall see the murderers of the 2d of September issuing from their lairs, there will not be presented to you, dripping with blood, and by the title of liberator, that *defender*, that chief who is said to be so indispensable? A chief! The instant he appeared he would be pierced by a thousand wounds! But to what horrors would not Paris be consigned—Paris, whose heroic courage against kings posterity will admire, while it will be utterly incapable of conceiving her ignominious subjection to a handful of brigands, the scum of mankind, who rend her bosom by the convulsive movements of their ambition and their fury! Who could dwell in a city where terror and death would hold sway? And ye, industrious citizens, whose labour is all your wealth, and for whom the means of labour would be destroyed; ye, who have made such great sacrifices at the Revolution, and who would be deprived of the absolute necessaries of life; ye, whose virtues, whose ardent patriotism, and whose sincerity have rendered your seduction so easy, what would become of you? What would be your resources? What hand would dry your tears and carry relief to your perishing families?

"Would you apply to those false friends, those treacherous flatterers; who would have plunged you into the abyss? Ah! shun them rather! Dread their answer! I will tell you what it would be. You would ask them for bread; they would say to you, 'Go to the quarries, and dispute with the earth the pos-

transportation. But to condemn him to death, and at the same time endeavour to make his fate depend on a popular vote, was the height of imprudence and absurdity; it was, after having destroyed the monarchy, to endeavour to tear France in pieces by a civil war. It was this false combination which ruined them. Vergniaud, their main pillar, was the very man who proclaimed, as president, the death of Louis; and he did this at the moment when the force of their party was such in the Assembly that it required several months' labour, and more than one popular insurrection, to overturn it. That party might have ruled the Convention, destroyed the Mountain, and governed France, if they had at once pursued a manly, straightforward conduct. It was the refinement of metaphysicians which occasioned their fall.—*Las Cases.*

session of the mangled flesh of the victims whom ye have slaughtered!' Or, 'Do you want blood? here it is, take it—blood and carcases. We have no other food to offer you!' . . . Ye shudder, citizens! O my country, I call upon thee in my turn to attest the efforts that I make to save thee from this deplorable crisis!"[1]

This extempore speech of Vergniaud produced a deep impression on all his hearers. Robespierre was thunderstruck by his earnest and persuasive eloquence. Vergniaud, however, had but shaken, not convinced, the Assembly, which wavered between the two parties. Several members were successively heard, for and against the appeal to the people. Brissot, Gensonné, Pétion, supported it in their turn. One speaker at length had a decisive influence on the question. This was Barère. By his suppleness, and his cold and evasive eloquence, he was the model and oracle of the centre. He spoke at great length on the trial, reviewed it in all its bearings—of facts, of laws, and of policy—and furnished all those weak minds who only wanted specious reasons for yielding, with motives for the condemnation of the King. From that moment the unfortunate King was condemned. The discussion lasted till the 7th, and nobody would listen any longer to the continual repetition of the same facts and arguments. It was therefore declared to be closed without opposition, but the proposal of a fresh adjournment excited a commotion among the most violent, and ended in a decree which fixed the 14th of January for putting the questions to the vote.

Meantime the King did not allow the torturing suspense to disturb his outward composure, or lessen his kindness to those around him. On the morning after his second appearance at the bar of the Convention, the commissary Vincent, who had undertaken secretly to convey to the Queen a copy of the King's printed defence, asked for something which had belonged to him, to treasure as a relic; the King took off his neck handkerchief

[1] It is known that throughout the King's trial the deputy Vergniaud seemed in despair, and passed the whole night after the monarch's condemnation in tears; and it is probable that the same night was as dreadful to all his colleagues, if we except a small number who, in their absurd ferocity, declared in the National Assembly that Louis XVI. deserved death for the single crime of being a king, and condemned him merely because they wished to destroy royalty.—*Bertrand de Molleville.*

and gave it him; his gloves he bestowed on another municipal, who had made the same request. "On January 1st," says Clery, "I approached the King's bed and asked permission to offer him my warmest prayers for the end of his misfortunes. 'I accept your good wishes with affection,' he replied, extending his hand to me. As soon as he had risen, he requested a municipal to go and inquire for his family, and present them his good wishes for the new year. The officers were moved by the tone in which these words, so heartrending, considering the position of the King, were pronounced. . . . The correspondence between their Majesties went on constantly. The King being informed that Madame Royale was ill, was very uneasy for some days. The Queen, after begging earnestly, obtained permission for M. Brunnier, the medical attendant of the royal children, to come to the Temple. This seemed to quiet him."[1]

The nearer the moment which was to decide the King's fate approached, says Thiers, the greater became the agitation in Paris. At the theatres voices favourable to Louis XVI. had been raised on the performance of *L'Ami des Lois*. "The commune had ordered all the playhouses to be shut up; but the executive council had revoked that measure as a violation of the liberty of the press, in which was comprehended the liberty of the theatre. Deep consternation pervaded the prisons. A report was circulated that the atrocities of September were to be repeated there, and the prisoners and their relatives beset the deputies with supplications that they would snatch them from destruction. The Jacobins, on their part, alleged that conspiracies were hatching in all quarters to save Louis XVI. from punishment, and to restore royalty. Their anger, excited by delays and obstacles, assumed a more threatening aspect; and the two parties thus alarmed one another by supposing that each harboured sinister designs."

The debates of the 14th, 15th, and 16th January 1793 were so important to the royal family and the nation, that it will be of interest to reproduce the actual words of some of the speakers, as reported at the time.

[1] "I had something the matter with my foot," writes Madame Royale, "and my father, having heard of it, was, with his usual tenderness, very uneasy, and made constant inquiries."

On the 14th January the Convention called for the order of the day, being

THE FINAL JUDGMENT OF LOUIS XVI.

M. Lebardi. There is a great variety of opinions in this Assembly relative to the conduct of Louis XVI., but there is one fact which we all ought to recognise, and that is that his judgment ought to be sanctioned by the people.

M. Denou presented a series of questions to be decided upon by the Convention.

M. Louvet wished to know, previous to his passing sentence on Louis XVI., whether there was to be an appeal to the Primary Assemblies?

Cambacérès, *Gaudet*, and *Quenette* argued on the mode of decision.

The President then summed up what had been said by the various members, and put the question twice without effect. The *Appel Nominal* was then called for, and after much noise, riot, and confusion, it was decided that the following order should be observed relative to the questions about to be discussed:—

(1.) Is Louis guilty?

(2.) Shall the judgment be committed to the sanction of the people?

(3.) What punishment shall be inflicted upon him?

On 15th January, during profound silence, M. Manuel read the first question with an audible voice:

"Is Louis guilty of a conspiracy against the liberty of the Nation and the safety of the State?"

The subject of deliberation being thus enounced, *Salles*, another of the secretaries, commenced the *Appel Nominal.*

Each member in his turn ascended the tribune and expressed his opinion by saying "Yes" or "No." At the same time his declaration was registered exactly opposite his name, in order that printed lists might be made out and transmitted to the 84 departments.

The *Appel Nominal* being finished, the President examined the register and made the following report:—

"Of 745 members that form the Convention, 693 have voted

for the affirmative, 26 are absent upon public business, 26 have made different declarations, but not a single person has voted for the negative."

The third series of votes was postponed till the following day, which drew together a still greater concourse. It was the decisive sitting; the tribunes were early occupied by the Jacobins, whose eyes were fixed on the bureau at which every member was to deliver his vote. Great part of the day was taken up by measures of public order, and it was decided that the sitting should be permanent till the voting was over. It began at half-past seven in the evening, and lasted all night.[1]

As each deputy ascended the steps of the bureau silence was observed in order that he might be heard; but after he had given his vote, tokens of approbation or disapprobation burst forth, and accompanied his return to his seat. The tribunes received with murmurs all votes that were not for death; and they frequently addressed threatening gestures to the Assembly itself. The deputies replied to them from the interior of the hall, and hence resulted a tumultuous exchange of menaces and abusive epithets. This fearfully ominous scene shook all minds,

[1] The sitting of the Convention which concluded the trial lasted seventy-two hours. It might naturally be supposed that silence, restraint, a sort of religious awe, would have pervaded the scene. On the contrary, everything bore the marks of gaiety, dissipation, and the most grotesque confusion. The farther end of the hall was converted into boxes, where ladies, in a studied *déshabillé*, swallowed ices, oranges, liqueurs, and received the salutations of the members who went and came, as on ordinary occasions. Here the door-keepers on the Mountain side opened and shut the boxes reserved for the mistresses of the Duc d'Orléans; and there, though every sound of approbation or disapprobation was strictly forbidden, you heard the long and indignant "Ha, ha's!" of the mother-duchess, the patroness of the bands of female Jacobins, whenever her ears were not loudly greeted with the welcome sounds of death. The upper gallery, reserved for the people, was during the whole trial constantly full of strangers of every description drinking wine as in a tavern. Bets were made as to the issue of the trial in all the neighbouring coffee-houses. Ennui, impatience, disgust sat on almost every countenance. The figures passing and repassing, rendered more ghastly by the pallid lights, and who in a slow, sepulchral voice only pronounced the word—*Death*; others calculating if they should have time to go to dinner before they gave their verdict; women pricking cards with pins in order to count the votes; some of the deputies fallen asleep, and only waking up to give their sentence; all this had the appearance rather of a hideous dream than of a reality.—Hazlitt's *Life of Napoleon.*

and changed many resolutions.[1] Lecointe, of Versailles, whose courage was undoubted, and who had not ceased to respond to the gesticulation of the tribunes, advanced to the bureau, hesitated, and at length dropped from his lips the unexpected and terrible word *Death.* Vergniaud, who had appeared deeply affected by the fate of Louis XVI., and who had declared to his friends that he never could condemn that unfortunate Prince,—Vergniaud, on beholding this tumultuous scene, imagined that he saw civil war kindled in France, and pronounced sentence of death, with the addition, however, of Mailhe's amendment, that they should inquire whether it was not expedient to stay the execution. On being questioned respecting his change of opinion, Vergniaud replied that he thought he beheld civil war on the point of breaking out, and that he durst not balance the life of an individual against the welfare of France.

We shall here repeat the observations of some of those who did not decide directly on the question.

M. Rouzet. I cannot divide my opinion: I think that Louis and his family ought to be confined during the present war, unless some extraordinary circumstance occurs.

M. Wandelaincourt (*a bishop*). My holy functions do not permit me to pronounce in criminal matters.

M. Lalande (*a bishop*). I am exactly in the same predicament.

M. Offelin. I declare Louis guilty, and I beg leave to observe that although he asserted, through the medium of his defender, that the Body Guard was only paid up to January 1792, yet they actually received their appointments until the middle of July in that year.

M. Conté. I vote in the affirmative as a legislator, but as a judge I have not anything to say.

M. Noel. I cannot vote at all, because I have lost a son during a war that Louis has raised up against my country.

MM. Fauchet, Dubois, Dubain, Larivière, and *Doucée* said they were convinced of the guilt of Louis Capet; but they could

[1] Many great and good men mournfully inclined to the severer side, from an opinion of its absolute necessity to annihilate a dangerous enemy, and establish an unsettled republic. Among these must be reckoned Carnot, who, when called on for his opinion, gave it in these words: "Death; and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart!"—*Alison.*

not vote, on account of the manner in which the questions had been put.

M. Chambon. Louis is guilty; but this vote is conditional—that is, if you appeal to the people.

MM. Girouett and *Baraillon* begged leave to be excused from giving their opinion.

M. Egalité. Louis Capet is guilty.[1]

The President at the close of the *Appel Nominal* arose, and taking off his hat spoke as follows:—

"I hereby declare that the National Convention has found Louis Capet guilty of a conspiracy against the liberty of the Nation and the safety of the State."

A secretary now read the second question, "Shall the decree relative to the fate of Louis Capet be submitted to the judgment of the people?"

During the second *Appel Nominal* all the members in succession ascended the tribune. Those who voted for the appeal to the people declared themselves swayed by the dread of tumults in the Primary Assemblies.

M. Robespierre. I vote that the sentence of Louis Capet be decided by the Convention.

M. Manuel. I see legislators, not judges in this Assembly. I appeal to the people. I was shocked to observe Philippe Egalité, a relation of the late King, deciding upon his guilt!

Philippe Egalité. I thought of my duty, and of nothing else, when I declared Louis Capet guilty. I now vote that his judgment be not submitted to the people.[2]

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[1] "I cannot express the horror which was painted on the countenance of every individual in the National Convention when the Duke gave his votes for the death of his King and relation."—*From the narrative of an eye-witness.*

The Duc d'Orléans, when called on to give his vote, walked with a faltering step, and a face paler than death itself, to the appointed place, and there read these words: "Exclusively governed by my duty, and convinced that all those who have resisted the sovereignty of the people deserve death, my vote is for death!" Important as the accession of the first Prince of the blood was to the terrorist faction, his conduct in this instance was too obviously selfish and atrocious not to excite a general feeling of indignation; the agitation of the Assembly became extreme; it seemed as if by this single vote the fate of the monarch was irrevocably sealed.—*History of the Convention.*

[2] The Duc d'Orléans lived in Paris, striving in vain to hide himself in

M. Camille Desmoulins. The King of Prussia was formerly bribed by Russia, and I am afraid that some persons here are bought over by England and Holland. I vote for a final decision.

This member was instantly called to order, and censured by the President.

M. Dufraulx. An appeal to the people. (This member having been insulted by a stranger on going out, the latter was instantly arrested.).

M. Pons. I have altered my opinion. I now vote against the appeal.

M. Barbaroux. I also wish the appeal to the people, and that because it has been negatived by Philippe d'Orléans. I vote for this also, because I dread lest an usurper should succeed a tyrant.

M. Chambon. I too appeal to the people, because I behold a powerful faction, in the midst of whom is Philippe d'Orléans.

The President having examined the register, the result of the scrutiny was proclaimed as follows:—

For an appeal to the people . .	283
Against an appeal to the people . .	480
Majority for final judgment . .	197

The President, taking off his hat, then said: "I do hereby declare, in the name of the Convention, that the decree concern-

the bosom of the Convention. This place most assuredly was not suited to him amidst furious demagogues. But whither was he to fly? In Europe the emigrants were ready for him, and insult, nay, perhaps even death, threatened this kinsman of royalty, who had repudiated his birthright and his rank. In France he strove to disguise that rank under the humblest titles, and he called himself *Egalité.* But still there remained the ineffaceable remembrance of his former existence, and the ever-present testimony of his immense wealth. Unless he were to put on rags, and render himself contemptible by cynicism, how was he to escape suspicion? In the ranks of the Girondists he would have been undone the very first day, and all the charges of royalism preferred against them would have been justified. In those of the Jacobins he would have the violence of Paris for a support, but he could not have escaped the accusations of the Girondists; and this it was that actually befell him. The latter, never forgiving him for having joined the ranks of their enemies, supposed that, to make himself endurable, he lavished his wealth on anarchists, and lent them the aid of his mighty fortune.—*Thiers.*

ing the punishment of Louis Capet shall not be referred to the sanction of the people."

On the morning of the 16th, Clery says that M. de Malesherbes remained some time with the King, and on going out promised to give him the result of the voting as soon as it was known. At six o'clock in the evening four municipals entered the King's room with an order from the Commune to the effect that they should keep him constantly in sight, and that two of them should pass the night at the side of his bed. The King asked if his sentence was pronounced; one of the municipals seated himself in an armchair by which the King was standing, and then replied that he did not concern himself about what passed at the Convention, but he had heard that they were still voting.

On the following day (January 17) the *Appel Nominal* for declaring the punishment to be inflicted upon Louis XVI. was continued.

M. Ysabeau. It is repugnant to my nature to pronounce sentence of death against a fellow-creature. It is now my consolation that I pronounce it upon a tyrant!

F. B. Lacoste. A living tyrant is a beacon of our enemies. His death will terminate all our troubles and divisions, give peace to the Republic, and destroy the growth of prejudice. I vote for death.

Manuel. We talk of the Romans: let us imitate them. I vote that Louis be imprisoned during the war, and expelled on the return of peace.

Robert. I vote for death! Ah! could we but as easily dispose of all tyrants!

Heron. If the majority ordain banishment, I shall move that the statue of Junius Brutus be erected. My sentence is, Death.

Sillery. I vote for the detention and not the death of Louis, as I am convinced that in that case it will be impossible to re-establish royalty.

Lasource. Let Louis die; but recollect that you will merit the opprobrium of posterity if you do not smite the first ambitious man who pretends to succeed him.

Isnard. I said in the Legislative Assembly that if I commanded the thunder, I should overwhelm the first man who dared

to attempt the liberty of my country. I now vote for the death of Louis; but as his brothers are not less guilty than himself, I demand that they may be tried within twenty-four hours after his demise, and executed in effigy.

Goupilleaux. I vote for instant death.

Lakanal. A Republican speaks but little (*placing his hand upon his breast*)—Death!

Barbaroux. I now vote for the death of the tyrant, and shall soon move the expulsion of all his family.

M. Ducos. The forms of the proceeding have been extraordinary, and so has been the occasion; were they employed against an ordinary individual I should denounce them to mankind. I consent to the death of Louis.

Russet. It were to have been wished that the punishment to be inflicted upon Louis had been pronounced by the people; this would have afforded the surest means of acquiring the approbation of neighbouring nations, and also of defeating the projects of the tyrants of Europe, who desire the punishment of the *ci-devant* King in order to excite the hatred and indignation of mankind against the National Convention, but as the Assembly has thought proper to reject the appeal to the people, I now am of opinion that the sole mode of avoiding the dangers which at present menace us is to pronounce the sentence of death against Louis, and to defer the execution of it until that moment when the people shall have sanctioned the constitution which we are about to submit to their acceptance.

Thomas Paine did not vote, but sent his opinion to the President, to the effect that Louis Capet should be banished, but not until the end of the war, during the continuance of which he should be kept in prison.

The President having announced that he was about to declare the result of the scrutiny, a profound silence ensued, and he then gave in the following declaration, that out of 719 votes 366 were for DEATH, 319 were for imprisonment during the war, 2 for perpetual imprisonment, 8 for a suspension of the execution of the sentence of death until after the expulsion of the family of the Bourbons, 23 were for not putting him to death until the French territory was invaded by any foreign power, and 1 was

for a sentence of death, but with power of commutation of the punishment.[1]

After this enumeration the President took off his hat, and lowering his voice said, "In consequence of this expression of opinion I declare that the punishment pronounced by the National Convention against Louis Capet is DEATH!"

Previous to the passing of the sentence the President announced on the part of the Foreign Minister the receipt of a letter from the Spanish Minister relative to that sentence. The Convention, however, refused to hear it. [It will be remembered that a similar remonstrance was forwarded by the English Government.]

M. de Malesherbes, according to his promise to the King, went to the Temple at nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th.[2] "All is lost," he said to Clery. "The King is condemned." The King, who saw him arrive, rose to receive him.[3] M. de Males-

[1] The analysis of votes given by Thiers slightly differs from this, and is as follows:—

The Assembly was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members: fifteen were absent on commissions, eight from illness, five had refused to vote, which reduced the number of deputies present to seven hundred and twenty-one, and the absolute majority to three hundred and sixty-one votes. Two hundred and eighty-six had voted for detention or banishment with different conditions. Two had voted for imprisonment; forty-six for death with reprieve either till peace, or till the ratification of the constitution. Twenty-six had voted for death, but, with Mailhe, they had desired that the Assembly should consider whether it might not be expedient to stay the execution. Their vote was nevertheless independent of the latter clause. Three hundred and sixty-one had voted for death unconditionally.—*French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 231.

[2] Louis was fully prepared for his fate. During the calling of the votes he asked M. de Malesherbes, "Have you not met near the Temple the White Lady?"—"What do you mean?" replied he. "Do you not know," resumed the King with a smile, "that when a prince of our house is about to die, a female dressed in white is seen wandering about the palace? My friends," added he to his defenders, "I am about to depart before you for the land of the just, but there, at least, we shall be reunited." In fact, his Majesty's only apprehension seemed to be for his family.—*Alison.*

[3] When M. de Malesherbes went to the Temple to announce the result of the vote, he found Louis with his forehead resting on his hands, and absorbed in a deep reverie. Without inquiring concerning his fate, he said, "For two hours I have been considering whether, during my whole reign, I have voluntarily given any cause of complaint to my subjects; and with perfect sincerity I declare that I deserve no reproach at their hands, and that I have never formed a wish but for their happiness."—*Lacretelle.*

herbes threw himself at his feet choked by sobs. The King raised him up and affectionately embraced him. When he could control his voice, De Malesherbes informed the King of the decree sentencing him to death; he made no movement of surprise or emotion, but seemed only affected by the distress of his advocate, whom he tried to comfort.[1]

When M. de Malesherbes returned to the Convention the three advocates of the King were admitted to the bar. M. de Sèze then said, "Citizens, Representatives, the Law and Decrees have entrusted to us the sacred function of the defence of Louis. We come with regret to present to you the last act of our function. Louis has given to us his express charge to read to you a letter signed with his own hand, of which the following is a copy:—

LETTER FROM LOUIS.

"*I owe to my own honour, I owe to my family, not to subscribe to a sentence which declares me guilty of a crime of which I cannot accuse myself.*

"*In consequence I appeal to the Nation from the sentence of its Representatives; and I commit by these presents to the fidelity of my defenders to make known to the National Convention this appeal by all the means in their power, and to demand that mention of it be made in the minutes of their sittings.*

(*Signed*) "*LOUIS.*"

M. de Sèze then prayed the National Convention in the name of his colleagues to consider by what a small majority the punishment of death was pronounced against Louis. "Do not afflict France," added the worthy citizen, "by a judgment that will appear to her to be terrible when five (?) voices only were thought sufficient to carry it." He invoked Eternal Justice and Sacred Humanity to determine the Convention to refer their judgment to the tribunal of the people.

[1] Madame Royale says that M. de Malesherbes added, after telling her father the nature of his sentence, "Every honest man will endeavour to save your Majesty, or die at your feet;" but the King replied, "Such proceedings would excite a civil war in Paris—*I had rather die.* You will, therefore, I entreat you, command them from me to make no effort to save me."—*Royal Memoirs*, p. 197.

"We declare," said *M. Tronchet*, "that it is inconceivable that the greatest number of voters have invoked the Penal Code to justify their judgment, and that they have forgotten the indulgence of the law in favour of the accused. They have forgotten that the law requires *two-thirds* of the voices for the decision."

M. de Malesherbes demanded of the Assembly to give him until the following day to make such reflections as crowded upon his imagination.

After the defenders of Louis had finished their observations they were invited to the honours of the sitting.

M. Robespierre opposed the inserting in the *procès-verbal* of the appeal to the people demanded by Louis. He claimed that such appeal should be declared contrary to the principles of public justice and an invasion of the authority of the National Convention, and that those ought to be considered as conspirators who thought otherwise.

M. Gaudet was also against the appeal to the people; but he demanded an adjournment until after *M. de Malesherbes* had been heard upon the question, whether it is for the interest of the French people that the execution of the judgment pronounced against Louis ought to be delayed or accelerated.

The decision upon the question rejected the appeal to the people and the observations to be made by *M. de Malesherbes*, and it was decreed that the National Convention "should examine whether the national interest did or did not require an arrest of judgment in the execution of the sentence pronounced against Louis."

Thus after thirty-six hours the sitting was concluded—a sitting that the latest posterity will never forget!

The executive council was charged with the melancholy commission of carrying the sentence into execution. Garat, as Minister of Justice, had the most painful of all tasks imposed upon him, that of acquainting Louis XVI. with the decrees of the Convention.[1] He repaired to the Temple, accompanied by

[1] The sentence of death was announced by Garat. No alteration took place in the King's countenance; I observed only at the word "conspiracy," a smile of indignation appear on his lips; but at the words "shall suffer the punishment of death," the expression of his face, when he looked on those around him, showed that death had no terrors for him.—*Clery.*

Santerre, by a deputation of the Commune and of the criminal tribunal, and by the secretary of the executive council. On the 20th of January, at two in the afternoon, Louis XVI. was awaiting his advocates, when he heard the approach of a numerous party. He stopped with dignity at the door of his apartment, apparently unmoved. Garat then told him sorrowfully that he was commissioned to communicate to him the decrees of the Convention. Grouvelle, secretary of the executive council, read them to him. The first declared Louis XVI. guilty of treason against the general safety of the State; the second condemned him to death; the third rejected any appeal to the people; and the fourth and last ordered his execution in twenty-four hours. Louis, looking calmly round, took the paper from Grouvelle, and read Garat a letter, in which he demanded from the Convention three days to prepare for death, a confessor to assist him in his last moments, liberty to see his family, and permission for them to leave France. Garat took the letter, promising to submit it immediately to the Convention.

Louis XVI. then went back into his room with great composure, ordered his dinner, and ate as usual. There were no knives on the table, and his attendants refused to let him have any. "Do they think me so cowardly," he exclaimed, "as to lay violent hands on myself? I am innocent, and I am not afraid to die."

The Convention refused the delay, but granted the other demands which he had made. Garat sent for Edgeworth de Firmont, the ecclesiastic whom Louis XVI. had chosen, and took him in his own carriage to the Temple.[1] M. Edgeworth, on being ushered into the presence of the King, would have thrown

[1] Henry Essex Edgeworth de Firmont, father-confessor of Louis XVI., was born in Ireland in 1745, in the village of Edgeworthstown. His father, an episcopalian clergyman, adopted the Catholic faith with his family, and went to France. His piety and good conduct obtained him the confidence of Madame Elizabeth, who chose him for her confessor, and made him known to Louis. M. Edgeworth arrived in England in 1796. Pitt offered him a pension, which he declined. He soon after followed Louis XVIII. to Blankenburg in Brunswick, and thence to Mittau. M. Edgeworth died in 1807, of a fever caught in attending to some French emigrants. The Duchesse d'Angoulême waited on him in his last moments, the royal family followed him to the tomb, and Louis XVIII. wrote his epitaph.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

himself at his feet, but Louis instantly raised him, and both shed tears of emotion. He then, with eager curiosity, asked various questions, concerning the clergy of France, several bishops, and particularly the Archbishop of Paris, requesting him to assure the latter that he died faithfully attached to his communion. The clock having struck eight, he rose, begged M. Edgeworth to wait, and retired with emotion, saying that he was going to see his family. The municipal officers, unwilling to lose sight of the King, even while with his family, had decided that he should see them in the dining-room, which had a glass door, through which they could watch all his motions without hearing what he said. At half-past eight the door opened. The Queen, holding the Dauphin by the hand, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame Royale, rushed sobbing into the arms of Louis XVI. The door was closed, and the municipal officers, Clery, and M. Edgeworth placed themselves behind it. During the first moments, it was but a scene of confusion and despair. Cries and lamentations prevented those who were on the watch from distinguishing anything. At length the conversation became more calm, and the Princesses, still holding the King clasped in their arms, spoke with him in a low tone. "He related his trial to my mother," says Madame Royale, "apologising for the wretches who had condemned him. He told her that he would not consent to any attempt to save him, which might excite disturbance in the country. He then gave my brother some religious advice, and desired him, above all, to forgive those who caused his death; and he gave us his blessing. My mother was very desirous that the whole family should pass the night with my father, but he opposed this, observing to her that he much needed some hours of repose and quiet." After a long conversation, interrupted by silence and grief, the King put an end to the painful meeting, agreeing to see his family again at eight the next morning. "Do you promise that you will?" earnestly inquired the Princesses. "Yes, yes," sorrowfully replied the King.[1] At this moment the Queen held him by one arm, Madame Elizabeth by the other, while Madame Royale clasped him round the waist,

[1] "But when we were gone," says his daughter, "he requested that we might not be permitted to return, as our presence afflicted him too much."

and the Dauphin stood before him, with one hand in that of his mother. At the moment of retiring Madame Royale fainted; she was carried away, and the King returned to M. Edgeworth deeply depressed by this painful interview. The King retired to rest about midnight; M. Edgeworth threw himself upon a bed, and Clery took his place near the pillow of his master.

Next morning, the 21st of January, at five, the King awoke, called Clery, and dressed with great calmness. He congratulated himself on having recovered his strength by sleep. Clery kindled a fire, and moved a chest of drawers, out of which he formed an altar. M. Edgeworth put on his pontifical robes, and began to celebrate mass. Clery waited on him, and the King listened, kneeling with the greatest devotion. He then received the communion from the hands of M. Edgeworth, and after mass rose with new vigour, and awaited with composure the moment for going to the scaffold. He asked for scissors that Clery might cut his hair; but the Commune refused to trust him with a pair.

At this moment the drums were beating in the capital. All who belonged to the armed sections repaired to their company with complete submission. It was reported that four or five hundred devoted men were to make a dash upon the carriage, and rescue the King. The Convention, the Commune, the executive council, and the Jacobins were sitting. At eight in the morning, Santerre, with a deputation from the Commune, the department, and the criminal tribunal, repaired to the Temple. Louis XVI., on hearing them arrive, rose and prepared to depart. He desired Clery to transmit his last farewell to his wife, his sister, and his children; he gave him a sealed packet, hair, and various trinkets, with directions to deliver these articles to them.[1]

[1] In the course of the morning the King said to me, "You will give this seal to my son and this ring to the Queen, and assure her that it is with pain I part with it. This little packet contains the hair of all my family; you will give her that too. Tell the Queen, my dear sister, and my children that, although I promised to see them again this morning, I have resolved to spare them the pang of so cruel a separation. Tell them how much it costs me to go away without receiving their embraces once more!" He wiped away some tears, and then added in the most mournful accents, "I charge you to bear them my last farewell."—*Clery.*

He then clasped his hand and thanked him for his services. After this he addressed himself to one of the municipal officers, requesting him to transmit his last will to the Commune. This officer, who had formerly been a priest, and was named Jacques Roux, brutally replied that his business was to conduct him to execution, and not to perform his commissions. Another person took charge of it, and Louis, turning towards the party, gave with firmness the signal for starting.

Officers of gendarmerie were placed on the front seat of the carriage. The King and M. Edgeworth occupied the back. During the ride, which was rather long, the King read in M. Edgeworth's breviary the prayers for persons at the point of death; the two gendarmes were astonished at his piety and tranquil resignation. The vehicle advanced slowly, and amidst universal silence. At the Place de la Révolution an extensive space had been left vacant about the scaffold. Around this space were planted cannon; the most violent of the Federalists were stationed about the scaffold; and the vile rabble, always ready to insult genius, virtue, and misfortune, when a signal is given it to do so, crowded behind the ranks of the Federalists, and alone manifested some outward tokens of satisfaction.

At ten minutes past ten the carriage stopped. Louis XVI., rising briskly, stepped out into the Place. Three executioners came up; he refused their assistance, and took off his clothes himself. But, perceiving that they were going to bind his hands, he made a movement of indignation, and seemed ready to resist. M. Edgeworth gave him a last look, and said, "Suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is about to be your reward." At these words the King suffered himself to be bound and conducted to the scaffold. All at once Louis hurriedly advanced to address the people. "Frenchmen," said he, in a firm voice, "I die innocent of the crimes which are imputed to me; I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray that my blood may not fall upon France."[1] He would have continued, but the drums were instantly ordered to beat: their rolling drowned his voice; the executioners laid hold of him, and M. Edgeworth took his leave in these memorable words: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to

[1] Thiers' *French Revolution.*

heaven!"[1] As soon as the blood flowed, furious wretches dipped their pikes and handkerchiefs in it, then dispersed throughout Paris, shouting "*Vive la République! Vive la Nation!*" and even went to the gates of the Temple to display brutal and factious joy.[2]

The Royal Prisoners—Separation of the Dauphin from his Family—Removal of the Queen.

On the morning of the King's execution, according to the narrative of Madame Royale, his family rose at six: "The night before, my mother had scarcely strength enough to put my brother to bed. She threw herself, dressed as she was, on her own bed, where we heard her *shivering with cold and grief all night long.* At a quarter past six the door opened; we believed that we were sent for to the King, but it was only the officers looking for a prayer-book for him. We did not, however, abandon the hope of seeing him, till shouts of joy from the infuriated populace told

[1] Thus perished, at the age of thirty-nine, after a reign of sixteen years and a half, spent in endeavouring to do good, the best but weakest of monarchs. His ancestors bequeathed him a revolution. He was better calculated than any of them to prevent or terminate it; for he was capable of becoming a reformer-king before it broke out, or of becoming a constitutional king afterwards. He is, perhaps, the only prince who, having no other passion, had not that of power, and who united the two qualities which make good kings—fear of God, and love of the people. He perished, the victim of passions which he did not share; of those of the persons about him to which he was a stranger, and of those of the multitude which he had not excited.—Mignet's *French Revolution*, p. 189.

[2] The body of Louis was, immediately after the execution, removed to the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine. Large quantities of quicklime were thrown into the grave, which occasioned so rapid a decomposition that, when his remains were sought for in 1815, it was with difficulty any part could be recovered. Over the spot where he was interred Napoleon commenced the splendid Temple of Glory, after the battle of Jena; and the superb edifice was completed by the Bourbons, and now forms the church of the Madeleine, the most beautiful structure in Paris. Louis was executed on the same ground where the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and so many other noble victims of the Revolution perished; where Robespierre and Danton afterwards suffered; and where the Emperor Alexander and the allied sovereigns took their station, when their victorious troops entered Paris in 1814! The history of modern Europe has not a scene fraught with equally interesting recollections to exhibit. It is now marked by the colossal obelisk of blood-red granite which was brought from Thebes, in Upper Egypt, in 1833, by the French Government.—*Alison.*

us that all was over. In the afternoon my mother asked to see Clery, who probably had some message for her; we hoped that seeing him would occasion a burst of grief which might relieve the state of silent and choking agony in which we saw her." The request was refused, and the officers who brought the refusal said Clery was in "a frightful state of despair" at not being allowed to see the royal family; shortly afterwards he was dismissed from the Temple.

"We had now a little more freedom," continues the Princess; "our guards even believed that we were about to be sent out of France; but nothing could calm my mother's agony; no hope could touch her heart; and life or death became indifferent to her. Fortunately my own affliction increased my illness so seriously that it distracted her thoughts. . . . My mother would go no more to the garden, because she must have passed the door of what had been my father's room, and that she could not bear. But fearing lest want of air should prove injurious to my brother and me, about the end of February she asked permission to walk on the leads of the Tower, and it was granted." The council of the Commune becoming aware of the interest which these sad promenades excited, and the sympathy with which they were observed from the neighbouring houses, ordered that the spaces between the battlements should be filled up with shutters, which intercepted the view. But while the rules for the Queen's captivity were again made more strict, some of the municipal commissioners tried slightly to alleviate it, and by means of M. de Huë, who was at liberty in Paris, and the faithful Turgi, who remained in the Tower, some communications passed between the royal family and their friends. The wife of Tison, who waited on the Queen, suspected and finally denounced these more lenient guardians,[1] who were executed, the royal prisoners being subjected to a close examination.

"On the 20th of April," says Madame Royale, "my mother and I had just gone to bed when Hebert arrived with several municipals. We got up hastily, and these men read us a decree of the Commune directing that we should be searched. My poor brother was asleep; they tore him from his bed under the

[1] Toulan, Lepitre, Vincent, Bruno, and others.

pretext of examining it. My mother took him up, shivering with cold. All they took were a shopkeeper's card which my mother had happened to keep, a stick of sealing-wax from my aunt, and from me *une sacré cœur de Jésus* and a prayer for the welfare of France. The search lasted from half-past ten at night till four o'clock in the morning." The next visit of the officials was to Madame Elizabeth alone; they found in her room a hat which the King had worn during his imprisonment, and which she had begged him to give her as a souvenir. They took it from her in spite of her entreaties: "It was suspicious," said the cruel and contemptible tyrants.

The Dauphin became ill with fever, and it was long before his mother, who watched by him night and day, could obtain medicine or advice for him. When Thierry was at last allowed to see him, his treatment relieved the most violent symptoms, but, says Madame Royale, "his health was never re-established. Want of air and exercise did him great mischief, as well as the kind of life which this poor child led, who at eight years old passed his days amidst the tears of his friends, and in constant anxiety and agony."

While the Dauphin's health was causing his family such alarm they were deprived of the services of Tison's wife, who became ill, and finally insane, and was removed to the Hôtel Dieu, where her ravings were reported to the Assembly and made the ground of accusations against the royal prisoners.[1] No woman took her place, and the Princesses themselves made their beds, swept their rooms, and waited upon the Queen.

Far worse punishments than menial work were prepared for them. On 3d July a decree of the Convention ordered that the Dauphin should be separated from his family and "placed in the

[1] This woman, troubled by remorse, lost her reason, threw herself at the feet of the Queen, implored her pardon, and disturbed the Temple for many days with the sight and the noise of her madness. The Princesses, forgetting the denunciations of this unfortunate being, in consideration of her repentance and insanity, watched over her by turns, and deprived themselves of their own food to relieve her. — Lamartine, *History of the Girondists*, vol. iii. p. 140. The first time Tison's wife showed signs of madness, "she began to talk to herself," says Madame Royale simply; "alas! that made me laugh; and my poor mother and aunt looked at me as though they saw with pleasure that short moment of gaiety."

most secure apartment of the Tower." As soon as he heard this decree pronounced, says his sister, "he threw himself into my mother's arms, and with violent cries entreated not to be parted from her. My mother would not let her son go, and she actually defended against the efforts of the officers the bed in which she had placed him. The men threatened to call up the guard and use violence. My mother exclaimed that they had better kill her than tear her child from her. At last they threatened our lives, and my mother's maternal tenderness forced her to the sacrifice. My aunt and I dressed the child, for my poor mother had no longer strength for anything. Nevertheless, when he was dressed, she took him up in her arms and delivered him herself to the officers, bathing him with her tears, foreseeing that she was never to behold him again. The poor little fellow embraced us all tenderly, and was carried away in a flood of tears. My mother's horror was extreme when she heard that Simon, a shoemaker by trade, whom she had seen as a municipal officer in the Temple, was the person to whom her child was confided. . . . The officers now no longer remained in my mother's apartment; they only came three times a day to bring our meals and examine the bolts and bars of our windows; we were locked up together night and day. We often went up to the Tower, because my brother went, too, from the other side. The only pleasure my mother enjoyed was seeing him through a crevice as he passed at a distance. She would watch for hours together to see him as he passed. It was her only hope, her only thought."

The Queen was soon deprived even of this melancholy consolation. On 1st August 1793 it was resolved that she should be tried. Robespierre opposed the measure, but Barère roused into action that deep-rooted hatred of the Queen which not even the sacrifice of her life availed to eradicate. "Why do the enemies of the Republic still hope for success?" he asked. "Is it because we have too long forgotten *the crimes of the Austrian?* The children of Louis the Conspirator are hostages for the Republic . . . but behind them lurks a woman who has been the cause of all the disasters of France."[1] At two o'clock on the morning of the following day the municipal officers "awoke us,"

[1] Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 162.

says Madame Royale, "to read to my mother the decree of the Convention, which ordered her removal to the Conciergerie,[1] preparatory to her trial. She heard it without visible emotion, and without speaking a single word. My aunt and I immediately asked to be allowed to accompany my mother, but this favour was refused us. All the time my mother was making up a bundle of clothes to take with her these officers never left her. She was even obliged to dress herself before them, and they asked for her pockets, taking away the trifles they contained. She embraced me, charging me to keep up my spirits and my courage, to take tender care of my aunt, and obey her as a second mother. She then threw herself into my aunt's arms, and recommended her children to her care; my aunt replied to her in a whisper, and she was then hurried away. In leaving the Temple she struck her head against the wicket, not having stooped low enough.[2] The officers asked whether she had hurt herself. 'No,' she replied, '*nothing can hurt me now.*'"

The Last Moments of Marie Antoinette.

We have already seen what changes had been made in the Temple. Marie Antoinette had been separated from her sister, her daughter, and her son,[3] by virtue of a decree which ordered the trial and exile of the last members of the family of the Bourbons. She had been removed to the Conciergerie, and there alone in a narrow prison she was reduced to what was strictly necessary, like the other prisoners. The imprudence of a devoted friend had rendered her situation still more irksome. Michonnis, a member of the municipality, in whom she had excited a warm

[1] The Conciergerie was originally, as its name implies, the porter's lodge of the ancient Palace of Justice, and became in time a prison, from the custom of confining there persons who had committed trifling offences about the Court.

[2] Mathieu, the gaoler, used to say, "I make Madame Veto and her sister and daughter, proud though they are, salute me; for the door is so low they cannot pass without bowing."

[3] The Queen's separation from her son, for whose sake alone she had consented to endure the burden of existence, was so touching, so heartrending that the very gaolers who witnessed the scene confessed when giving an account of it to the authorities that they could not refrain from tears.—Weber's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette.*

interest, was desirous of introducing to her a person who, he said, wished to see her out of curiosity. This man, a courageous emigrant, threw to her a carnation, in which was enclosed a slip of very fine paper with these words: "*Your friends are ready*"—false hope, and equally dangerous for her who received and for him who gave it! Michonnis and the emigrant were detected, and forthwith apprehended; and the vigilance exercised in regard to the unfortunate prisoner became from that day more rigorous than ever.[1] Gendarmes were to mount guard incessantly at the door of her prison, and they were expressly forbidden to answer anything that she might say to them.

That wretch Hebert, the deputy of Chaumette, and editor of the disgusting paper of *Père Duchêne*, a writer of the party of which Vincent, Ronsin, Varlet, and Leclerc were the leaders—Hebert had made it his particular business to torment the unfortunate remnant of the dethroned family. He asserted that the family of the tyrant ought not to be better treated than any *sans-culotte* family; and he had caused a resolution to be passed by which the sort of luxury in which the prisoners in the Temple were maintained was to be suppressed. They were no longer to be allowed either poultry or pastry; they were reduced to one sort of aliment for breakfast, and to soup or broth and a single dish for dinner, to two dishes for supper and half a bottle of wine apiece. Tallow candles were to be furnished instead of wax, pewter instead of silver plate, and delft ware instead of porcelain. The wood and water carriers alone were permitted to enter their room, and that only accompanied by two commissioners. Their

[1] The Queen was lodged in a room called the council chamber, which was considered as the most unwholesome apartment in the Conciergerie on account of its dampness and the bad smells by which it was continually affected. Under pretence of giving her a person to wait upon her they placed near her a spy—a man of a horrible countenance and hollow sepulchral voice. This wretch, whose name was Barassin, was a robber and murderer by profession. Such was the chosen attendant on the Queen of France! A few days before her trial this wretch was removed and a gendarme placed in her chamber, who watched over her night and day, and from whom she was not separated, even when in bed, but by a ragged curtain. In this melancholy abode Marie Antoinette had no other dress than an old black gown, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend every day; and she was entirely destitute of shoes.—*Du Broca.*

food was to be introduced to them by means of a turning box. The numerous establishment was reduced to a cook and an assistant, two men-servants, and a woman-servant to attend to the linen.

As soon as this resolution was passed Hebert had repaired to the Temple and inhumanly taken away from the unfortunate prisoners even the most trifling articles to which they attached a high value. Eighty louis which Madame Elizabeth had in reserve, and which she had received from Madame de Lamballe, were also taken away. No one is more dangerous, more cruel, than the man without acquirements, without education, clothed with a recent authority. If, above all, he possess a base nature, if, like Hebert, who was check-taker at the door of a theatre, and embezzled money out of the receipts, he be destitute of natural morality, and if he leap all at once from the mud of his condition into power, he is as mean as he is atrocious. Such was Hebert in his conduct at the Temple. He did not confine himself to the annoyances which we have mentioned. He and some others conceived the idea of separating the young Prince from his aunt and sister. A shoemaker named Simon and his wife were the instructors to whom it was deemed right to consign him for the purpose of giving him a *sans-culotte* education. Simon and his wife were shut up in the Temple, and, becoming prisoners with the unfortunate child, were directed to bring him up in their own way.[1] Their food was better than that of the Princesses, and they shared the table of the municipal commissioners who were on duty. Simon was permitted to go down, accompanied by

[1] Simon, who was entrusted with the bringing up of the Dauphin, had had the cruelty to leave the poor child absolutely alone. Unexampled barbarity to leave an unhappy and sickly infant eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him! He preferred wanting everything to the sight of his persecutors. His bed had not been touched for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate in his room. His window was never opened, and the infectious smell of this horrid apartment was so dreadful that no one could bear it. He passed his days wholly without occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body; and he fell into a frightful atrophy.—*Duchesse d'Angoulême.*

two commissioners, to the court of the Temple for the purpose of giving him a little exercise.

Hebert conceived the infamous idea of wringing from this boy revelations to criminate his unhappy mother. Whether this wretch imputed to the child false revelations or abused his tender age and his condition to extort from him what admissions soever he pleased, he obtained a revolting deposition; and as the youth of the Prince did not admit of his being brought before the tribunal Hebert appeared, and detailed the infamous particulars which he had himself either dictated or invented.

It was on the 14th of October that Marie Antoinette appeared before her judges. Dragged before the sanguinary tribunal by inexorable revolutionary vengeance, she appeared there without any chance of acquittal, for it was not to obtain her acquittal that the Jacobins had brought her before it. It was necessary, however, to make some charges. Fouquier therefore collected the rumours current among the populace ever since the arrival of the Princess in France, and, in the act of accusation, he charged her with having plundered the exchequer, first for her pleasures, and afterwards in order to transmit money to her brother the Emperor. He insisted on the scenes of the 5th and 6th of October, and on the dinners of the life-guards, alleging that she had at that period framed a plot, which obliged the people to go to Versailles to frustrate it. He afterwards accused her of having governed her husband, interfered in the choice of ministers, conducted the intrigues with the deputies gained by the Court, prepared the journey to Varennes, provoked the war, and transmitted to the enemy's generals all our plans of campaign. He further accused her of having prepared a new conspiracy on the 10th of August, of having on that day caused the people to be fired upon, of having induced her husband to defend himself by taxing him with cowardice; lastly, of having never ceased to plot and correspond with foreigners since her captivity in the Temple, and of having there treated her young son as King. We here observe how, on the terrible day of long-deferred vengeance, when subjects at length break forth and strike such of their princes as have not deserved the blow, everything is distorted and converted into crime. We see how the profusion and fondness for pleasure, so natural to a young Princess, how her attachment to her

native country, her influence over her husband, her regrets, always more indiscreet in a woman than a man, nay, even her bolder courage, appeared to their inflamed or malignant imaginations.

It was necessary to produce witnesses. Lecointre, deputy of Versailles, who had seen what had passed on the 5th and 6th of October, Hebert, who had frequently visited the Temple, various clerks in the ministerial offices, and several domestic servants of the old Court, were summoned. Admiral d'Estaing, formerly commandant of the guard of Versailles; Manuel, the ex-procureur of the commune; Latour-du-Pin, minister at war in 1789; the venerable Bailly, who, it was said, had been, with La Fayette, an accomplice in the journey to Varennes; lastly, Valazé, one of the Girondists destined to the scaffold; were taken from their prisons and compelled to give evidence.

No precise fact was elicited. Some had seen the Queen in high spirits when the life-guards testified their attachment; others had seen her vexed and dejected while being conducted to Paris, or brought back from Varennes; these had been present at splendid festivities which must have cost enormous sums; those had heard it said in the ministerial offices that the Queen was adverse to the sanction of the decrees. An ancient waiting-woman of the Queen had heard the Duc de Coigny say, in 1788, that the Emperor had already received two hundred millions from France to make war upon the Turks.

The cynical Hebert, being brought before the unfortunate Queen, dared at length to prefer the charges wrung from the young Prince. He said that Charles Capet had given Simon an account of the journey to Varennes, and mentioned La Fayette and Bailly as having co-operated in it. He then added that this boy was addicted to odious and very premature vices for his age; that he had been surprised by Simon, who, on questioning him, learned that he derived from his mother the vices in which he indulged. Hebert said that it was no doubt the intention of Marie Antoinette, by weakening thus early the physical constitution of her son, to secure to herself the means of ruling him in case he should ever ascend the throne.

The rumours which had been whispered for twenty years by a malicious Court had given the people a most unfavourable

opinion of the morals of the Queen. That audience, however, though wholly Jacobin, was disgusted at the accusations of Hebert.[1] He nevertheless persisted in supporting them.[2] The unhappy mother made no reply. Urged anew to explain herself, she said, with extraordinary emotion, "I thought that human nature would excuse me from answering such an imputation, but I appeal from it to the heart of every mother here present." This noble and simple reply affected all who heard it. In the depositions of the witnesses, however, all was not so bitter for Marie Antoinette. The brave d'Estaing, whose enemy she had been, would not say anything to inculpate her, and spoke only of the courage which she had shown on the 5th and 6th of October, and of the noble resolution which she had expressed, to die beside her husband rather than fly. Manuel, in spite of his enmity to the Court during the time of the Legislative Assembly, declared that he could not say anything against the accused. When the venerable Bailly was brought forward, who formerly had so often predicted to the Court the calamities which its imprudence must produce, he appeared painfully affected; and when he was asked if he knew the wife of Capet, "Yes," said he, bowing respectfully, "I have known *Madame*." He declared that he knew nothing, and maintained that the declarations extorted from the young Prince relative to the journey to Varennes were false. In recompense for his deposition he was assailed with outrageous reproaches, from which he might judge what fate would soon be awarded to himself.

In the whole of the evidence there appeared but two serious facts, attested by Latour-du-Pin and Valazé, who deposed to them because they could not help it. Latour-du-Pin declared that

[1] Can there be a more infernal invention than that made against the Queen by Hebert—namely, that she had had an improper intimacy with her own son? He made use of this sublime idea of which he boasted in order to prejudice the women against the Queen, and to prevent her execution from exciting pity. It had, however, no other effect than that of disgusting all parties.—*Prudhomme.*

[2] Hebert did not long survive her in whose sufferings he had taken such an infamous part. He was executed on 26th March 1794. "Hébert," says the *Rapport d'un Détenu dans les Prisons*, "montra jusqu'au bout une extrême faiblesse. Pendant le trajet de la Conciergerie à l'échafaud, le spectacle de son agonie empêcha que l'on prêt être attentif à la contenance de ses compagnons. La dernière nuit dans la prison il a eu des accés de désespoir."

Marie Antoinette had applied to him for an accurate statement of the armies while he was minister at war. Valezé, always cold, but respectful towards misfortune, would not say anything to criminate the accused; yet he could not help declaring that, as a member of the commission of twenty-four, being charged with his colleagues to examine the papers found at the house of Septeuil, treasurer of the civil list, he had seen bonds for various sums signed Antoinette, which was very natural; but he added that he had also seen a letter in which the minister requested the King to transmit to the Queen the copy of the plan of campaign which he had in his hands. The most unfavourable construction was immediately put upon these two facts, the application for a statement of the armies, and the communication of the plan of campaign; and it was concluded that they could not be wanted for any other purpose than to be sent to the enemy; for it was not supposed that a young Princess should turn her attention, merely for her own satisfaction, to matters of administration and military plans. After these depositions, several others were received respecting the expenses of the Court, the influence of the Queen in public affairs, the scene of the 10th of August, and what had passed in the Temple; and the most vague rumours and most trivial circumstances, were eagerly caught at as proofs.[1]

Marie Antoinette frequently repeated with presence of mind and firmness that there was no precise fact against her;[2] that, besides, though the wife of Louis XVI., she was not answerable for any of the acts of his reign. Fouquier nevertheless declared her to be sufficiently convicted; Chaveau-Lagarde made unavailing efforts to defend her; and the unfortunate Queen was condemned to suffer the same fate as her husband.

[1] Yet even Robespierre, so inveterate against the King, would have saved the Queen. "Revolutions are very cruel," he said. "They regard neither sex nor age. Ideas are pitiless, but the people should also know how to forgive. If my head were not necessary to the Revolution, there are moments when I would offer that head to the people in exchange for one of those which they demand of us."—Lamartine's *Girondists*, vol. iii. p. 137.

[2] At first the Queen, consulting only her own sense of dignity, had resolved on her trial to make no other reply to the questions of her judges than—"Assassinate me as you have already assassinated my husband!" Afterwards, however, she determined to follow the example of the King, exert herself in her defence, and leave her judges without any excuse or pretext for putting her to death.—Weber's *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette.*

Conveyed back to the Conciergerie, she there passed in tolerable composure the night preceding her execution, and, on the morning of the following day, the 16th of October,[1] she was conducted, amidst a great concourse of the populace, to the fatal spot where, ten months before, Louis XVI. had perished. She listened with calmness to the exhortations of the ecclesiastic who accompanied her, and cast an indifferent look at the people who had so often applauded her beauty and her grace, and who now as warmly applauded her execution. On reaching the foot of the scaffold she perceived the Tuileries, and appeared to be moved; but she hastened to ascend the fatal ladder, and gave herself up with courage to the executioner.[2] The infamous wretch exhibited her head to the people, as he was accustomed to do when he had sacrificed an illustrious victim.—Thiers, *French Revolution*, vol. iii. page 225 *et seq.*

THE LAST LETTER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

On the morning of the Queen's execution she wrote the following letter to Madame Elizabeth, having obtained paper, pen, and ink from her gaoler:—

"This 15th October, at half-past four in the morning.

"I write to you, my sister, for the last time. I have been

[1] The Queen, after having written and prayed, slept soundly for some hours. On her waking, Bault's daughter dressed her and adjusted her hair with more neatness than on other days. Marie Antoinette wore a white gown, a white handkerchief covered her shoulders, a white cap her hair; a black ribbon bound this cap round her temples. . . . The cries, the looks, the laughter, the jests of the people overwhelmed her with humiliation; her colour, changing continually from purple to paleness, betrayed her agitation. . . . On reaching the scaffold she inadvertently trod on the executioner's foot. "Pardon me," she said courteously. She knelt for an instant and uttered a half-audible prayer; then rising and glancing towards the towers of the Temple—"Adieu, once again, my children," she said, "I go to rejoin your father."—*Lamartine.*

[2] Sorrow had blanched the Queen's once beautiful hair; but her features and air still commanded the admiration of all who beheld her; her cheeks, pale and emaciated, were occasionally tinged with a vivid colour at the mention of those she had lost. When led out to execution, she was dressed in white; she had cut off her hair with her own hands. Placed in a tumbrel, with her arms tied behind her, she was taken by a circuitous route to the Place de la Révolution, and she ascended the scaffold with a firm and dignified step, as if she had been about to take her place on a throne by the side of her husband. —*Lacretelle.*

condemned, not to an ignominious death — that only awaits criminals—but to go and rejoin your brother. Innocent as he, I hope to show the same firmness as he did in his last moments.[1] I grieve bitterly at leaving my poor children; you know that I existed but for them and you—you who have by your friendship sacrificed all to be with us. In what a position do I leave you! I have learned, by the pleadings on my trial, that my daughter is separated from you. Alas! poor child—I dare not write to her; she would not receive my letter; I know not even if this may reach you. Receive my blessing for both. I hope one day, when they are older, they may rejoin you, and rejoice in liberty at your tender care. May they both think on what I have never ceased to inspire them with! May their friendship and mutual confidence form their happiness! May my daughter feel that at her age she ought always to aid her brother with that advice with which the greater experience she possesses, and her friendship, should inspire her! May my son, on his part, render to his sister every care and service which affection can dictate! May they, in short, both feel, in whatever position they may find themselves, that they can never be truly happy but by their union! Let them take example by us. How much consolation has our friendship given us in our misfortunes! and in happiness to share it with a friend is doubly sweet. Where can one find any more tender or dearer than in one's own family? Let my son never forget the last words of his father. I repeat them to him expressly: '*Let him never attempt to avenge our death.*' I must now speak to you of a matter most painful to my heart. I know how much trouble this child must have given you. Pardon him, my dear sister; think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child say what one wishes, and what he even does not comprehend. A day will arrive, I hope, when he will the better feel all

[1] Since the King's captivity all the defects of his youth had gradually disappeared; the somewhat rough *bonhommie* of his character was changed into grace and sensibility towards those who were about him. His *brusquerie* was no longer perceptible, and all the trifling blemishes in his character were effaced by the grandeur of his resignation. His children adored, his sister admired him, while the Queen was astonished at his tenderness and courage. His very gaolers could not recognise the vulgar and sensual man public prejudice had described to them.—*Lamartine.*

the value of your kindness and affection for them both. It still remains to me to confide to you my last thoughts. I had desired to write them from the commencement of the trial; but, exclusively of their not permitting me to write, the proceedings have been so rapid that I should really not have had the time. I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; in that of my fathers; in that in which I have been bred, and which I have always professed, having no spiritual consolation to expect, not knowing if priests of this religion still exist here—and even the place in which I am would expose them too much, were they once to enter it. I sincerely ask pardon of God for all the errors I may have committed during my life. I hope that in His kindness He will accept my last vows, as well as those I have long since made, that He may vouchsafe to receive my soul in His mercy and goodness. I ask pardon of all those with whom I am acquainted, and of you, my sister, in particular, for all the trouble which, without desiring it, I may have caused you. I forgive all my enemies the evil they have done me. I say here adieu to my aunts and to all my brothers and sisters. I had friends, and the idea of being separated for ever from them and their sorrows causes me the greatest regret I experience in dying. Let them, at least, know that in my last moments I have thought of them. Adieu, my good and kind sister! May this letter reach you! Think of me always! I embrace you with all my heart, as well as those poor dear children. My God, how heartrending it is to quit them for ever! Adieu! . . . Adieu! . . . I ought no longer to occupy myself but with my spiritual duties. As I am not mistress of my actions, they may bring me perhaps a priest. But I here protest that I will not tell him one word, and that I will treat him absolutely as a stranger."

When the letter was finished the Queen kissed each page repeatedly, then folded without sealing it, and gave it to the *concierge* Bault. Her presentiment that it would never reach those to whom it would have afforded a melancholy consolation was fulfilled. Bault remitted it to Fouquier-Tinville, and it was ultimately found among the papers of Couthon, to whom Fouquier-Tinville had transmitted many relics of royalty.—See Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, edit. 1864, vol. iii. pp. 153-4.

THE LAST SEPARATION—EXECUTION OF MADAME ELIZABETH—DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

The two Princesses left in the Temple were now almost inconsolable; they spent days and nights in tears, whose only alleviation was that they were shed together. "The company of my aunt whom I loved so tenderly," says Madame Royale, "was a great comfort to me. But alas! all that I loved was perishing around me, and I was soon to lose her also. . . . In the beginning of September I had an illness caused solely by my anxiety about my mother; I never heard a drum beat that I did not expect another 2d of September."[1] In the course of the month the rigour of their captivity was much increased. The Commune ordered that they should only have one room; that Tison (who had done the heaviest of the household work for them, and since the kindness they showed to his insane wife had occasionally given them tidings of the Dauphin) should be imprisoned in the turret; that they should only be supplied with the barest necessaries; and that no one should enter their room save to carry water and firewood. Their quantity of firing was reduced, and they were not allowed candles. They were also forbidden to go on the leads, and their large sheets were taken away, "lest"—notwithstanding the gratings!—"they should escape from the windows." Madame Royale heard that attempts were made to save the life of the Queen, and she observes that they did not surprise her, for "all honest men took an interest in her fate, and, with the exception of vile and ferocious wretches, who were, alas! too numerous, every one who was permitted to speak to her, to approach her or to see her, was touched with pity and respect, so well did her affability temper the dignity of her manners."

On 8th October 1793 Madame Royale was ordered to go downstairs that she might be interrogated by some municipal officers. "My aunt, who was greatly affected, would have followed, but they stopped her. She asked whether I should be

[1] It seems probable that Madame Royale must have been thinking of 3d September 1792, when the head of the Princesse de Lamballe was carried to the Temple.

permitted to come up again; Chaumette assured her that I should. 'You may trust,' said he, 'the word of an honest republican. She shall return.' I soon found myself in my brother's room, whom I embraced tenderly; but we were torn asunder, and I was obliged to go into another room.[1] . . . Chaumette then questioned me about a thousand shocking things of which they accused my mother and aunt; I was so indignant at hearing such horrors that, terrified as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods. But in spite of my tears they still pressed their questions. There were some things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. . . . They then asked me about Varennes, and other things. I answered as well as I could without implicating anybody. I had always heard my parents say that it were better to die than to implicate anybody." When the examination was over the Princess begged to be allowed to join her mother, but Chaumette said he could not obtain permission for her to do so. She was then cautioned to say nothing about her examination to her aunt, who was next to appear before them. Madame Elizabeth, her niece declares, "replied with still more contempt to their shocking questions."

The only intimation of the Queen's fate which her daughter and her sister-in-law were allowed to receive was through hearing her sentence cried by the newsman. But, "we could not persuade ourselves that she was dead," writes Madame Royale. "A hope, so natural to the unfortunate, persuaded us that she must have been saved. For eighteen months I remained in this cruel suspense. We learnt also by the cries of the newsman the death of the Duc d'Orléans.[2] It was the only piece of news that reached

[1] This was the last time the brother and sister met.

[2] The Duc d'Orléans, the early and interested propagator of the Revolution, was its next victim. Billaud Varennes said in the Convention, "The time has come when all the conspirators should be known and struck. I demand that we no longer pass over in silence a man whom we seem to have forgotten, despite the numerous facts against him. I demand that D'Orléans be sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal." The Convention, once his hireling adulators, unanimously supported the proposal. In vain he alleged his having been accessory to the disorders of 5th October, his support of the revolt on 10th August 1792, his vote against the King on 17th January 1793. His con-

us during the whole winter." The severity with which the prisoners were treated was carried into every detail of their life. The officers who guarded them took away their chessmen and cards because some of them were named kings and queens, and all the books with coats of arms on them; they refused to get ointment for a gathering on Madame Elizabeth's arm; they would not allow her to make a herb-tea which she thought would strengthen her niece; they declined to supply fish or eggs on fast days or during Lent, bringing only coarse fat meat, and brutally replying to all remonstrances, "None but fools believe in that stuff nowadays." Madame Elizabeth never made the officials another request, but reserved some of the bread and *café-au-lait* from her breakfast for her second meal.[1] The time during which she could be thus tormented was growing short.

On 9th May 1794, as the Princesses were going to bed, the outside bolts of the door were unfastened and a loud knocking was heard. "When my aunt was dressed," says Madame Royale, "she opened the door, and they said to her, '*Citoyenne*, come down.'—'And my niece?'—'We shall take care of her afterwards.' She embraced me, and to calm my agitation promised to return. 'No, *citoyenne*,' said the men, 'bring your bonnet, you shall not return.' They overwhelmed her with abuse, but she bore it patiently, embracing me, and exhorting me to trust in Heaven, and never to forget the last commands of my father and mother."

Madame Elizabeth was then taken to the Conciergerie, where she was interrogated by the vice-president at midnight,[2] and then allowed to take some hours' rest on the bed on which Marie Antoinette had slept for the last time. In the morning she was

demnation was pronounced. He then asked only for a delay of twenty-four hours, and had a repast carefully prepared, on which he feasted with avidity. When led out for execution he gazed with a smile on the Palais Royal, the scene of his former orgies. He was detained for a quarter of an hour before that palace by the order of Robespierre, who had asked his daughter's hand, and promised in return to excite a tumult in which the Duke's life should be saved. Depraved though he was, he would not consent to such a sacrifice, and he met his fate with stoical fortitude.—*Alison*, vol. iii. p. 172.

[1] Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Royal Memoirs*, p. 254.

[2] "It has been said," Lamartine observes, "that the day did not contain sufficient hours for the impatience of the tribunal."

brought before the tribunal, with twenty-four other prisoners, of varying ages and both sexes, some of whom had once been frequently seen at Court. "Of what has Elizabeth to complain?" Fouquier-Tinville satirically asked; "at the foot of the guillotine, surrounded by faithful nobility, she may imagine herself again at Versailles." "You call my brother a tyrant," the Princess replied to her accuser, "if he had been what you say, you would not be where you are, nor I before you!" She was sentenced to death, and showed neither surprise nor grief. "I am ready to die," she said, "happy at the prospect of rejoining in a better world those whom I loved on earth."[1] On being taken to the room where those condemned to suffer at the same time as herself were assembled, she spoke to them with so much piety and resignation that they were encouraged by her example to show calmness and resignation like her own. The women, on leaving the cart, begged to embrace her, and she said some words of comfort to each in turn as they mounted the scaffold, which she was not allowed to ascend till all her companions had been executed before her eyes.[2]

"It is impossible to imagine my distress at finding myself separated from my aunt," says Madame Royale. "Since I had been able to appreciate her merits, I saw in her nothing but

[1] Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Royal Memoirs*, p. 261.

[2] Madame Elizabeth was one of those rare personages only seen at distant intervals during the course of ages; she set an example of steadfast piety in the palace of kings, she lived amid her family the favourite of all and the admiration of the world. . . . When I went to Versailles Madame Elizabeth was twenty-two years of age. Her plump figure and pretty pink colour must have attracted notice, and her air of calmness and contentment even more than her beauty. She was fond of billiards, and her elegance and courage in riding were remarkable. But she never allowed these amusements to interfere with her religious observances. At that time her wish to take the veil at Saint Cyr was much talked of, but the King was too fond of his sister to endure the separation. There were also rumours of a marriage between Madame Elizabeth and the Emperor Joseph. The Queen was sincerely attached to her brother, and loved her sister-in-law most tenderly; she ardently desired this marriage as a means of raising the Princess to one of the first thrones in Europe, and as a possible means of turning the Emperor from his innovations. She had been very carefully educated, had talent in music and painting, spoke Italian and a little Latin, and understood mathematics. . . . Her last moments were worthy of her courage and virtue.—D'Hézecques' *Recollections*, pp. 72-75.

religion, gentleness, meekness, modesty, and a devoted attachment to her family; she sacrificed her life for them, since nothing could persuade her to leave the King and Queen. I never can be sufficiently grateful to her for her goodness to me, which ended only with her life. She looked on me as her child, and I honoured and loved her as a second mother. I was thought to be very like her in countenance, and I feel conscious that I have something of her character.[1] Would to God I might imitate her virtues, and hope that I may hereafter deserve to meet her, as well as my dear parents, in the bosom of our Creator, where I cannot doubt that they enjoy the reward of their virtuous lives and meritorious deaths." Madame Royale vainly begged to be allowed to rejoin her mother or her aunt, or at least to know their fate. The municipal officers would tell her nothing, and rudely refused her request to have a woman placed with her. "I asked nothing but what seemed indispensable, though it was often harshly refused," she says. "But I at least could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light, but in the long days I did not feel this privation much. . . . I had some religious works and travels, which I had read over and over. I had also some knitting, *qui m'ennuyait beaucoup.*" Once, she believes, Robespierre visited her prison:[2] "The officers showed him great respect; the people in the Tower did not know him, or at least would not tell me who he was. He stared insolently at me, glanced at my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired."[3]

[1] Pensive as her father, proud as her mother, pious as her aunt, Madame Royale's mind bore the impress of the three minds amidst which it had been nurtured. Hers was a shadowy, pale, ideal beauty. Never quitting the side of her mother or her aunt, she seemed to shrink from life. Her light hair, still hanging over her shoulders, almost concealed her features; her expression was timid and reserved.—*Lamartine.*

[2] It has been said that Robespierre vainly tried to obtain the hand of Mademoiselle d'Orléans. It was also rumoured that Madame Royale herself owed her life to his matrimonial ambition. "Dans ces tems cette jeune infortunée n'avait du son salut qu'à l'ambition de Robespierre. Et si sous la règne de la Terreur elle n'avait point suivie sa famille à l'échafaud, c'est que ce monstre avait des vues sur elle, et se promettait de l'épouser pour affermir sa puissance." —*Deux Amis*, xiv. 173.

[3] On another occasion "three men in scarves," who entered the Princess'

When Laurent was appointed by the Convention to the charge of the young prisoners, Madame Royale was treated with more consideration. "He was always courteous," she says; he restored her tinder-box, gave her fresh books, and allowed her candles and as much firewood as she wanted, "which pleased me greatly." This simple expression of relief gives a clearer idea of what the delicate girl must have suffered than a volume of complaints.

But however hard Madame Royale's lot might be, that of the Dauphin was infinitely harder. Though only eight years old when he entered the Temple, he was by nature and education extremely precocious, "his memory retained everything, and his sensitiveness comprehended everything." His features "recalled the somewhat effeminate look of Louis XV., and the Austrian hauteur of Maria Theresa; his blue eyes, aquiline nose, elevated nostrils, well-defined mouth, pouting lips, chestnut hair parted in the middle and falling in thick curls on his shoulders, resembled his mother before her years of tears and torture. All the beauty of his race, by both descents, seemed to reappear in him."[1] For some time the care of his parents preserved his health and cheerfulness even in the Temple; but his constitution was weakened by the fever recorded by his sister, and his jailors were determined that he should never regain strength. "What does the Convention intend to do with him?" asked Simon when the innocent victim was placed in his clutches. "Transport him?"—"No."—"Kill him?"—"No."—"Poison him?"—"No."—"What then?"—"Why, *get rid of him.*" For such a purpose they could not have chosen their instruments better. "Simon and his wife cut off all those fair locks that had been his youthful glory and his mother's pride. This worthy pair stripped him of the mourning he wore for his father; and as they did so they called it 'playing at the game of the spoiled

room, told her that they did not see why she should wish to be released, as she seemed very comfortable! "'It is dreadful,' I replied, 'to be separated for more than a year from one's mother, without even hearing what has become of her or of my aunt.'—'You are not ill?'—'No, sir, but the cruellest illness is that of the heart.'—'We can do nothing for you. Be patient, and submit to the justice and goodness of the French people.' I had nothing more to say."—Duchesse d'Angoulême, *Royal Memoirs*, p. 273.

[1] Lamartine.

king.' They alternately induced him to commit excesses, and then half starved him. They beat him mercilessly; nor was the treatment by night less brutal than that by day. As soon as the weary boy had sunk into his first profound sleep, they would loudly call him by name, 'Capet, Capet.' Startled, nervous, bathed in perspiration, or sometimes trembling with cold, he would spring up, rush through the dark, and present himself at Simon's bedside, murmuring tremblingly, 'I am here, citizen.' 'Come nearer; let me feel you.' He would approach the bed as he was ordered, although he knew the treatment that awaited him. Simon would buffet him on the head, or kick him away, adding the remark, 'Get to bed again, wolf's cub; I only wanted to know that you were safe.' On one of these occasions, when the child had fallen half stunned upon his own miserable couch, and lay there groaning and faint with pain, Simon roared out with a laugh, 'Suppose you were king, Capet, what would you do to me?' The child thought of his father's dying words, and said, 'I would forgive you.'"[1] The change in the young Prince's mode of life and the cruelties and caprices to which he was subjected soon made him fall ill, says his sister. "Simon forced him to eat to excess, and to drink large quantities of wine, which he detested. . . . He grew extremely fat without increasing in height or strength." His aunt and sister, deprived of the pleasure of tending him, had the pain of hearing his childish voice raised in the abominable songs his gaolers taught him. The brutality of Simon "depraved at once the body and soul of his pupil. He called him the young wolf of the Temple. He treated him as the young of wild animals are treated when taken from the mother and reduced to captivity—at once intimidated by blows and enervated by taming. He punished for sensibility; he rewarded meanness; he encouraged vice; he made the child wait on him at table, sometimes striking him on the face with a knotted towel, sometimes raising the poker and threatening to strike him with it."[2]

Yet when Simon was removed[3] the poor young Prince's con-

[1] Thiers. [2] Lamartine.

[3] Simon left the Temple to become a municipal officer. He was involved in the overthrow of Robespierre, and guillotined the day after him, 29th July 1794.

dition became even worse. His horrible loneliness induced an apathetic stupor to which any suffering would have been preferable. "He passed his days without any kind of occupation; they did not allow him light in the evening. His keepers never approached him but to give him food;" and on the rare occasions when they took him to the platform of the Tower he was unable or unwilling to move about. When, in November 1794, a commissary named Gomin arrived at the Temple, disposed to treat the little prisoner with kindness, it was too late. "He took extreme care of my brother," says Madame Royale. "For a long time the unhappy child had been shut up in darkness, and he was dying of fright. He was very grateful for the attentions of Gomin, and became much attached to him." But his physical condition was alarming, and owing to Gomin's representations a commission was instituted to examine him. "The commissioners appointed were Harmond, Mathieu, and Reverchon, who visited 'Louis Charles,' as he was now called, in the month of February 1795. They found the young Prince seated at a square deal table, at which he was playing with some dirty cards, making card houses and the like,—the materials having been furnished him, probably, that they might figure in the report as evidences of indulgence. He did not look up from the table as the commissioners entered. He was in a slate-coloured dress, bare headed; the room was reported as clean, the bed in good condition, the linen fresh; his clothes were also reported as new; but, in spite of all these assertions, it is well known that his bed had not been made for months, that he had not left his room, nor was permitted to leave it for any purpose whatever, that it was consequently uninhabitable, and that he was covered with vermin and with sores. The swellings at his knees alone were sufficient to disable him from walking. One of the commissioners approached the young Prince respectfully. The latter did not raise his head. Harmond in a kind voice begged him to speak to them. The eyes of the boy remained fixed on the table before him. They told him of the kindly intentions of the Government, of their hopes that he would yet be happy, and their desire that he would speak unreservedly to the medical man that was to visit him. He seemed to listen with profound attention, but not a single word passed his lips. It was an heroic principle that

impelled that poor young heart to maintain the silence of a mute in presence of these men. He remembered too well the days when three other commissaries waited on him, regaled him with pastry and wine, and obtained from him that hellish accusation against the mother that he loved. He had learnt by some means the import of the act, so far as it was an injury to his mother. He now dreaded seeing again three commissaries, hearing again kind words, and being treated again with fine promises. Dumb as death itself he sat before them, and remained motionless as stone, and as mute."[1]

His disease now made rapid progress, and Gomin and Lasne, superintendents of the Temple, thinking it necessary to inform the Government of the melancholy condition of their prisoner, wrote on the register: "Little Capet is unwell." No notice was taken of this account, which was renewed next day in more urgent terms: "Little Capet is dangerously ill." Still there was no word from beyond the walls. "We must knock harder," said the keepers to each other, and they added, "It is feared he will not live," to the words "dangerously ill." At length on Wednesday, 6th May 1795, three days after the first report, the authorities appointed M. Desault to give the invalid the assistance of his art. After having written down his name on the register he was admitted to see the Prince. He made a long and very attentive examination of the unfortunate child, asked him many questions without being able to obtain an answer, and contented himself with prescribing a decoction of hops, to be taken by spoonfuls every half hour, from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening. On the first day the Prince steadily refused to take it. In vain Gomin several times drank off a glass of the potion in his presence; his example proved as ineffectual as his words. Next day Lasne renewed his solicitations. "Monsieur knows very well that I desire nothing but the good of his health, and he distresses me deeply by thus refusing to take what might contribute to it. I entreat him as a favour not to give me this cause of grief." And as Lasne, while speaking, began to taste the potion in a glass, the child took what he offered him out of his hands. "You have, then, taken an oath that I should drink

[1] Thiers.

it," said he firmly; "well, give it me, I *will* drink it." From that moment he conformed with docility to whatever was required of him, but the policy of the Commune had attained its object; help had been withheld till it was almost a mockery to supply it. The Prince's weakness was excessive, his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the Tower; walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lasne with both hands upon his breast. At last he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the little tower, where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health occasioned by the change of air scarcely compensated for the pain which his fatigue gave him. On the battlement of the platform nearest the left turret the rain had, by perseverance through ages, hollowed out a kind of basin. The water that fell remained there for several days; and as, during the spring of 1795, storms were of frequent occurrence, this little sheet of water was kept constantly supplied. Whenever the child was brought out upon the platform he saw a little troop of sparrows, which used to come to drink and bathe in this reservoir. At first they flew away at his approach, but from being accustomed to see him walking quietly there every day, they at last grew more familiar, and did not spread their wings for flight till he came up close to them. They were always the same, he knew them by sight, and perhaps like himself they were inhabitants of that ancient pile. He called them *his* birds; and his first action, when the door into the terrace was opened, was to look towards that side,—and the sparrows were always there. He delighted in their chirping, and he must have envied them their wings!

Though so little could be done to alleviate his sufferings, a moral improvement was taking place in him. He was touched by the lively interest displayed by his physician, who never failed to visit him at nine o'clock every morning. He seemed pleased with the attention paid him, and ended by placing entire confidence in M. Desault. Gratitude loosened his tongue; brutality and insult had failed to extort a murmur, but kind treatment restored his speech: he had no words for anger, but he found them to express his thanks. M. Desault prolonged his visits as

long as the officers of the municipality would permit. When they announced the close of the visit, the child, unwilling to beg them to allow a longer time, held back M. Desault by the skirt of his coat.[1] Suddenly M. Desault's visits ceased. Several days passed and nothing was heard of him. The keepers wondered at his absence, and the poor little invalid was much distressed at it. The commissary on duty (M. Benoist) suggested that it would be proper to send to the physician's house to make inquiries as to the cause of so long an absence. Gomin and Lasne had not yet ventured to follow this advice, when next day M. Benoist was relieved by M. Bidault, who hearing M. Desault's name mentioned as he came in, immediately said, "You must not expect to see him any more; he died yesterday."

M. Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l'Humanité, was next directed to attend the prisoner, and in June he found him in so alarming a state that he at once asked for a coadjutor, fearing to undertake the responsibility alone. The physician—sent for form's sake to attend the dying child, as an advocate is given by law to a criminal condemned beforehand—blamed the officers of the municipality for not having removed the blind which obstructed the light, and the numerous bolts, the noise of which never failed to remind the victim of his captivity. That sound, which always caused him an involuntary shudder, disturbed him in the last mournful scene of his unparalleled tortures. M. Pelletan said authoritatively to the municipal on duty, "If you will not take these bolts and casings away at once, at least you can make no objection to our carrying the child into another room, for I suppose we are sent here to take charge of him." The Prince being disturbed by these words, spoken as they were with great animation, made a sign to the physician to come nearer. "Speak lower, I beg of you," said he; "I am afraid they will hear you upstairs, and I should be very sorry for them to know that I am ill, as it would give them much uneasiness."

[1] Others would gladly have shared this work of mercy. As rumours of the Prince's critical state spread within and without the prison, Madame Royale renewed her entreaties to be allowed to nurse her brother, or at least to see him once more, and M. de Huë offered to share his imprisonment; but both were refused.

At first the change to a cheerful and airy room revived the Prince and gave him evident pleasure, but the improvement did not last. Next day M. Pelletan learned that the Government had acceded to his request for a colleague. M. Dumangin, head physician of the Hospice de l'Unité, made his appearance at his house on the morning of Sunday, 7th June, with the official despatch sent him by the committee of public safety. They repaired together immediately to the Tower. On their arrival they heard that the child, whose weakness was excessive, had had a fainting fit, which had occasioned fears to be entertained that his end was approaching. He had revived a little, however, when the physicians went up at about nine o'clock. Unable to contend with increasing exhaustion, they perceived there was no longer any hope of prolonging an existence worn out by so much suffering, and that all their art could effect would be to soften the last stage of this lamentable disease. While standing by the Prince's bed, Gomin noticed that he was quietly crying, and asked him kindly what was the matter. "I am always alone," he said. "My dear mother remains in the other tower." Night came—his last night—which the regulations of the prison condemned him to pass once more in solitude, with suffering, his old companion, only at his side. This time, however, death too stood at his pillow. When Gomin went up to the child's room on the morning of 8th June, he said, seeing him calm, motionless, and mute, "I hope you are not in pain just now?"—"Oh yes, I am still in pain, but not nearly so much—the music is so beautiful!" Now there was no music to be heard, either in the Tower or anywhere near. Gomin, astonished, said to him, "From what direction do you hear this music?"—"From above!"—"Have you heard it long?"—"Since you knelt down. Do you not hear it? Listen! Listen!" And the child, with a nervous motion, raised his faltering hand, as he opened his large eyes, illuminated by delight. His poor keeper, unwilling to destroy this last sweet illusion, appeared to listen also. After a few minutes of attention the child again started, and cried out in intense rapture, "Amongst all the voices I have distinguished that of my mother!"

These were almost his last words. At a quarter past two[1]

[1] Madame Royale says at three o'clock on 9th June. The confusion as to the day and hour probably arose from the death being at first kept secret.

he died, Lasne only being in the room at the time.[1] Lasne acquainted Gomin and Damont, the commissary on duty, with the event, and they repaired to the chamber of death. The poor little royal corpse was carried from the room into that where he had suffered so long—where for two years he had never ceased to suffer. From this apartment the father had gone to the scaffold, and thence the son must pass to the burial-ground. The remains were laid out on the bed, and the doors of the apartment were set open—doors which had remained closed ever since the Revolution had seized on a child, then full of vigour, and grace, and life, and health! Gomin then repaired to the committee of general safety; there he saw M. Gauthier, one of the members, who said to him, "You did very right to take charge of this message yourself, and promptly; but, notwithstanding your diligence, it has arrived too late, and the sitting is over. The report cannot be made to-day to the National Convention. Keep the news secret till to-morrow, and till I have taken all proper measures. I will send M. Bourguignon, one of the secretaries of the committee of general safety, to the Temple, in order to convince himself of the truth of your declaration." Accordingly, M. Bourguignon followed Gomin to the Tower. He verified the event, and renewed the exhortation of keeping it secret, and of carrying on the service as usual. At eight o'clock next morning (9th June) four members of the committee of general safety came to the Tower to make sure that the Prince was really dead. When they were admitted to the death-chamber by Lasne and Damont they affected the greatest indifference. "The event is not of the least importance," they repeated, several times over; "the police commissary of the section will come and receive the declaration of the decease; he will acknowledge it, and proceed to the interment without any ceremony; and the committee will give the necessary directions." As they withdrew some officers of the Temple guard asked to

[1] Lamartine says: "He died at length without pain, but without uttering a word, on 9th June 1795. The doctors who attended him in his last moments had never seen him till the final hour." This is entirely contrary to the statement of Gomin, quoted in the "Illustrations" to Thiers' *History of the French Revolution.* Lamartine also speaks of several visits paid by Madame Royale to her brother, of which there is no mention in her own narrative.—See *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France:* Bell and Daldy, 1865, vol. i. pp. 306-310.

see the remains of little Capet. Damont having observed that the guard would not permit the bier to pass without its being opened, the deputies decided that the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard going off duty, together with those coming on, should be all invited to assure themselves of the child's death. All having assembled in the room where the body lay, he asked them if they recognised it as that of the ex-Dauphin, son of the last King of France. Those who had seen the young prince at the Tuileries, or at the Temple (and most of them had), bore witness to its being the body of Louis XVII. When they were come down into the council-room, Darlot drew up the minutes of this attestation, which was signed by a score of persons. These minutes were inserted in the journal of the Temple tower, which was afterwards deposited in the office of the Minister of the Interior. During this visit the surgeons entrusted with the autopsy arrived at the outer gate of the Temple. These were Dumangin, head physician of the Hospice de l'Unité; Pelletan, head surgeon of the Grand Hospice de l'Humanité; Jeanroy, professor in the medical schools of Paris; and Lassus, professor of legal medicine at the École de Santé of Paris. The two last were selected by Dumangin and Pelletan because of the former connection of M. Lassus with Mesdames de France, and of M. Jeanroy with the House of Lorraine, which gave a peculiar weight to their signature. Gomin received them in the council-room, and detained them until the national guard, descending from the second floor, entered to sign the minutes prepared by Darlot. This done, Lasne, Darlot, and Bouquet went up again with the surgeons, and introduced them into the apartment of Louis XVII., whom they at first examined as he lay on his deathbed; but M. Jeanroy, observing that the dim light of this room was but little favourable to the accomplishment of their mission, the commissaries prepared a table in the first room near the window, on which the corpse was laid, and the surgeons began their melancholy operation.

While these things were passing at the Temple, Achille-Sévestre, the deputy from Ile-et-Vilaine, who had voted for the death of Louis XVI., and who had said, in speaking of the Dauphin (13th April 1794), "*This child will never attain his majority!*" made the following report to the National Convention,

in the name of the committee of general safety:—"Citizens, for some time past the son of Capet had been troubled with swellings on the right knee and left wrist; on the 15th Floréal his pain increased, the invalid lost his appetite, and was attacked by fever. The celebrated Desault, medical officer, was appointed to see and attend him, as we were convinced by his talents and probity that he would not fail to exercise that care which is due to humanity. Still the disease assumed a very serious character. On the 16th of this month Desault died, and the committee appointed in his stead citizen Pelletan, a well-known medical man, and citizen Dumangin as his coadjutor. Their bulletin of yesterday, at eleven o'clock A.M., announced symptoms which gave cause of alarm for the life of the invalid, and at a quarter past two P.M. we received the intelligence of the death of the son of Capet. The committee of general safety has desired me to inform you of the event. All is verified, and here are the reports, which will remain in your archives."

The National Convention heard this announcement with apparent indifference. It was part of their policy not to take much notice of the Prince's last hour, though it was the welcome result of a plan they had long pursued. The news of the death announced to the Convention had already spread in Paris. The event was discussed by some fanatics with joy, but by the mass of the people with pity and commiseration, as they recollected the beauty, the graceful ways, and the generous heart of the young Prince.

At seven o'clock the police commissary ordered the body to be taken up, and that they should proceed to the cemetery. It was the season of the longest days, and therefore the interment did not take place in secrecy and at night as some misinformed narrators have said or written; it took place in broad daylight, and attracted a great concourse of people before the gates of the Temple palace. One of the municipals wished to have the coffin carried out secretly by the door opening into the chapel enclosure; but M. Dusser, police commissary, who was specially entrusted with the arrangement of the ceremony, opposed this indecorous measure, and the procession passed out through the great gate. The crowd that was pressing round was kept back, and compelled to keep a line by a tri-coloured ribbon, held at short distances by

gendarmes. Compassion and sorrow were impressed on every countenance. A small detachment of the troops of the line from the garrison of Paris, sent by the authorities, was waiting to serve as an escort. The bier, still covered with the pall, was carried on a litter on the shoulders of four men, who relieved each other two at a time; it was preceded by six or eight men, headed by a sergeant. Dusser walked behind, with Lasne and the civic commissary before mentioned; Damont, who was on duty the day of the death; Darlot, Guérin, and Bigot. With them were also Goddet, Biard, and Arnoult, whom the Temple section had appointed to assist Dusser in making the official report of the decease, and superintending the interment. Then came six or eight more men and a corporal. They entered the cemetery of Sainte Marguerite by the Rue Saint Bernard. The procession was accompanied a long way by the crowd, and a great number of persons followed it even to the cemetery. In particular, there was a marked movement of interest in a numerous group that had formed at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and which was mainly composed of women. The name of "Little Capet," and the more popular title of Dauphin spread from lip to lip, with exclamations of pity and compassion. Further on, in the Rue Popincourt, a few children of the common people in rags took off their caps in token of respect and sympathy before this coffin that contained a child who had died poorer than they themselves were to live. The procession entered the cemetery of Sainte Marguerite, not by the church, as some accounts assert, but by the old gate of the cemetery. The interment was made in the corner, on the left, at a distance of eight or nine feet from the enclosure wall, and at an equal distance from a small house, which subsequently served as a class-room for a Christian school. The grave was filled up—no mound marked its place—and not even a trace remained of the interment! Not till then did the commissaries of police and the municipality withdraw. They departed by the same gate of the cemetery, and entered the house opposite the church to draw up the declaration of interment. It was nearly nine o'clock, and still daylight.—See "Illustrations" to Thiers' *History of the French Revolution.*

THE EMIGRANT ROYALISTS—PROCLAMATION OF THE REGENT—LETTER OF LOUIS XVIII. TO THE FRENCH NATION—RELEASE OF MADAME ROYALE—HER MARRIAGE TO THE DUC D'ANGOULÊME—RETURN TO FRANCE—DEATH.

The last person to hear of the sad events in the Temple was the one for whom they had the deepest and most painful interest. After her brother's death the captivity of Madame Royale was much lightened. She was allowed to walk in the Temple gardens, and to receive visits from some ladies of the old Court, and from Madame de Chantereine, who at last, after several times evading her questions, ventured cautiously to tell her of the deaths of her mother, aunt, and brother. Madame Royale wept bitterly, but had much difficulty in expressing her feelings. "She spoke so confusedly," says Madame de la Ramière in a letter to Madame de Vernéuil, "that it was difficult to understand her. It took her more than a month's reading aloud, with careful study of pronunciation, to make herself intelligible—so much had she lost the power of expression." She was dressed with plainness amounting to poverty, and her hands were disfigured by exposure to cold and by the menial work she had been so long accustomed to do for herself, and which it was difficult to persuade her to leave off. When urged to accept the services of an attendant, she replied, with a sad prevision of the vicissitudes of her future life, that she did not like to form a habit which she might have again to abandon. She suffered herself, however, to be persuaded gradually to modify her recluse and ascetic habits. It was well she did so, as a preparation for the great changes about to follow.

At the time of the deposition of Louis XVI., his brothers were nominally the heads of a court composed of fugitives and an army of emigrants. But during the counter-revolutionary campaign they seldom showed themselves in the field, the Princes of the House of Condé really taking the lead in all military matters. When news of the King's execution reached the emigrant royalists the Comte de Provence issued the following proclamation:—

DECLARATION OF THE REGENT OF FRANCE.

LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER[1] de France, son of France, uncle to the present King, and Regent of the Kingdom,—To all those who may peruse these presents, greeting:

WHEREAS the most criminal of men have, by the perpetration of the most atrocious of crimes, completed the burthen of their iniquities; we, struck with horror on receiving the information, have invoked the Almighty to enable us, by His gracious assistance, to suppress the emotions of our just indignation, caused by the sentiments of profound grief which had overwhelmed us; to the end that we might the better fulfil those essential duties that are, in circumstances so weighty, the first in order among those obligations which the unchangeable laws of the French monarchy impose upon us.

The sanguinary usurpers of the sovereign authority in France having, on the 21st day of the present month of January, laid violent hands on, and barbarously murdered our dearly-beloved and highly-honoured brother and sovereign the KING, LOUIS XVI. by name,—We declare that the Dauphin, LOUIS CHARLES, born the 27th day of March, the year of our Lord 1785, is KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE, under the name of Louis XVII. We furthermore declare, in virtue of our birthright, and the fundamental laws of the Kingdom of France, that we are, and will act as REGENT OF FRANCE during the minority of the King, our nephew and Sovereign Lord.

Thus invested with the exercise of the rights and powers of the sovereignty in France, and of the supreme administration of royal justice, we, in consequence of our obligations and duties so to do, take upon ourselves the said office of Regent.

We are therefore determined, with the assistance of Divine Providence and that of our good and loyal subjects of all ranks and orders, aided by the powerful succours of the allied sovereigns for the same purpose, to do our utmost endeavours to recover the liberty of our royal nephew, King Louis XVII.; of Her Majesty,

[1] Afterwards Louis XVIII.

his august mother and guardian; of Madame Royale, Maria Theresa, his sister and our niece; and of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, his aunt and our dearest sister; all held in the severest captivity by the chiefs of a faction.

We are likewise determined and resolved to effect the re-establishment of the French monarchy on the unalterable basis of the French Constitution, with a reform of those abuses that may have been introduced in the public administration. We will likewise exert ourselves in the restoration of the religion of our forefathers to its original purity, according to the canonical discipline of the Church. We will, moreover, re-establish the magistrature, so essential to the revival of good order and the due and regular administration of justice. We also promise to reinstate all and every description of persons in the full enjoyment of their property, now usurped; and in the free exercise of their lawful rights, of which they may have been illegally deprived. In order to enforce the law we shall punish crimes with severity, and in an exemplary manner.

In fine, for the fulfilling of this solemn engagement, we have thought proper to assume the reins of government, in conjunction with our dearest brother Charles Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois,[1] with whom are united our dear nephews, grandsons of France, their Royal Highnesses Louis Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême, and Charles Ferdinand, Duc de Berri; and our cousins, their Royal Highnesses Louis Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé; Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duc de Bourbon; and Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien; Princes of the blood royal—conformably to the declaration we conjointly addressed to the late King, the 10th of September 1791, and every other act signed by us, to be considered as the declarations of our uniform principles and sentiments; and we invariably maintain these our said acts for the purposes and ends aforesaid.

We therefore order and direct all the natives of France, singly and collectively, to obey the commands they may and will receive from us on the part of the King. We furthermore enjoin all the loving subjects of this our kingdom to show obedience to the orders that may and will be issued by our dearest brother, Charles

[1] Afterwards Charles X.

Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois, named and constituted by us Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom in the name and on the part of the King and Regent of France.

In fine, we direct and enjoin all the King's officers, whether military or magisterial, to publish and notify this our present declaration to all those to whom it may pertain, authorising and empowering them to make it known in France; and when circumstances permit the several courts of justice to reassume their function in their respective jurisdictions, the said declaration, as soon as conveniently may be, is to be immediately legalised, published, and executed.

Given at Ham, in Westphalia, under our Seal; which is what we make use of in the signing of sovereign acts, till the Seals of the Kingdom, destroyed by the ruling faction, are re-made; to be likewise countersigned by the Maréchals de Broglie and de Castries, our Ministers of State, the 28th day of January, in the year of grace 1793, and the 1st of the reign of Louis XVII.

(Signed) LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER.

And at the same time he professed to share his authority with his more popular brother by appointing him Lieutenant-General:

LETTER PATENT issued by the Regent of France for the naming of a Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER, son of France, uncle to the King, and Regent of the Kingdom, to our dear brother Charles Philippe de France, son of France, Comte d'Artois, greeting:

The God of our fathers, the God of St. Louis, who has so long protected the French monarchy, will certainly not permit its final destruction by the hands of a set of factious men, as execrable by their impious audacity as by the enormity of the crimes they have committed. Heaven has assuredly, and it is our greatest hope, destined us to be the ministers of His justice, to revenge the blood of the King our brother, which these monsters have dared to spill with the most appalling ferocity. It is therefore to place our nephew and sovereign on the throne of his father, to reinstate and maintain him in the possession of all the rights and prerogatives

of his crown, that we call upon you, Charles Philippe de France, Comte d'Artois, to aid and assist us.

This first act of the Regency we assume displays, according to the wish of our heart, the full confidence we have in you.

On these causes, and for these honourable ends and purposes, we have appointed and constituted you by these presents Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of France, investing you with all those powers that the Regent of France can delegate, and particularly of commanding in our absence and in our presence under our authority the armies of the King.

Be it understood that all the officers of his Majesty in the military or magisterial capacity, as well as all Frenchmen the subjects of the King, are to obey your commands given by you in the name of the King or Regent of France. It is our pleasure that you assist at all the Councils of State, Justice, and Administration, and others that it may be judged necessary to establish; the same to be presided over by you in our absence; all of which powers shall continue in force as long as our Regency lasts, unless restrained or annulled by our authority.

In virtue of these presents, all letters patent issued in the ordinary form, and addressed to the courts of justice of the kingdom, when re-established in their respective jurisdictions, are to be therein legalised, registered, published, and executed.

Given at Ham, in Westphalia, under our hand and common Seal, and countersigned by the Maréchals de Broglie and de Castries, our Ministers of State, the 28th day of the month of January, anno 1793, and the first year of the reign of his present Majesty.

(Signed) LOUIS STANISLAUS XAVIER.

(Undersigned, by order of
the Regent of France)—

MARÉCHAL DE BROGLIE.
MARÉCHAL DE CASTRIES.

This "ideal authority" was recognised by the army of Condé, and liberally supported by the Empress of Russia; it had representatives and sympathisers at all the European Courts; but it was long before it exercised any practical influence. The Regent,

Lamartine says, "reigned by correspondence." He was ready with a manifesto on all occasions. When the death of the Dauphin, or Louis XVII., as the emigrants called him, was announced, his uncle addressed the French nation in the following terms :—

"In depriving you of a King who has only reigned in fetters, but whose infancy promised a worthy successor to the best of Kings, the inscrutable decrees of Providence have transmitted to us with the Crown the necessity of snatching it from the hands of revolt, and the duty of saving the country, which a disastrous revolution has placed on the verge of ruin. A terrible experience has but too well enlightened you on your misfortunes and on their causes. Impious and factious men, after having seduced you by lying declarations and by deceitful promises, have drawn you into irreligion and revolt. From that moment a deluge of calamities has poured upon you from all parts. . . . Your property became the prey of robbers the moment the Throne became the prey of usurpers. Servitude and tyranny invaded you when the royal authority ceased to cover you with its ægis. Property, safety, and liberty all disappeared with monarchical government. You must return to that holy religion which had conferred upon France the blessings of Heaven; you must re-establish that government which during fourteen centuries was the glory of France and the delight of the French nation,—which had made of your country the most flourishing of kingdoms and of yourselves the happiest of people. The implacable tyrants who keep you enslaved alone retard this happy moment. After having taken from you everything, they paint us in your eyes as an implacable avenger! But learn to know the heart of your King, and entrust to us the duty of saving you! We not only see no crimes in simple errors, but even the crimes that errors may have caused shall find mercy at our hands. All French people who, abjuring fatal opinions, shall come and throw themselves at the foot of the Throne, shall be received by it. Those still under the influence of a cruel obstinacy, who shall hasten to return to reason and duty, shall be our children. We are French! This title the crimes of villany shall not be sufficient to debase. There are crimes, however, the atrocity of which has passed the bounds of clemency—those of the regicides. Posterity will not name these monsters without horror. France

universal France, invokes upon their heads the sword of justice. The feeling which now makes us restrain the vengeance of the laws within such narrow bounds is a certain pledge to you that we shall suffer no private revenge. Who will dare to avenge himself when the King pardons?"

"Universal France" was in no immediate hurry to accept this olive branch held out by its titular monarch, but it did begin to show some commiseration for his orphan niece. Nine days after the death of her brother the city of Orleans interceded for the daughter of Louis XVI., and sent deputies to the Convention to pray for her deliverance and restoration to her family. Nantes followed this example; and Charette, on the part of the Vendéans, demanded as a condition of the pacification of La Vendée, that the Princess should be allowed to join her relations. At length the Convention decreed that Madame Royale should be exchanged with Austria for the representatives and ministers whom Dumouriez had given up to the Prince of Cobourg—Drouet, Semonville, Maret, and other prisoners of importance. At midnight on 19th December 1795, which was her birthday, the Princess was released from prison, the Minister of the Interior, M. Benezech, to avoid attracting public attention and possible disturbance, conducting her on foot from the Temple to a neighbouring street, where his carriage awaited her.[1] She made it her particular request that Gomin, who had been so devoted to her brother, should be the commissary appointed to accompany her to the frontier; Madame de Soucy, formerly under-governess to the children of France, was also in attendance; and the Princess took with her a dog named Coco, which had belonged to Louis XVI.[2] She was

[1] A short time after Madame Royale left the Temple, Rœderer, who had voted for the death of the King, entered her room, and looked curiously round. Some lines pencilled on the wall caught his eye: the first inscription he read was, "Oh my father, watch over me from your place in heaven!" the second, "Oh God, pardon those through whom my parents died!" He gazed for a moment stupefied, and then rushed out of the apartment, impelled, he confesses in his *Memoirs*, by the fiercest remorse.—*Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angoulême:* Bentley, 1852, vol. i. p. 355.

[2] The mention of the little dog taken from the Temple by Madame Royale reminds me how fond all the family were of these creatures. Each Princess kept a different kind. Mesdames had beautiful spaniels, little greyhounds were preferred by Madame Elizabeth. Louis XVI. was the only one of all his family who had no dogs in his room. I remember one day waiting

frequently recognised on her way through France, and always with marks of pleasure and respect.

It might have been supposed that the Princess would rejoice to leave behind her the country which had been the scene of so many horrors and such bitter suffering. But it was her birthplace, and it held the graves of all she loved; and as she crossed the frontier she said to those around her, "I leave France with regret, for I shall never cease to consider it my country." She arrived in Vienna on 9th January 1796, and her first care was to attend a memorial service for her murdered relatives. After many weeks of close retirement she occasionally began to appear in public, and people looked with interest at the pale grave slender girl of seventeen, dressed in the deepest mourning, over whose young head such terrible storms had swept.[1] The Emperor wished her to marry the Archduke Charles of Austria, but her father and mother had, even in the cradle, destined her hand for her cousin, the Duc d'Angoulême, son of the Comte d'Artois, and the memory of their lightest wish was law to her.

Her quiet determination entailed anger and opposition amounting to persecution.[2] Every effort was made to alienate her from her French relations. She was urged to claim Provence, which had become her own if Louis XVIII. was to be considered King of France. A pressure of opinion was brought to bear

in the great gallery for the King's retiring, when he entered with all his family and the whole pack, who were escorting him. All at once all the dogs began to bark, one louder than another, and ran away, passing like ghosts along those great dark rooms, which rang with their hoarse cries. The Princesses shouting, calling them, running everywhere after them, completed a ridiculous spectacle, which made those august persons very merry.—*D'Hézecques*, p. 49.

[1] Madame Royale inherited all the pride of blood peculiar to the Houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg. Naturally reflecting and reserved, she evinced a gravity even in her earliest years which is rarely the characteristic of childhood. It was remarked of her that "elle n'avait jamais été enfant, toujours grande dame." Without being precisely of a melancholy disposition, all her tendencies were serious and meditative. . . . In all respects she resembled Louis XVI. more than Marie Antoinette. She took no pleasure in noisy games, but early showed a taste for reading, and that inherent piety and reverence for religion which so strongly characterised Madame Elizabeth.—*Filia Dolorosa: Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Angoulême*, vol. i. p. 14.

[2] According to the *Memoirs of Louis XVIII.*, "l'Impératrice regnante ne craignant pas de la maltraiter pas des voies de fait."

upon her which might well have overawed so young a girl. "I was sent for to the Emperor's cabinet," she writes, "where I found the Imperial family assembled. The ministers and chief imperial counsellors were also present. . . . When the Emperor invited me to express my opinion, I answered that to be able to treat fittingly of such interests I thought I ought to be surrounded not only by my mother's relatives, but also by those of my father. . . . Besides, I said, I am above all things French, and in entire subjection to the laws of France, which had rendered me alternately the subject of the King my father, the King my brother, and the King my uncle, and that I would yield obedience to the latter, whatever might be his commands. This declaration appeared very much to dissatisfy all who were present, and when they observed that I was not to be shaken, they declared that my right being independent of my will, my resistance would not be the slightest obstacle to the measures they might deem it necessary to adopt for the preservation of my interests." In their anxiety to make a German Princess of Marie Thérèse her Imperial relations suppressed her French title as much as possible. When, with some difficulty, the Duc de Grammont succeeded in obtaining an audience of her, and used the familiar form of address, she smiled faintly, and bade him beware. "Call me Madame de Bretagne, or de Bourgogne, or de Lorraine," she said, "for here I am so identified with these provinces[1] that I shall end in believing in my own transformation." After these discussions she was so closely watched, and so many restraints were imposed upon her, that she was scarcely less a prisoner than in the old days of the Temple, though her cage was this time gilded. Rescue, however, was at hand. In 1798 Louis XVIII. accepted a refuge offered to him at Mittau by the Czar Paul, who had promised that he would grant his guest's first request, whatever it might be. Louis begged the Czar to use his influence with the Court of Vienna to allow his niece to join him. "Sir, my brother," was Paul's answer, "Madame Royale shall be restored to you, or I shall cease to be Paul I."[2] Next morning the Czar despatched a courier to Vienna with a demand for the

[1] Which the Emperor wished her to claim from her uncle Louis XVIII.

[2] *Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii. p. 12.

Princess, so energetically worded that refusal must have been followed by war. Accordingly, in May 1799, Madame Royale was allowed to leave the capital which she had found so uncongenial an asylum.

In the old ducal castle of Mittau, the capital of Courland, Louis XVIII. and his wife, with their nephews the Ducs d'Angoulême[1] and de Berri, were awaiting her, attended by the Abbé Edgeworth, as chief ecclesiastic, and a little Court of refugee nobles and officers. With them were two men of humbler position, who must have been even more welcome to Madame Royale — De Malden, who had acted as courier to Louis XVI. during the flight to Varennes, and Turgi, who had waited on the Princesses in the Temple. It was a sad meeting, though so long anxiously desired, and it was followed on 10th June 1799 by an equally sad wedding—exiles, pensioners on the bounty of the Russian monarch, fulfilling an engagement founded not on personal preference but on family policy and reverence for the wishes of the dead, the bride and bridegroom had small cause for rejoicing. During the eighteen months of tranquil seclusion which followed her marriage the favourite occupation of the Duchess was visiting and relieving the poor. In January 1801 the Czar Paul, in compliance with the demand of Napoleon, who was just then the object of his capricious enthusiasm, ordered the French royal family to leave Mittau. Their wanderings commenced on the 21st, a day of bitter memories; and the young Duchess led the King to his carriage through a crowd of men, women, and children, whose tears and blessings attended them on their way.[2] The exiles asked permission from the King of Prussia to settle in his dominions, and while awaiting his answer at Munich, they were painfully surprised by the entrance of five old soldiers of noble birth, part of the bodyguard they had left

[1] The Duc d'Angoulême was quiet and reserved. He loved hunting as a means of killing time; was given to early hours and innocent pleasures. He was a gentleman, and brave as became one. He had not the "gentlemanly vices" of his brother, and was all the better for it. He was ill-educated, but had natural good sense, and would have passed for having more than that had he cared to put forth pretensions. Of all his family he was the one most ill-spoken of, and least deserving of it.—*Dr. Doran.*

[2] The Queen was too ill to travel. The Duc d'Angoulême took another route to join a body of French gentlemen in arms for the Legitimist cause.

behind at Mittau, relying on the protection of Paul. The "mad Czar" had decreed their immediate expulsion, and, penniless and almost starving, they made their way to Louis XVIII. All the money the royal family possessed was bestowed on these faithful servants, who came to them in detachments for relief, and then the Duchess offered her diamonds to the Danish Consul for an advance of two thousand ducats, saying she pledged her property "that in our common distress it may be rendered of real use to my uncle, his faithful servants, and myself." The Duchess' consistent and unselfish kindness procured her from the King, and those about him who knew her best, the name of "our angel."

Warsaw was for a brief time the resting-place of the wanderers, but there they were disturbed in 1803 by Napoleon's attempt to threaten and bribe Louis XVIII. into abdication. It was suggested that refusal might bring upon them expulsion from Prussia. "We are accustomed to suffering," was the King's answer, "and we do not dread poverty. I would, trusting in God, seek another asylum." In 1808, after many changes of scene, this asylum was sought in England, Gosfield Hall, Essex, being placed at their disposal by the Marquis of Buckingham. From Gosfield, the King moved to Hartwell Hall, a fine old Elizabethan mansion rented from Sir George Lee for £500 a year.[1] A yearly grant of £24,000 was made to the exiled family by the British Government, out of which a hundred and forty persons were supported, the royal dinner-party generally numbering two dozen. At Hartwell, as in her other homes, the Duchess was most popular amongst the poor. In general society she was cold and reserved, and she disliked the notice of strangers. In March 1814 the Royalist successes at Bordeaux paved the way for the restoration of royalty in France, and amidst general sympathy and congratulation, with the Prince Regent himself to wish them good fortune, the King, the Duchess, and their suite left Hartwell in April 1814. The return to France was as triumphant as a somewhat half-hearted and doubtful enthusiasm could make it, and most of such cordiality as there was fell to the share of the Duchess. As she passed

[1] It pleased the King to notice a *fleur de lis* in the old carving on each side of the porch.

to Notre Dame in May 1814, on entering Paris, she was vociferously greeted.[1] The feeling of loyalty, however, was not much longer lived than the applause by which it was expressed; the Duchess had scarcely effected one of the strongest wishes of her heart—the identification of what remained of her parents' bodies, and the magnificent ceremony with which they were removed from the cemetery of the Madeleine to the Abbey of Saint Denis—when the escape of Napoleon from Elba in February 1815 scattered the royal family and their followers like chaff before the wind. The Duc d'Angoulême, compelled to capitulate at Toulouse, sailed from Cette in a Swedish vessel. The Comte d'Artois, the Duc de Berri, and the Prince de Condé withdrew beyond the frontier. The King fled from the capital. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, then at Bordeaux celebrating the anniversary of the proclamation of Louis XVIII., alone of all her family made any stand against the general panic. Day after day she mounted her horse and reviewed the national guard. She made personal and even passionate appeals to the officers and men, standing firm, and prevailing on a handful of soldiers to remain by her, even when the imperialist troops were on the other side of the river and their cannon were directed against the square where the Duchess was reviewing her scanty followers.[2] With pain and difficulty she was convinced that resistance was vain; Napoleon's banner soon floated over Bordeaux; the Duchess issued a farewell proclamation to her "brave Bordelais," and on 1st April 1815 she started for Pouillac, whence she embarked for Spain. During a brief visit to England she heard that the reign of a hundred days was over, and the 27th of July 1815 saw her second triumphal return to the Tuileries. She did not take up her abode there with any wish for State ceremonies or Court gaieties. Her life was as secluded

[1] She needed all the strength that He who is the source of it could give; for on leaving the Cathedral she had to repair to the Tuileries, which she had not seen since the fatal 10th of August, when she left it with those who were never to cross its threshold again, and traverse the garden which was to them as the valley of the shadow of death. . . . Here memory was too much for her, and she fell to the ground in a swoon.—*Dr. Doran.*

[2] "It was the Duchesse d'Angoulême who saved you," said General Clauzel, after these events, to a Royalist volunteer: "I could not bring myself to order such a woman to be fired upon, at the moment when she was providing material for the noblest page in her history."—*Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii. p. 131.

as her position would allow. Her favourite retreat was the Pavilion, which had been inhabited by her mother, and in her little oratory she collected relics of her family, over which on the anniversaries of their deaths she wept and prayed. In her daily drives through Paris she scrupulously avoided the spot on which they had suffered; and the memory of the past seemed to rule all her sad and self-denying life, both in what she did and what she refrained from doing.[1] Her somewhat austere goodness was not of a nature to make her popular. The few who really understood her loved her, but the majority of her pleasure-seeking subjects regarded her either with ridicule or dread. She is said to have taken no part in politics, and to have exerted no influence in public affairs, but her sympathies were well known, and "the very word liberty made her shudder;" like Madame Roland, she had seen "so many crimes perpetrated under that name."

The claims of three pretended Dauphins—Hervagault, the son of the tailor of Saint Lo; Bruneau, son of the shoemaker of Vergin; and Naundorf or Norndorff, the watchmaker—somewhat troubled her peace, but never for a moment obtained her sanction. Of the many other pseudo-Dauphins (said to number a dozen and a half) not even the names remain.[2] In February 1820 a fresh tragedy befell the royal family in the assassination of the Duc de Berri, brother-in-law of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, as he was seeing his wife into her carriage at the door of the opera-house. He was carried into the theatre, and there the dying Prince and his wife were joined by the Duchess, who remained till he breathed his last, and was present when he too was laid in the abbey of Saint Denis. She was present also when his son the Duc de Bordeaux was born, and hoped that she saw in him a guarantee for the stability of royalty in France. In September 1824 she stood by the deathbed of Louis XVIII., and

[1] She was so methodical and economical, though liberal, in her charities, that one of her regular evening occupations was to tear off the seals from the letters she had received during the day, in order that the wax might be melted down and sold; the produce made one poor family "passing rich with forty pounds a year."—See *Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii. p. 239.

[2] Except that of the latest and perhaps best known—Augustus Mèvès. See *Memoirs of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France:* Ridgway, 1868; and *The Dauphin, Louis XVII.:* Bentley, 1876.

thenceforward her chief occupation was directing the education of the little Duc de Bordeaux, who generally resided with her at Villeneuve l'Etang, her country house near Saint Cloud. Thence she went in July 1830 to the baths of Vichy, stopping at Dijon on her way to Paris, and visiting the theatre on the evening of the 27th. She was received with "a roar of execrations and seditious cries," and knew only too well what they signified. She instantly left the theatre and proceeded to Tonnerre, where she received news of the rising in Paris, and quitting the town by night was driven to Joigny with three attendants. Soon after leaving that place it was thought more prudent that the party should separate and proceed on foot, and the Duchess and M. de Foucigny, disguised as peasants, entered Versailles arm-in-arm, to obtain tidings of the King. The Duchess found him at Rambouillet with her husband the Dauphin, and the King met her with a request for "pardon," being fully conscious, too late, that his unwise decrees and his headlong flight had destroyed the last hopes of his family. The Act of Abdication followed, by which the prospect of royalty passed from the Dauphin and his wife, as well as from Charles X.—Henri V. being proclaimed King, and the Duc d'Orléans (who refused to take the boy monarch under his personal protection) lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

Then began the Duchess' third expatriation. At Cherbourg the royal family, accompanied by the little King without a kingdom, embarked in the *Great Britain*, which stood out to sea. The Duchess, remaining on deck for a last look at the coast of France, noticed a brig which kept, she thought, suspiciously near them. "Who commands that vessel?" she inquired. "Captain Thibault."—"And what are his orders?"—"To fire into and sink the vessels in which we sail should any attempt be made to return to France." Such was the farewell of their subjects to the House of Bourbon. The fugitives landed at Weymouth; the Duchesse d'Angoulême under the title of Comtesse de Marne, the Duchesse de Berri as Comtesse de Rosny, and her son Henri de Bordeaux as Comte de Chambord, the title he retained till his death, originally taken from the estate presented to him in infancy by his enthusiastic people. Holyrood, with its royal and gloomy associations, was their appointed dwelling. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the daughter of the Duc de Berri,

travelled thither by land, the King and the young Comte de Chambord by sea. "I prefer my route to that of my sister," observed the latter, "because I shall see the coast of France again, and she will not."

The French Government soon complained that at Holyrood the exiles were still too near their native land, and accordingly in 1832 Charles X., with his son and grandson, left Scotland for Hamburg, while the Duchesse d'Angoulême and her niece repaired to Vienna. The family were reunited at Prague in 1833, where the birthday of the Comte de Chambord was celebrated with some pomp and rejoicing, many Legitimists flocking thither to congratulate him on attaining the age of thirteen, which the old law of monarchical France had fixed as the majority of her princes. Three years later the wanderings of the unfortunate family recommenced; the Emperor Francis II. was dead, and his successor Ferdinand must visit Prague to be crowned, and Charles X. feared that the presence of a discrowned monarch might be embarrassing on such an occasion. Illness and sorrow attended the exiles on their new journey, and a few months after they were established in the Château of Graffenburg at Goritz, Charles X. died of cholera, in his eightieth year. At Goritz, also, on 31st May 1844, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had sat beside so many deathbeds, watched over that of her husband. Theirs had not been a marriage of affection in youth, but they respected each other's virtues, and to a great extent shared each other's tastes; banishment and suffering had united them very closely, and of late years they had been almost inseparable—walking, riding, and reading together.[1] When the Duchesse d'Angoulême had seen her husband laid by his father's side in the vault of the Franciscan convent, she, accompanied by her nephew and niece, removed to Fröhsdorf, where they spent seven tranquil years. Here she was addressed as "Queen" by her household for the first time in her life, but she herself always recognised Henri, Comte de Chambord, as her sovereign. The Duchess lived to see the overthrow of Louis Philippe, the usurper of the inheritance of her family. Her last attempt to exert herself was a characteristic one. She tried to rise from a sick-bed

[1] See *Filia Dolorosa*, vol. ii.

in order to attend the memorial service held for her mother, Marie Antoinette, on 16th October, the anniversary of her execution. But her strength was not equal to the task; on the 19th she expired, with her hand in that of the Comte de Chambord, and on 28th October 1851 Marie Thérèse Charlotte, Duchesse d'Angoulême, was buried in the Franciscan convent. "Her youth was passed in captivity and her age in exile," says her biographer, "but she accepted every visitation with dignity towards man, and with meekness towards God."

The Ceremony of Expiation.

About this time [the spring of 1814] a ceremony took place in Paris, at which I was present, because there was nothing in it that could be mortifying to a French heart. The death of Louis XVI. had long been admitted to be one of the most serious misfortunes of the Revolution. The Emperor Napoleon never spoke of that sovereign but in terms of the highest respect, and always prefixed the epithet *unfortunate* to his name. The ceremony to which I allude was proposed by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. It consisted of a kind of expiation and purification of the spot on which Louis XVI. and his Queen were beheaded. I went to see the ceremony, and I had a place at a window in the Hôtel of Madame de Rémusat, next to the Hôtel de Crillon, and what was termed the Hôtel de Courlande.

The Expiation took place on the 10th of April. The weather was extremely fine, and warm for the season. The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwartzenberg, took their station at the entrance of the Rue Royale; the King of Prussia being on the right of the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Schwartzenberg on his left. There was a long parade, during which the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian military bands vied with each other in playing the air—"*Vive Henri IV.!*" The cavalry defiled past, and then withdrew into the Champs-Elysées; but the infantry ranged themselves round an altar which was raised in the middle of the Place, and which was elevated on a platform having twelve or fifteen steps. The Emperor of Russia alighted from his horse, and, followed by the King of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lord Cathcart, and Prince

Schwartzenberg, advanced to the altar. When the Emperor had nearly reached the altar the *Te Deum* commenced. At the moment of the benediction, the sovereigns and persons who accompanied them, as well as the twenty-five thousand troops who covered the Place, all knelt down. The Greek priest presented the cross to the Emperor Alexander, who kissed it; his example was followed by the individuals who accompanied him, though they were not of the Greek faith.[1] On rising, the Grand Duke Constantine took off his hat, and immediately salvoes of artillery were heard. — *Memoirs of Madame Junot (Duchesse d'Abrantès)*, vol. iii. pp. 416-417 of English edition of 1883.

[1] The King of Prussia was a Protestant, Prince Schwartzenberg a Catholic, and the Emperor Alexander belonged to the Greek communion.

APPENDIX.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

'THE Comtesse de Lamotte was born in Champagne, under a thatched roof and in indigent circumstances, though she has since proved her descent, on the side of the Comtes de Saint Rémi, from the royal House of Valois. D'Hozier, the genealogist, confirmed it by his certificate. She became the wife of M. de Lamotte, a gentleman and a private *gendarme*. Their united resources were very limited, and she presented herself before the Grand Almoner[1] to interest his generosity, and at the same time to implore his good offices with the King. The Comtesse de Lamotte, without possessing beauty, was gifted with all the graces of youth, and her countenance was intelligent and attractive. She expressed herself with fluency, and gave an air of truth to her appeals. The misfortunes of a descendant of the House of Valois excited a deep interest in the compassionate breast of the Cardinal de Rohan, who would have rejoiced in placing her on a level with her ancestors; but the finances of the King did not permit such bounty, and he could only supply the exigencies of the moment. The artful woman soon imagined that the heart of her benefactor was susceptible of yet stronger impressions; gratitude and fresh wants renewed her visits and her interviews. His Eminence advised her to address herself immediately to the Queen, presuming that that generous Princess would be struck by the contrast between her position and her birth, and would doubtless

[1] Cardinal de Rohan.

find some means of extricating her from so painful a situation. The Cardinal, avowing that he was himself unable to procure her an interview with the Queen, described to Madame de Lamotte the deep mortification he experienced in having incurred the displeasure of her Majesty; it created, he observed, a bitterness in his soul which poisoned his happiest moments. This confidence gave rise to a plan of imposture to which the annals of human credulity can furnish few parallels. The outline of the scheme was as follows:—Madame de Lamotte undertook to persuade the Cardinal that she had obtained a considerable degree of intimacy with the Queen; that, influenced by the excellent qualities she had discovered in the Grand Almoner, she had spoken of them so often and with so much enthusiasm to her Majesty, that she had by degrees succeeded in removing her prejudices, and Marie Antoinette had permitted the Cardinal to justify himself to her; and finally, had desired to have a correspondence with him, which should be kept secret till the auspicious moment should arrive for the open avowal of his complete restoration to her favour. The Comtesse de Lamotte was to be the vehicle of this correspondence, the result of which would be to place the Cardinal at the very summit of favour and influence.

"Madame de Lamotte, after having increased the hopes of the Cardinal with all the power of intrigue of which she was mistress, at length said to him, 'I am authorised by the Queen to demand of you, in writing, a justification for the faults that you are accused of.' This authorisation, invented by the Comtesse de Lamotte, and credited by the Cardinal, appeared to him the herald of an auspicious day; in a little time his written apology was confided to Madame de Lamotte. Some days afterwards she brought him an answer, written on a small sheet of gilt-edged paper, in which Marie Antoinette, whose handwriting was successfully imitated, was made to say, 'I have read your letter. I am rejoiced to find you not guilty. At present I am not able to grant you the audience you desire. When circumstances permit, you shall be informed of it. Be

discreet.' These few words caused in the Cardinal a delirium of satisfaction which it would be difficult to describe. Madame de Lamotte from that moment was his tutelary angel, who smoothed for him the path to happiness, and from that period she might have obtained from him whatever she desired. Soon afterwards, encouraged by success, she fabricated a correspondence between the Queen and the Cardinal. The demands for money, which, under different pretexts, the Queen appeared to make on the Grand Almoner in these forged letters, produced Madame de Lamotte 120,000 livres; and yet nothing opened the eyes of this credulous and immoral man to the deceit practised on him. . . .

"Meanwhile some speedy cures, effected in cases pronounced incurable in Switzerland and Strasburg, spread the name of Cagliostro far and wide, and raised his renown to that of a miraculous physician. His attention to the poor, and his contempt for the rich, excited the greatest enthusiasm. Those whom he chose to honour with his familiarity left his society in ecstasies at his transcendent qualities. The Cardinal de Rohan was at his residence at Saverne when the Comte de Cagliostro astonished Strasburg and all Switzerland with his conduct, and the extraordinary cures he had performed. Curious to behold so remarkable a personage, the Cardinal went to Strasburg. It was found necessary to use interest to be admitted. 'If M. le Cardinal is sick,' said he, 'let him come to me and I will cure him; if he be well, he has no business with me, nor have I with him.' This reply, far from giving offence to the Cardinal, increased his desire to be acquainted with the Count. At length, having gained admission to the sanctuary of this new Æsculapius, he saw, as he has since declared, on the countenance of this uncommunicative man a dignity so imposing that he felt penetrated with religious awe. This interview, which was very short, excited more strongly than ever the wish for more intimate acquaintance. At length it was obtained, and the crafty empiric timed his advances so well that at

length, without seeming to desire it, he gained the entire confidence of the Cardinal, and the greatest ascendency over him. 'Your soul,' said he one day to the Cardinal, 'is worthy of mine, and you deserve to be the confidant of all my secrets.' This declaration captivated the intellectual aspirations of a man who, at all times, had sought to discover the secrets of chemistry and botany.

"The Baron de Planta, whom the Cardinal had employed at the time of his embassy at Vienna, also became about this period his intimate confidant, and one of his most accredited agents with Cagliostro and Madame de Lamotte. I remember having heard that this Baron de Planta had frequent orgies at the palace of Strasburg, where it was said the tokay flowed in rivers, to render the repast agreeable to Cagliostro and his pretended wife. I thought it my duty to inform the Cardinal of the circumstance. His reply was, 'I know it; and I have even given him liberty to let it run to waste if he thinks proper.' . . .

"One of the Queen's jewellers had in his possession a most superb diamond necklace, worth eighteen hundred thousand livres. Madame de Lamotte knew that the Queen, who was much pleased with it, had not liked, under circumstances wherein the strictest economy became an indispensable duty, to propose to the King to buy it for her. Madame de Lamotte had had an opportunity of seeing this famous necklace, and Bœhmer, the jeweller whose property it was, did not conceal from her that he found it quite an encumbrance, that he had hoped in purchasing it to prevail on the Queen to buy it, but that her Majesty had refused; he added that he would make a handsome present to any one who might procure him a purchaser for it.

"Madame de Lamotte had already made trial of the credulity of his Eminence. She flattered herself that by continuing to deceive him she might be able to appropriate both the necklace and the promised present. She intended to persuade the Cardinal that the Queen had a great desire for this necklace; that, wishing to buy it unknown

to the King, and to pay for it by instalments out of her savings; she proposed to give the Grand Almoner a particular proof of her goodwill by getting him to make the bargain in her name; that for this purpose he would receive an order, written and signed by her hand, which he should not give up until the payments should be completed: that he would arrange with the jeweller to give him receipts for the amount from one quarter to another, beginning from the first payment, which could not be made until the 30th of July 1785; that it would be essential not to mention the Queen's name in that transaction, which was to be carried on entirely in the name of the Cardinal; that the secret order, signed *Marie Antoinette de France*, would be quite authority enough; and that in giving it the Queen bestowed a signal mark of her confidence in his Eminence.

"Such was the romance composed by this mischievous woman. She offered the cup of Circe to this too credulous Cardinal, and persuaded him to drink of it. Her deceptions being hitherto so successful as to secure her from even the slightest suspicion, she boldly launched into her perilous career. The Cardinal was in Alsace. Madame de Lamotte despatched a courier through Baron de Planta with a gilt-edged billet, in which the Queen was made to say: 'The wished-for moment is not yet arrived, but I wish to hasten your return, on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to any one except yourself. The Comtesse de Lamotte will tell you from me the meaning of this enigma.' After reading this letter the Cardinal longed for wings. He arrived most unexpectedly in a fine frost in January. His return appeared as extraordinary to us as his departure had been precipitate. The Cardinal had no sooner learned the pretended solution of the enigma, than, delighted with the commission with which his sovereign had been pleased to honour him, he eagerly asked for the necessary order, in order that the necklace might be procured with as little loss of time

as possible. The order was not long delayed; it was dated from Trianon, and signed *Marie Antoinette de France.* If the thickest web of deception had not blinded the eyes of the Cardinal, this signature alone, so clumsily imitated, might have shown him the snare which awaited him. The Queen never signed herself anything but *Marie Antoinette;* the words *de France* were added by the grossest ignorance. No remark, however, was made. Cagliostro, at that time recently arrived at Paris, was consulted. This Python mounted his tripod; the Egyptian invocations were made at night, illuminated by an immense number of wax tapers, in the Cardinal's own saloon. The oracle, under the inspiration of its familiar demon, pronounced 'that the negotiation was worthy of the Prince, that it would be crowned with success, that it would raise the goodness of the Queen to its height, and bring to light that happy day which would unfold the rare talents of the Cardinal for the benefit of France and of the human race.' I am writing facts, though it may be imagined that I am only relating fictions. The advice of Cagliostro dissipated all the doubts which might have been inspired, and it was decided that the Cardinal should acquit himself as promptly as possible of a commission which was regarded as equally honourable and flattering.

"Everything being thus arranged, the Cardinal treated with Bœhmer and Bassange for the necklace on the conditions proposed. He did not conceal from them that it was for the Queen, and he showed them the authority under which he acted, requiring it to be kept secret from all but the Queen. The jewellers must have believed all that the Grand Almoner told and showed them, as they accepted his note, and agreed on the 30th of January to deliver up the necklace to him on the 1st of February, being the Vigil of the Purification. The Countess had fixed on this day, when there was to be a grand *fête* at Versailles, as the epoch for which the Queen was anxious to have the superb ornament. The casket which contained this treasure was to be taken to Versailles that

day, and carried to the house of Madame de Lamotte, whence the Queen was to be supposed to send for it. The Cardinal, to whom the time had been specified, came at dusk to the house of Madame de Lamotte, followed by a *valet de chambre*, who carried the casket. He sent him away when he got to the door, and entered alone the place where he was to be sacrificed to his credulity. It was an alcoved apartment, with a closet in it which had a glass door. The skilful actress puts her spectator into this closet, the room is dimly lighted, a door opens, a voice exclaims, 'From the Queen.' Madame de Lamotte advances with an air of respect, takes the casket and places it in the hands of the pretended messenger; thus the transfer of the necklace is made. The Cardinal, a mute and hidden witness of the transaction, imagined that he recognised this envoy. Madame de Lamotte told him that it was the Queen's confidential *valet de chambre* at Trianon. He wore the same garb, and had much the same air. Among her different modes of deception, Madame de Lamotte had succeeded in making it appear that she had paid several visits at Trianon to the Queen, who had lavished upon her marks of the most intimate familiarity. She often mentioned to the Cardinal the day on which she was to go, and the hour at which she was to return. His Eminence often watched her setting out and coming back again. One night, when she knew that he was aware of the time for her return, she got the principal agent in her schemes to walk some way back with her, and afterwards to appear as if returning to Trianon. The Cardinal, who was in disguise, joined her according to custom, and inquired who this person might be. She told him that it was the Queen's confidential *valet de chambre* at Trianon. This pretended *valet de chambre* was a man named De Villette, of Bar-sur-Aube, the friend of Madame de Lamotte, and the comrade of her husband. This woman had initiated him into her iniquitous practices. He concurred in them, and expected to have a share in the profits that might result. He it

was who counterfeited the hand of the august Princess: the letters which Madame de Lamotte fabricated in the name of the Queen were written by him, as was also the order signed *Marie Antoinette de France* for the purchase of the necklace. The Cardinal having scrutinised the features of the man into whose hands the casket was delivered, and imagining that he recognised in them those of the pretended *valet de chambre* at Trianon who had accompanied Madame de Lamotte one evening on her way home, had no doubt of the necklace being safely conveyed to its place of destination.

"Thus did this intriguing woman attain her ends; and such ascendency had she gained over the mind of the Cardinal that from the time of the necklace being given up, his Eminence incessantly pressed the jewellers to obtain an audience of the Queen, in order that they might make themselves easy respecting the purchase he had negotiated for her. This fact, the truth of which has been proved beyond the possibility of denial by the evidence of Bœhmer and Bassange in court, ought to remove every doubt as to the sincerity of the Cardinal, and his entire persuasion that he was only obeying the orders of the Queen. How shall I conceal in this place a fact which I would willingly omit, but which is too essentially connected with the consequences of this unfortunate affair to be passed over in silence. The jewellers, who had often access to the Queen on business, and were, moreover, pressed by the Cardinal to speak of it, took care not to leave her in ignorance of the negotiation and sale of the necklace. Notwithstanding the writing signed *Marie Antoinette de France* which had been shown to them; notwithstanding the solvency of the Cardinal, who had given his note for it, it was important to their interest to assure themselves that this necklace was for her Majesty, and not to risk a thing of so much value on the least uncertainty. This fact is not admitted by Messieurs Bœhmer and Bassange in the *procès;* but they secretly acknowledged it to one who revealed it to me, only on condition

that his name should in no way be compromised in the affair. The Cardinal in his defence appeared never to have had any doubt on the subject.[1] Bassange being at Bâle in 1797, and questioned by me on this matter, did not deny it, and formally confessed that his depositions, and those of his companion in this suit, had been regulated by the Baron de Breteuil; that they had not indeed indiscriminately followed everything that had been desired of them, but that they were obliged to be silent on what he was not willing that they should declare. After such an assurance, how can we attempt to justify the Queen from a connivance little honourable either to her principles or her rank?

"So shameless a manœuvre as that of Madame de Lamotte, in which the name of the Queen was introduced only to commit, with still more impunity and boldness, a fraud of such magnitude, ought to have shocked the delicacy and probity of this Princess. How was it that at this moment her indignation did not burst forth? If the Queen had only followed the first dictates of her wounded feelings she would surely have apprised the jewellers that they had been deceived, and that they must take their precautions accordingly. Even supposing that the Queen

[1] In the *Memoirs* of Madame Campan it is shown in how obscure, doubtful, and unintelligible a manner the jeweller Bœhmer explained himself the first time on the subject of the necklace, and what was the surprise, the indignation, and the wrath of the Queen when she was made to understand the odious nature of the intrigue in which her name was introduced. *The secret disclosure was made*, it is said, *to a person who only revealed it under the assurance that his name should be neither cited nor compromised in the affair:* this disclosure, received by an anonymous person, can scarcely be sufficient to overthrow the circumstantial details of Madame Campan. If the Queen only understands the former declarations of Bœhmer from a tardy and unexpected communication, if her resentment bursts out immediately on her acquaintance with it, what becomes of the supposition made by the Abbé Georgel, of a plan conducted with coolness and deliberation, and for a considerable period, to lead the Cardinal deeper and deeper into the snare, to surprise him and to destroy him?—*Note by the Editor.*

wished to be revenged on the Cardinal, and to ruin him, what had already passed, and what she had just heard, was more than sufficient to compel him to give up his place, to leave Court, and to retire to his diocese. The Queen would have done an act of justice, for which no one could have condemned her; the Grand Almoner would have been justly blamed for his credulity; the House of Rohan would have been grieved at his disgrace, but could not have opposed it; there would have been no shameful publicity, no criminal suit, no Bastille. Marie Antoinette, if left to her own inclinations, would surely have acted with this sincerity, but she suffered herself to be influenced by two men, who equally led her astray, though each from different motives."

The Abbé Georgel here flatters himself that he proves the Queen to have consulted the Abbé de Vermond, and the Baron de Breteuil (which is true), and that they suffered the Cardinal to fall more and more deeply into the snare, and continued him in his error to ruin him entirely, which is false, as is proved by the *Memoirs* of Madame Campan. She left Versailles on the 1st of August; on the 3d, Bœhmer went to see her at her country house. It was not until the 6th or 7th that the Queen was informed with certainty of the matter, and on the 15th the Cardinal was arrested. Are any of the perfidious delays imagined by the Abbé Georgel to be found in this rapid progress of things? The reproach of dissimulation, after all, does not attach to the Queen, as Georgel only accuses the Abbé de Vermond and the Baron de Breteuil of these preconcerted tardinesses.

"The day fixed upon for the first payment of a hundred thousand crowns being the 30th of July, the Cardinal, whose presence was necessary for the payment, was summoned in the course of the month of June. He came with the eagerness of a man who believes himself on the point of obtaining his wishes. He was assured in a little billet that everything was arranged for the accomplishment of his desire and the ful-

filment of the Queen's promises. It was adroitly added that measures were being taken for making up the first payment; that some unforeseen events had thrown obstacles in the way, but that it was hoped, nevertheless, that no delay would occur.

"The assemblies at Cagliostro's, in the meantime, were delightful: all was a joyful anticipation of the happy day when the Queen was to crown the good fortune of the Grand Almoner. Madame de Lamotte alone was in possession of a secret of a contrary nature. Sainte James, a proselyte of Cagliostro's, was admitted to those evening parties by the advice of this woman, for which she had her own reasons. She one day said to the Cardinal, 'I see the Queen is greatly perplexed about this hundred thousand crowns for the 30th of July. She does not write to you for fear of making you uneasy concerning it, but I have thought of a way for you to pay your court to her by setting her at ease. Write to Sainte James; a hundred thousand crowns will appear nothing to him when he is given to understand that it is to render the Queen a service. Profit by the enthusiasm which the attentions you and the Comte de Cagliostro lavish upon him have inspired. The Queen will not discountenance it: speak in her name. The success of this new negotiation can only add to the interest she already takes in you.' The Cardinal thanked Madame de Lamotte for her good advice. He then thought to secure the goodwill of Sainte James by relating to him, with an air of confidence, all that had passed regarding the purchase of the necklace. He showed him the order signed *Marie Antoinette de France;* he likewise confided to him the Queen's embarrassment, and assured him that an infallible way to merit her protection would be to take upon himself the making the first payment to the jeweller. Sainte James, like all upstarts, was more anxious for consequence than for money; he had wished to obtain the *cordon rouge* by some place or office, but he had not been able to succeed. The Cardinal promised it to him in the name of the Queen as a recompense for the

service she asked of him. The financier replied that he looked upon himself as extremely fortunate to be able to give her Majesty proofs of his unbounded devotion; and that as soon as he should be honoured with her orders, she might make herself perfectly easy with respect to the hundred thousand crowns for the first payment. The Grand Almoner informed Madame de Lamotte of the answer of Sainte James, and gave an account of it in the first letter which he sent the Queen through her hands. The forger who framed the answers was absent. M. de Lamotte had returned from London, and had sent for him to Bar-sur-Aube, where these skilful sharpers concerted together the precautions necessary in order to establish their fortunes out of the spoil of the necklace. The delay of the anxiously-expected answer from the Queen tormented the Cardinal. He communicated his uneasiness to Madame de Lamotte; he could not conceive the motive for maintaining this silence as the time of payment approached. He was, moreover, afraid that Sainte James might suspect him of a design to impose upon him; he added, with infinite chagrin, that what he still less comprehended was the unabated coldness of the Queen towards him outwardly, in spite of the warm and lively interest expressed in her letters. This last observation was a daily complaint with the Cardinal after his return from Alsace. Till then Madame de Lamotte had always been able to calm his anxiety by different stratagems. The diabolical genius of this woman, fruitful in expedients, suggested a method of abusing still further the Cardinal's credulity, by which she hoped to make him exert himself to the utmost to complete the first payment for the necklace, either by himself or through M. de Sainte James. Meanwhile the forger De Villette returned from Bar-sur-Aube, and the long-expected answer from Marie Antoinette was immediately put into the hands of the Cardinal. The Queen, it was said in the letter, would not so long have delayed her reply had she not hoped to be able to dispense with the good offices of M. de Sainte James; that

she would accept them for the first payment only, and promised a speedy reimbursement to him, adding that she should wish M. de Sainte James to furnish her with an early opportunity of showing her sense of his services. Some days elapsed before the Cardinal could communicate this answer to Sainte James. In the interval Madame de Lamotte, in concert with her husband and De Villette, had arranged everything for the performance of a farce, the plan and execution of which betrayed the most diabolical invention. She undertook to make the Cardinal believe that the Queen, not being able to give him the public proofs of her esteem which she could wish, would grant him an interview in the groves of Versailles, between eleven and twelve o'clock, and that she would then assure him of that restoration to her favour which she was not at liberty to write. These happy tidings were conveyed in a little gilt-edged note; it appointed the night and the hour for the meeting; never was interview more eagerly anticipated.

"The Comtesse de Lamotte had remarked in the promenades of the Palais Royal at Paris a girl of a very fine figure, whose profile was extremely like the Queen's, and her she fixed on as principal actress in the grove. Her name was D'Oliva, and she had been made to believe that the part she undertook to perform was at the desire of the Queen, who had some plan of amusement in it.[1] The reward offered on this occasion was not refused by a creature who made a traffic of her charms. Mademoiselle d'Oliva accordingly proceeded to Versailles, conducted by M. de Lamotte in a hired carriage, the coachman belonging to which has been examined in evidence. She was led to inspect the scene of action to which she was to be secretly conveyed by M. de Lamotte; there she was made to rehearse the part she was expected to perform. She was given to understand that she would

[1] Marie Nicole Leguay, called D'Oliva or Designy. See *Beugnot*, vol. i. p. 60, as to her resemblance to the Queen.

be accosted by a tall man in a blue riding-coat with a large hat turned down, who would approach and kiss her hand with the utmost respect; and that she was to say to him in a low tone of voice, 'I have but a moment to spare; I am satisfied with your conduct, and I shall speedily raise you to the pinnacle of favour;' that she was then to present him with a small box and a rose, and immediately afterwards, at the noise of persons who should approach, to observe, still in a low voice, 'Madame and Madame d'Artois are coming; we must separate.' The grove and the place of entrance agreed on had been also pointed out to the Cardinal, with the assurance that he might in that place pour out without constraint his sentiments of loyal devotion and explain his feelings in what most concerned his interests; and that, as a pledge of her good intentions towards him, the Queen would present him with a case containing her portrait and a rose. It was well known at Versailles that the Queen was in the habit of walking in the evening with Madame and the Comtesse d'Artois in the grove. The appointed night arrived; the Cardinal, dressed as agreed on, repaired to the terrace of the Château with the Baron de Planta; the Comtesse de Lamotte in a black domino was to come and let him know the precise time when the Queen was to enter the grove. The evening was sufficiently dark; the appointed hour glided away; Madame de Lamotte did not appear; the Cardinal became anxious; when the lady in the black domino came to meet him saying, 'I have just left the Queen—everything is unfavourable—she will not be able to give you so long an interview as she desired. Madame and the Comtesse d'Artois have proposed to walk with her. Hasten to the grove; she will leave her party, and, in spite of the short interval she may obtain, will give you unequivocal proofs of her protection and goodwill.' The Cardinal hastened to the appointed scene and Madame de Lamotte and the Baron de Planta retired to await his return. The scene was played as it had been arranged by Madame de Lamotte; the pre-

tended Queen, in an evening dishabille, bore a striking resemblance in figure and dress to the personage she was to represent. The Cardinal in approaching her testified emotion and respect; the pretended Queen in a low voice pronounced the words that had been dictated to her, and presented the box. Meantime, as had been agreed, a noise as of persons approaching was made, and it was necessary to part somewhat abruptly. The Cardinal went to rejoin Madame de Lamotte and the Baron de Planta: he complained bitterly of the vexatious interruption which had shortened an interview so interesting and delightful for him. They then separated. The Cardinal appeared fully persuaded that he had spoken with the Queen, and had received the box from her hands. Madame de Lamotte congratulated herself on the success of her scheme. Mademoiselle d'Oliva, interested in keeping the part she had played secret, was conveyed back to Paris and well rewarded. M. de Lamotte and M. de Villette, who had counterfeited the voices and the approaching footsteps agreed on to abridge the interview, joined Madame de Lamotte, and every one rejoiced at the successful issue. The next day a little billet brought by the ordinary messenger expressed great regret at the obstacles which had prevented a longer conversation.

"Whatever the illusion might be that had so blinded the Cardinal, the unimpassioned reader will scarcely believe that a Prince endowed with so much intelligence and good sense could have entertained for more than a year not the slightest suspicion of the snare that was laid for him: and if it did enter his mind, why did he not put every method in force to throw a light on the behaviour of his conductress? The Queen still evincing complete estrangement towards the Cardinal, how could he possibly reconcile this mode of treatment with the sentiments contained in the little billets he received, wherein the greatest interest and kindness were expressed?

"The Cardinal acknowledges that, impelled by a boundless desire to be restored to the favour of the Queen, he

rushed with impetuosity towards the object that promised to effect his purpose, without considering the nature of the path he was made to tread. However that might be, the adventure of the grove and the little billet next morning had given new energy to the zeal which entirely engrossed him for the interests and tranquillity of the Queen, whom he believed to be embarrassed respecting the first payment for the necklace. The return of the financier Sainte James hastened the *dénouement* of the intrigue, which was about to involve him in endless disgrace and vexation. The Cardinal having met with this financier at Cagliostro's, communicated to him the new orders which he imagined he had received."

It is needless to prolong this extract. The latter scenes and the catastrophe of this plot are well known. We ought, nevertheless, to mention the individual to whom the Cardinal at length owed the discovery of the means which had been put in practice to deceive him.

"A certain Abbé de Juncker, a sensible and well-informed man, came," says the Abbé Georgel, "to offer his services. I felt confidence in him because he seemed anxious for the honour and interest of the Cardinal. He it was who gave me the first clue by which the diabolical intrigue of Madame de Lamotte came to be unmasked. A friar of the order of Minims,[1] called Father Loth, had come to inform him that, urged by his conscience, and by gratitude to the Grand Almoner for services he had rendered him, he was anxious to make the most important disclosures; that, having lived on intimate terms with Madame de Lamotte, he could not longer be silent. This monk was *procureur* to the Minims of *La Place Royale*, which the house of Madame de Lamotte adjoined. This

[1] Minims, or Fratres Minimi, an order of religion instituted about the year 1440 (then called the Hermits of St. Francis) by St. Francis de Paulo. They were confirmed in 1473 by Sixtus IV., and by Julius II. in 1507. The name Minims or Minimi ("the least or the smallest") was assumed as expressing the humility of the founder and his followers. They were called also "Bons-hommes," it is said originally by Louis XI.

woman had found means to inspire him with pity in her moments of want and distress. He often relieved her, and his kindness at length induced her to communicate to him the particulars of her good fortune, which she attributed to the Queen and to the Cardinal. Being soon on terms of great intimacy, Father Loth saw at the house of Madame de Lamotte many things that excited his suspicions. A few words which her vanity and indiscretion let fall; the boast of a considerable present from the Court jewellers, on account of her expecting to procure them a purchaser for their valuable necklace; the display of some superb diamonds which she pretended to have had from Marie Antoinette; the communication of billets which she declared to be from the Queen to the Cardinal, and from the Cardinal to the Queen; the comparison which Father Loth had taken the trouble to make between the writing of these billets and other writings of M. de Villette, the friend of Madame de Lamotte, who was often shut up writing with her and her husband; the compliments which he had heard Madame de Lamotte pay a tall beautiful woman, named D'Oliva, respecting the success of some part she had played in the garden of Versailles; the perplexities which had spread confusion and alarm throughout the house of this intriguing woman in the early part of August; the declaration made in his presence that Bœhmer and Bassange would be the ruin of the Cardinal; the precipitate flight of De Villette, and of M. and Madame de Lamotte at that period—such were the details which Father Loth came to confide to me one evening between eleven and twelve, after disguising himself at the house of the Abbé Juncker, in order that he might not be suspected, should his judicial deposition be found necessary. The friar, wishing to have the title of preacher to the King in his Order, had requested to preach the sermon at Pentecost before his Majesty. The Grand Almoner had desired me to examine his discourse and his delivery. I was not satisfied with it, and gave it as my opinion that he should not preach; but I was not aware

that Madame de Lamotte, who protected him, was desirous that this favour should be granted him, and that the Cardinal, yielding to the entreaties of this patroness, had procured Father Loth a well-written sermon, which he delivered with tolerable propriety.

"Amongst the particulars which I have just related, Father Loth, during the three hours' conversation I had with him, gave much important information respecting M. de Villette and some fragments of his writing, which he assured me greatly resembled that of the pretended billets from the Queen. He told me also that he had surprised Madame de Lamotte the evening before her departure burning those notes that she had told him were from the Queen. The friar, in speaking to me of Mademoiselle d'Oliva, recollected the time when she was taken by M. de Lamotte to Versailles in a hired carriage; at last he added, in such a manner as led me to suspect that he did not tell me all he knew, that he had strong reasons for believing that the Comtesse de Lamotte had imposed on the credulity of the Cardinal to obtain very considerable sums from him, and even to appropriate the necklace to herself. This important communication did not amount to certainty; but it was like the first blush of morn, which, dissipating the thick clouds of night, announces a fine day."—*Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel*, vol. ii.

We shall now add from another work details relative to the trial.

"The Cardinal was closely guarded in his apartments at Versailles. He was brought to his hôtel in Paris in the afternoon, and remained there until the next day. The carriage was escorted by Body Guards, and M. d'Agoult, aide-major-general, had orders not to lose sight of the prisoner. In the evening the Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille, came to lodge his Eminence in that same prison. The Cardinal wished to go thither on foot, under cover of the night; the favour was readily granted. On the following day, 17th August, he was sent in a carriage to his palace, to be present at the

breaking of the seals, at which all the ministers assisted, except Maréchal de Ségur. M. de Rohan, looking on M. de Breteuil as his personal enemy, had required this formality; and the Baron de Breteuil had complied the more willingly as he had declared that his own sense of delicacy would not permit him to acquit himself of his ministerial duty in any other manner than publicly; and in the presence of respectable witnesses. Doubtless, no proof appeared of the secret crimes ascribed to the Cardinal, since no trace of it is to be found in the proceedings. The Cardinal had permission to see his friends in the hall of the Bastille. He was allowed to retain out of all his numerous retinue two *valets de chambre* and a secretary; this last favour showed him that he was to have the privilege of writing, at least for the purposes of his defence. He was treated in every other respect with much consideration, and his situation rendered as tolerable as it could be in such a fortress. The Abbé Georgel, Grand Vicar to the Grand Almoner, on whose papers seals were likewise put, testified as little uneasiness as the Cardinal. 'Authority must be respected,' said he, 'but we must nevertheless enlighten it.'[1]

"Madame de Lamotte, wishing to gratify at once her hatred and revenge, declared on her first examination that Comte de Cagliostro was the contriver of the fraud of the necklace; that he had persuaded the Cardinal to purchase it. She insinuated that it was taken to pieces by him and his wife, and that they alone reaped the profit of it. This declaration, supported by a thousand other falsehoods, which unfortunately, however absurd, wore an appearance of probability, caused the singular personage implicated

[1] To show the spirit evinced by the clergy during the imprisonment of the Cardinal, we quote a passage from Jervis' *Gallican Church*, vol. ii. p. 379:—"The Abbé Georgel, Vicar-General to the Cardinal, in his quality of Grand Almoner, had occasion to publish a Lenten *mandement*. He began by comparing himself to Timothy, whom St. Paul commissioned to supply his place in preaching the word of life to the disciples while the Apostle was detained in bonds at Rome for his faithfulness to the Christian cause."

to be sent to the Bastille, with the woman who resided with him. The latter remained there nearly eight months, and the pretended count did not come out until after the suit was decided. It is certain that Cardinal de Rohan was credulous enough to place the greatest confidence in this charlatan, who had assured him that it was possible to make gold, and to transmute small diamonds into large precious stones; but he only cheated the Cardinal out of large sums, under pretence of revealing to him the secrets of the Rosicrucians and other madmen who have believed, or pretended to believe, the absurd fables of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, etc. Thus the Cardinal saw part of his money evaporate in the smoke of crucibles, and part find its way into the pockets of the sharper who passed himself off as a great alchemist. When this person was examined by the court touching the affair of the necklace, he made his appearance dressed in green embroidered with gold, and his locks, curled from the top of his head, fell in little tails down his shoulders, which completed his resemblance to a mountebank. 'Who are you? Whence came you?' he was asked. 'I am a noble traveller,' was his reply. At these words every countenance relaxed, and seeing this appearance of good humour, the accused entered boldly on his defence. He interlarded his jargon with Greek, Arabic, Latin, and Italian; his looks, his gestures, his vivacity, were as amusing as his speech. He withdrew very well pleased with having made his judges laugh.

"The Cardinal had sometimes permission to walk after dinner upon the platform of the towers of the Bastille, accompanied by an officer. He wore a brown greatcoat, with a round hat. The *parlement* issued a decree to arrest the Cardinal and the other parties. The fraud of the necklace was not the motive which determined this decree against the Cardinal de Rohan, but the forgery of the Queen's signature. It was concluded that, as soon as the true author of the forgery was discovered, all the rigour of the sentence would fall on him. On the 21st December this decree, more frightful to him in imagination than in

reality, was made known to the Cardinal. The examinations were vigorously pursued. The commissioner, M. Dupuis de Marcé, a counsellor of Parliament, repaired for this purpose to the fortress of the Bastille. On one occasion he detained the Cardinal from nine in the morning until one o'clock, and then from four till midnight. On the appointed day Prince Louis de Rohan put on his State dress, his red calotte, red stockings, and all the insignia of his rank. The Governor of the Bastille came to lead him from his apartment, conducted him to the door of the council chamber, left him with the magistrate and other official persons, and remained in attendance in the antechamber. When the judge wanted anything, he rang; the Marquis de Launay immediately presented himself, and if a glass of water was asked for, he carried it himself to the door, where the magistrate came to meet him. After the sitting the Governor took charge of his prisoner at the door of the council chamber, and conducted him back to his apartment.

"It has been pretended that the all-powerful family of the Cardinal had so suborned the commissioner and the *greffier* that they altered the sense of the depositions and examinations, and when they were fearful of the Cardinal's involving himself in his replies, and saying something that would make against his cause, they suddenly broke up the sitting without even waiting for the conclusion of a sentence already begun. The following extract from the voluminous *Memoirs* of Madame de Lamotte supports this assertion:—'One day the Cardinal and I being confronted upon a delicate point, which neither of us had any intention to throw light upon, I said something not conformable to truth. "Ah, madame," cried the Cardinal, "how can you advance what you know to be false?" "As every one else does, sir; you know very well that neither you nor I have said a single word of truth to these gentlemen since they have begun to interrogate us." It was not in fact possible,' says this woman, whose testimony ought to be estimated at its proper value; 'our answers were prepared for us, as well as our questions, and we were obliged to

say or reply this or that, or expect to be murdered in the Bastille.'

"The deposition of the Comtesse du Barry forms an interesting episode in this curious affair. She came into court on the evening of the 7th December, where she was received with all the honours due to persons of the first rank. The *greffier* went to hand her in, and one of the ushers carried the torch. Her deposition turned on the following circumstance. Madame de Lamotte called on her one day, after the death of Louis XV., to offer her services as a companion. When she declared her name and birth Madame du Barry regarded her as unfit for the situation; and, thanking her, assured her that she did not wish for society, and that, moreover, she was not such a great lady herself as to take one of Madame de Valois's elevated rank for her companion. The latter went again some days after, begging that Madame du Barry would recommend her to some persons who might lay one of her petitions before the King. In this petition she entreated an increase of her pension. She had signed the words *de France* after her name. The Comtesse du Barry could not help showing her surprise at the sight of the signature. Madame de Lamotte replied that as she was known to belong to the House of Valois she always signed herself *de France*. Madame du Barry smiled at her pretensions, and promised to get the petition recommended. So long as the Comtesse de Lamotte saw none of her accomplices arrested, she flattered herself that the Cardinal and Cagliostro would be the victims of her fraud; but Mademoiselle d'Oliva, the principal actress in the park scene, being taken at Brussels, where she had sought refuge, began to draw aside the veil with which the Countess had hitherto covered her intrigues.

"To crown her misfortunes, and ensure her the punishment she deserved, Rétaux de Villette suffered himself to be taken at Geneva. He was taken to the Bastille and confronted with the perfidious Lamotte, who was struck as by a thunderbolt at the unexpected sight. She was

now convinced that she was lost, notwithstanding her natural effrontery. The prisoners who were detained in the Bastille on account of the necklace were transferred to the Conciergerie on the nights of the 29th and 30th of August 1786, by an officer of the court. The Cardinal was confined under the guard of the King's lieutenant of the Bastille, in the cabinet of the chief *greffier*. The justice of that day had the most profound respect for birth and titles.

"The examinations lasted from six in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon. When Madame de Lamotte appeared before the Grand Council assembled she was elegantly dressed, as she had been all the time she was in prison. This audacious woman, being sent for by the judges, often repeated *that she was going to confound a great rogue.* At the sight of the august assembly her confidence somewhat abandoned her; above all, when the usher said to her in a severe tone, pointing out the stool for the accused, '*Madame, seat yourself there,*' she started back in affright, but on the order being given a second time, she took the ill-omened seat, and in less than two minutes she recovered herself, and her countenance was so composed that she appeared as if reclining in her own room upon the most elegant sofa. She replied with firmness to all the questions of the First President. Being interrogated afterwards by the Abbé Sabathier, one of the ecclesiastical counsellors, whom she knew to be unfavourable to her, 'That is a very insidious question,' said she; 'I expected you would put it to me, and I shall now reply to it.' After extricating herself with sufficient address from many other questions, she made a long speech, with so much presence of mind and energy that she at least astonished her judges, if she could not succeed in convincing them. As soon as she had retired the First President ordered the stool to be removed, and sent to inform the Cardinal *that the stool having been taken out of the chamber, he might present himself before the court.* The Cardinal was habited in a long violet-coloured robe (which colour is mourning for cardinals);

he wore his red *calotte* and stockings, and was decorated with his orders. His emotion was evident; he was extremely pale, and his knees bent under him; five or six voices, probably proceeding from members gained over to his side, observed that the Cardinal appeared to be ill, and that he ought to be allowed to sit, to which D'Aligre, the First President, replied, 'Monsieur le Cardinal can sit if he wish.' The illustrious accused profited by this permission, and seated himself at the end of the bench where the examiners sit when they attend the grand chamber. Having soon recovered himself, he replied extremely well to the questions of the First President; he afterwards, still remaining seated, spoke for about half an hour with emphasis and dignity, and repeated his protestations respecting the whole proceedings against him. His speech being finished, he bowed to the bench and the other magistrates. Every one returned his salute, and those on the bench even got up, which was a peculiar mark of distinction. Only the Cardinal and Cagliostro returned to the Bastille. M. de Rohan had in his coach the Governor and an officer of the ministerial prison. The Marquis de Launay gave the order to set off, and said "*à l'hôtel*" instead of using the word *Bastille*. On the 31st, the day fixed for the final decision of this singular and famous trial—after more than a year of proceedings and delays—the judges met at a quarter before six in the morning. They were sixty-two in number, but were reduced to forty-nine by the retiring of the ecclesiastical counsellors, on account of its being a question which involved corporal punishment. Some time past nine in the evening the decision of the *parlement* was made known, as follows:—

"1*st*. The instrument which is the foundation of the suit, with the approvals and annexed signatures, are declared forgeries, and falsely attributed to the Queen.

"2*d*. Lamotte, being in contumacy, is condemned to the galleys for life.[1]

[1] He had escaped to England.

"3*d*. Madame de Lamotte to be whipped, branded on the two shoulders with the letter V, and shut up in the Hospital for life.

"4*th*. Rétaux de Villette banished the kingdom for life.

"5*th*. Mademoiselle d'Oliva discharged.

"6*th*. Cagliostro acquitted.

"7*th*. The Cardinal acquitted of all suspicion. The injurious accusations against him, contained in the memorial of Madame de Lamotte, suppressed.

"8*th*. The Cardinal is allowed to cause the judgment of the court to be printed.

"The next day the court received an order for delay of execution. The Court of Versailles was much displeased with the sentence; it had hoped that the Cardinal would have been declared guilty, and the degrading sentence passed on the Comtesse de Lamotte appeared too severe; a writer has permitted himself to observe that the court had proceeded with so much severity against this female, a descendant from the House of Valois, in order to mortify to the utmost of their power the reigning branch of the Bourbons. The King was desirous to inspect all the writings belonging to the suit, but they only sent him copies of them.

"The *parlement*, after a few days' delay, was allowed to execute its sentence with respect to the Comtesse de Lamotte, who had remained at the Conciergerie. She was informed one morning that her presence was required at the palace. Surprised at this intelligence (for she had for some time been refused permission to speak to any one), she replied that she had passed a restless night, and desired to be left quiet. The gaoler said her counsel was waiting. 'I can see him, then, to-day?' she asked, and immediately rose, slipped on a loose robe, and followed. Being brought before her judges, the *greffier* pronounced her sentence; immediately astonishment, fear, rage, and despair pervaded her soul, and threw her into agitation difficult to describe. She had not strength to hear the

whole of the matter read to her; she threw herself on the ground and uttered the most violent shrieks. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could be removed into the palace yard to undergo her sentence. It was scarcely six in the morning, and but few persons were present to witness its execution. No sooner did the Countess perceive the instruments of her punishment than she seized one of the executioners by the collar, bit his hands in such a manner as to take a piece out, and fell upon the ground in more violent convulsions than ever. It was necessary to tear off her clothes to imprint the hot iron upon her shoulders. Her cries and imprecations redoubled; at length they took her into a coach and conveyed her to l'Hôpital. After ten months' confinement[1] Madame de Lamotte found means to escape from l'Hôpital, either by having gained over some sister of the house, or through the connivance of the Government. This last opinion may be correct, if it be true that her flight was permitted on condition that M. de Lamotte should not publish in London his account of the trial, which it is said he threatened to do unless his wife should be restored to him."—*Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*, vol. i.

[In the third series of *Notes and Queries*, vols. vii., viii., and ix., will be found some remarks concerning the authenticity of the letters of Marie Antoinette, published after her death in the time of the Second Empire, which it may be useful to note here.]

[1] Madame Campan says "a few days," see vol. ii. p. 29.

POSTSCRIPT.

As Madame Campan has several times stated in the foregoing pages that the money to foment sedition was furnished from English sources, the decree of the Convention of August 1793 may be quoted as illustrative of the *entente cordiale* alleged to exist between the insurrectionary Government and its friends across the Channel! The endeavours made by the English Government to save the unfortunate King are well known.

Art. i. The National Convention denounces the British Government to Europe and the English nation.

Art. ii. Every Frenchman that shall place his money in the English funds shall be declared a traitor to his country.

Art. iii. Every Frenchman who has money in the English funds or those of any other Power with whom France is at war shall be obliged to declare the same.

Art. iv. All foreigners, subjects of the Powers now at war with France, particularly the English, shall be arrested, and seals put upon their papers.

Art. v. The barriers of Paris shall be instantly shut.

Art. vi. All good citizens shall be required in the name of the country to search for the foreigners concerned in any plot denounced.

Art. vii. Three millions shall be at the disposal of the

Minister at War to facilitate the march of the garrison of Mentz to La Vendée.

Art. viii. The Minister at War shall send to the army on the coast of Rochelle all the combustible materials necessary to set fire to the forests and underwood of La Vendée.

Art. ix. The women, the children, and old men shall be conducted to the interior parts of the country.

Art. x. The property of the rebels shall be confiscated for the benefit of the Republic.

Art. xi. A camp shall be formed without delay between Paris and the Northern army.

Art. xii. All the family of the Capets shall be banished from the French territory, those excepted who are under the sword of the law, and the offspring of Louis Capet, who shall both remain in the Temple.

Art. xiii. Marie Antoinette shall be delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and shall be immediately conducted to the prison of the Conciergerie. Louise Elizabeth shall remain in the Temple till after the judgment of Marie Antoinette.

Art. xiv. All the tombs of the Kings which are at Saint Denis and in the departments shall be destroyed on August the 10th.

Art. xv. The present decree shall be despatched by extraordinary couriers to all the departments.

THE END.

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